McClure's Magazine.

Vol. IX. SEPTEMBER, 1897. No. 5.

At the Annual Parade

The CLEANING of a GREAT CITY.

by George E. Waring Jr.

Commissioner of Street Cleaning, New York.

THE tendency to ascribe former defects of the Department of Street Cleaning in New York city to one political party, as such, seems to me not to be fair. I had this prevailing tendency myself when I first took office, but experience has taught me that it was a question not of party, but of politics. I have no reason now to suppose that matters would have been in any wise better had the other party been in control of the city government. Whatever may be the differences of their members in avocation or in attainments, when it is a question of the government of the city, by the spoilsmen, for the party, there is nothing to choose between political organizations.

I am, to this extent, no more an anti-Tammany man than I should be an anti-Republican man, if Republicans had brought about the same defects, had their party been in power. In describing the former condition of the streets and of the Department, I am making no criticism of Tammany Hall—only of politics as the ruling factor in city government. The improved present condition could not have been brought about without an absolute disregard of all political considerations in

Copyright, 1897, by the S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved.

the management of the business. My work has succeeded because it has been done for its own sake alone. The same success awaits any competent man who will manage any other of the city departments on the same principle.

If the whole city is ever so managed the people will be glad.

THE OLD ORDER—SLIMY STREETS AND CLOGGED SEWERS.

Whatever the cause, no one will now question that the former condition of the streets was bad—very bad. No one can question the truth of the following description:

A SECTION FOREMAN.

Sections average about seven miles of pavement, each foreman (there are over sixty of them) having one or more assistants, according to the quality of pavement, amount of traffic, etc., of his section.

Before 1895 the streets were almost universally in a filthy state. In wet weather they were covered with slime, and in dry weather the air was filled with dust. Artificial sprinkling in summer converted the dust into mud, and the drying winds changed the mud to powder. Rubbish of all kinds, garbage, and ashes lay neglected in the streets, and in the hot weather the city stank with the emanations of putrefying organic matter. It was not always possible to see the pavement, because of the dirt that covered it. One expert, a former contractor of street cleaning, told me that West Broadway could not be cleaned because it was so coated with grease from wagon axles; it was really coated with slimy mud. The sewer inlets were clogged with refuse; dirty paper was prevalent everywhere, and black rottenness was seen and smelt on every hand.

The practice of standing unharnessed trucks and wagons in the public streets was well-nigh universal, in all except the main thoroughfares and the better residence districts. The Board of Health made an enumeration of vehicles so standing on Sunday, counting twenty-five thousand on a portion of one side of the city; they reached the conclusion that there were in all more than sixty thousand. These trucks not only restricted traffic and made complete street cleaning practically impossible, but they were harbors of vice and crime. Thieves and highwaymen made them their dens, toughs caroused in them, both sexes resorted to them, and they were used for the vilest purposes, until they became, both figuratively and literally, a stench in the nostrils of the people. In the crowded districts they were a veritable nocturnal hell. Against all this the poor people were powerless to get relief. The highest city officials, after feeble attempts at removal, declared that New York was so peculiarly constructed (having no alleys through which the rear of the lots could be reached) that its commerce could not be carried on unless this privilege were given to its truckmen. In short, the removal of the trucks was "an impossibility."

A SWEEPER WITH HIS "BAG-CARRIER" AND TOOLS.

The "White Wings" buys the uniform (two suits of duck) which he wears while at work. The fact that no man wearing this uniform can go into a saloon has closed many such places in the neighborhood of Department Stables and Dumps. During the first year's service sweepers get fifty dollars a month, the second year (if they have shown decided efficiency) fifty-five dollars, and after that sixty dollars.

There was also some peculiarity about New York which made it inevitable that it should have dirty streets. Other towns might be clean, but not this one. Such civic pride as existed had to admit these two unfortunate drawbacks.

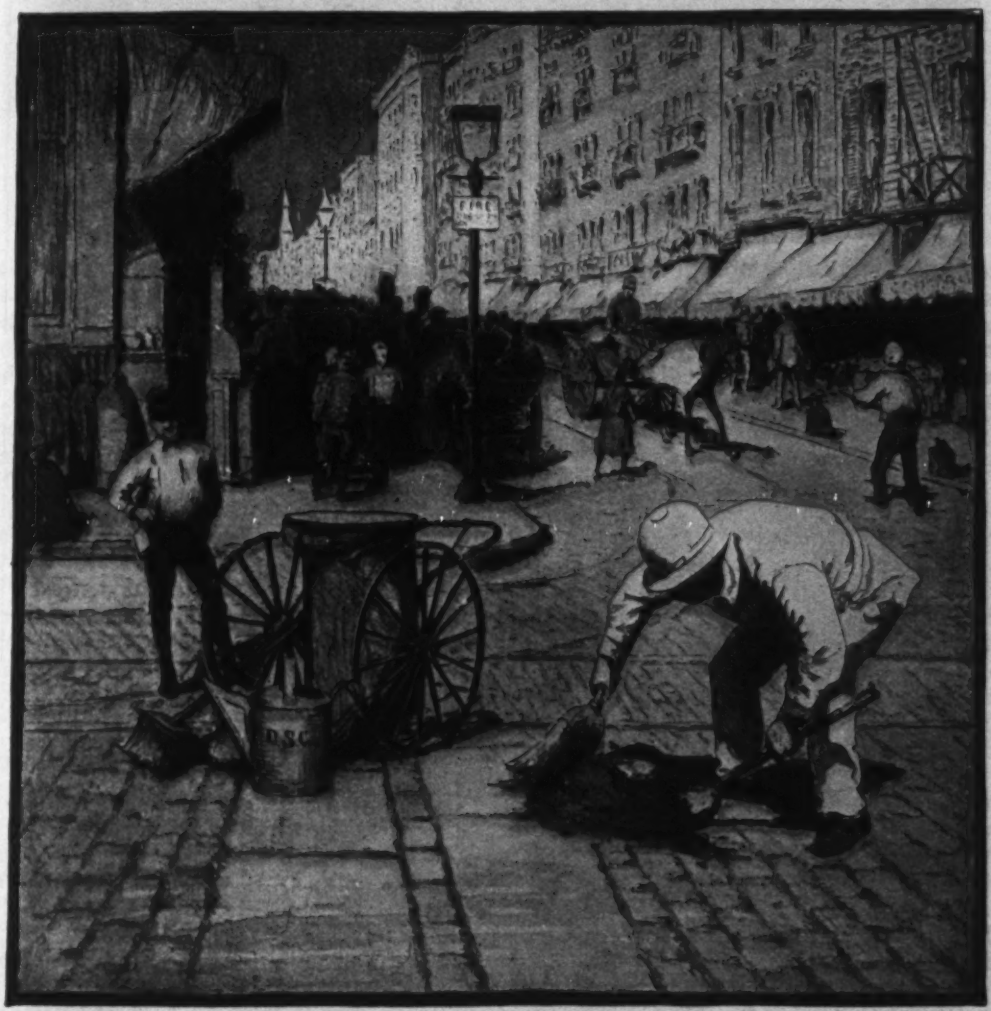
FIFTY THOUSAND DEATHS A YEAR.

The average annual death rate from 1882 to 1894, inclusive, was 25.78 per thousand persons living, equal to more than fifty thousand deaths in the year, on the basis of the present population. Eye and throat diseases, due to dust, and especially to putrid dust, were rife. No effort was made to remove snow for the comfort of the people, only for the convenience of traffic. But little more than twenty miles of streets were cleared after a snow-storm. As a result, the people, especially the poorer people who could not change their wet clothing and could not buy rubber shoes, suffered to an alarming degree from colds and their results.

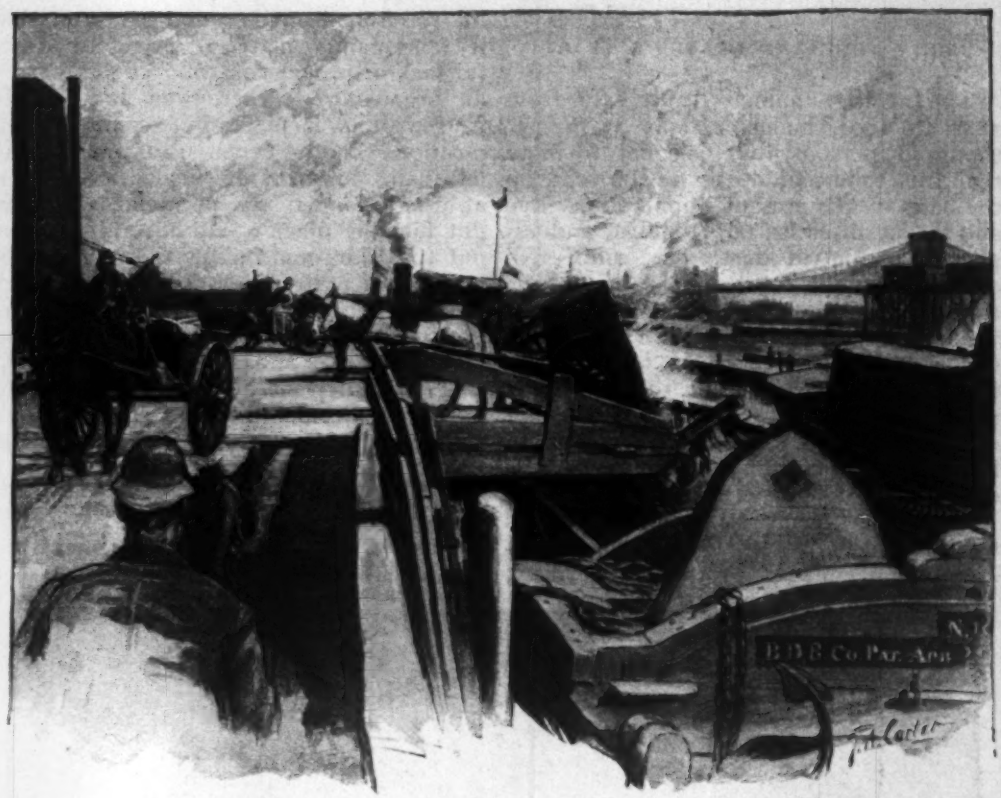
The department itself was such as its work would indicate. Like all large bodies of men engaged in any stated duty, its force had much good material, but it was mainly material gone to waste for lack of proper control. It was hardly an organization; there was no spirit in it; few of its members felt secure in their positions; no sweeper who was not an unusually powerful political worker knew at what moment the politician who had got him his place would have him turned out to make room for another. A ledger account of patronage was kept with each Assembly district, and district leaders are even said to have had practically full control of the debit and credit columns, so that they could deposit a dismissal and check out an appointment at will. Useful service can be had from no force thus controlled.

STREET-CLEANERS ROBBED BY POLITICIANS AND SCORNED BY THE PUBLIC.

Nearly every man in the department was assessed for the political fund. I have seen



TAKING UP AND BAGGING STREET SWEEPINGS.



THE OLD-FASHIONED DUMPING-BOARD WITH A "BARNEY DUMPER" RECEIVING ITS LOAD.

an order signed by one of my predecessors, practically directing every sweeper and driver to pay to the chief clerk a certain percentage of each week's pay. This was to be used for "political" purposes—how, or by whom, or for whom was not stated. The working men of the force generally were in a miserable condition. They were the objects of ridicule and scorn, and they knew it. They did such work as they were compelled to do, and, as a rule, they did no more. Nominally, they wore a uniform, but they were not distinguished by it. The district superintendents and foremen, as a rule, either could not exercise effective control over their men, or they did not take the trouble to do so. Nothing was done *with a will;* the organization, as a whole, was a slouch.

The stock and plant were what they might have been expected to be under these conditions. In some of the stables there was not even an extra set of cart harness, and some that were in use were mended by the drivers, on the streets, with bits of wire and string. Disorder and demoralization were the rule.

This is a severe condemnation of a department that spent $2,366,419.49 in a year (in 1894, as against $2,776,749.31 in 1896), and did ineffective work with it; but it is just. The condition of the streets, of the force, and of the stock was the fault of no man and of no set of men. It was the fault of the system. The department was throttled by partizan control—so throttled, it could neither do good work, command its own respect and that of the public, nor maintain its material in good order. It was run as an adjunct of a political organization. In that capacity it was a marked success. It paid fat tribute; it fed thousands of voters, and it gave power and influence to hundreds of political leaders. It had this appointed function, and it performed it well.

HOW THE DEPARTMENT WAS REORGANIZED.

I accepted the commissionership of street cleaning with the positive assurance of Mayor Strong that I should not be interfered with in the matter of appointments and dismissals, and that I should "have my own way" generally. His power to dismiss me is unlimited, and he could get rid of me any day if I did not suit him; but so long as I should remain

LOADING A SCOW WITH REFUSE.

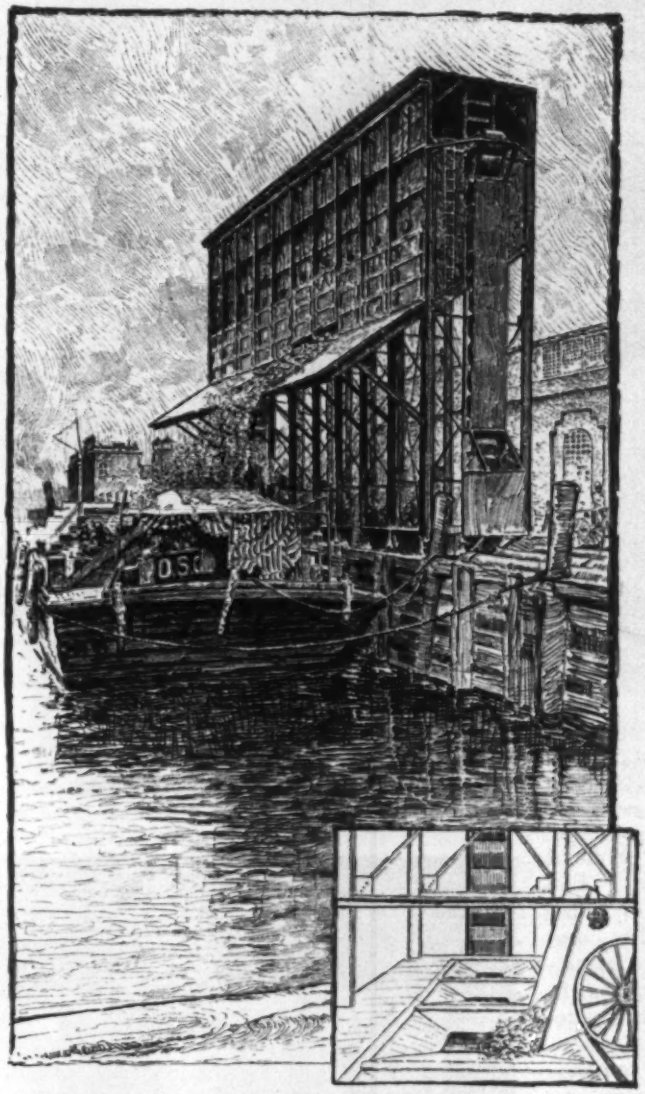
The cartmen are emptying bags of street sweepings and dumping loads of ashes from an old-fashioned dumping board. The "scow-trimmers" are spreading the load and cutting out rags and other articles of value. These are thrown into the tube and come out at the side of the boat.

I was to be the real head of my department. The Mayor has lived up to his promise from that day to this. I have sometimes been a sore trial to him, especially in my relations with certain pensioners and labor leaders, and he has wished he might wash his hands of me more than once, but he saw reasons for bearing with my conduct until the storm blew over. He has never tried to influence me in the matter of "patronage," nor has he ever insisted on controlling the policy of my work. If he had done otherwise, the result would not have been the same.

SORTING THE RAGS AND OTHER ARTICLES OF VALUE UNDER THE OLD-FASHIONED DUMPING-BOARD.

At the outset the employees of the Department expected to be turned out, as a matter of course. Their positions were spoils which belonged to the victors, and they were filled with apprehension as to their future bread and butter. They knew the public would not longer put up with unclean streets and that the clean sweeping demanded might properly begin with them.

Knowing that organizations of men are good or bad according to the way in which they are handled, that "a good colonel makes a good regiment," I paid attention first to those at the top—to the colonels. I found the general superintendent to be an excellent man for his duties, while most of the others were from very indifferent to decidedly bad. These were got rid of. In filling their places I sought men mainly with military training, or with technical education and practice, not one of whom had any political alliance which he was not willing to sever. They were nearly all young men. Of the men of technical education and training who now hold important positions in the Department, three are district superintendents, one is the master mechanic, and a fifth, twenty-five years of age, is the superintendent of final disposition, with absolute control of all work done after the dumping of the carts on to the scows, including all sea-work.



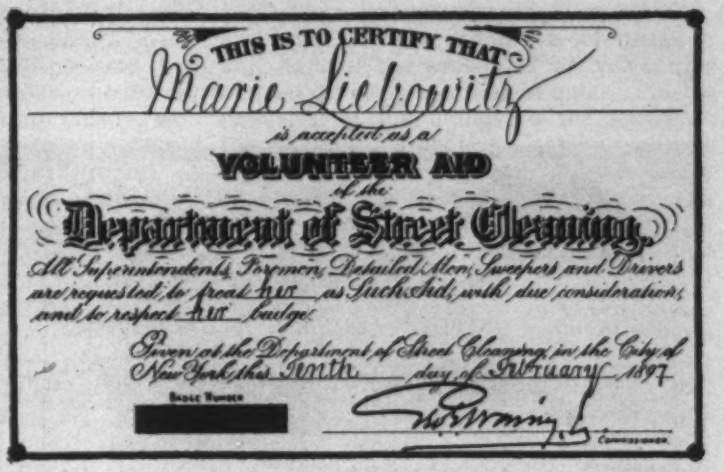
THE POCKET-DUMP AT THE FOOT OF EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET. THE LAST STAGE IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE DUMPING-BOARD.

A steel structure with ten elevated storage bins. In the picture two of these bins, of which the gates are opened, are discharging on to a deck scow. Ashes and street sweepings are carried up by an elevator which runs under the entire height of the building, taking its load at hoppers, into which the carts are dumped. This is shown at the lower right-hand corner of the cut. The elevator buckets pass over the bins and descend at the other end of the structure.

THE STREET-CLEANERS BECOME A SPLENDID BODY OF MEN.

When the important offices had been filled attention was turned to the rank and file of the working force. The men were assured that their future rested solely with themselves; that if they did their work faithfully and well, kept away from drink, treated citizens civilly, and tried to make themselves a credit to the Department, there was no power in the city that could get them out of their places so long as I stayed in mine. On the other hand, if they were drunkards, incompetents, blackguards, or loafers, no power could keep them in. When they found that I really meant what I said—and it took them some time to get such a strange new idea into their heads—they took on a new heart of hope and turned their eyes to the front. From that day

their improvement has been constant and most satisfactory. Their white uniforms, once so derided, have been a great help to them, and they know it; and the recognition of the people has done still more for them. Indeed, the parade of 1896 marked an era in their history. It introduced them to the prime favor of a public by which, one short year before, they had been contemned; and the public saw that these men were proud of their positions, were self-respecting, and were the object of pride on the part of their friends and relatives who clustered along their line of march.


THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
Marie Liebowitz
is appointed as a
VOLUNTEER AID
of the
Department of Street Cleaning.
All Superintendents, Foremen, Drivers, Mounted Men, Sweepers and Drivers are requested to treat her as such, and, with due consideration, assist to respect her badge.
Given at the Department of Street Cleaning, in the City of New York, this Tenth day of February 1897
[redacted]
Commissioner

VOLUNTEER AID CERTIFICATE.

What has really been done has been to put a man instead of a voter at the other end of the broom-handle. The "White Wings" are by no means white angels, but they are a splendid body of men, a body on which the people of New York can depend for any needed service without regard to hours or personal comfort. A trusted sweeper, for example, will stand on a windy dock-log all night long, and night after night, protecting the city against the wiles and tricks of the snow-carters. He gets no extra pay for this, but his extra service and his hardship are compensated by the consciousness that he is doing good work, that his good work is appreciated by his officers, and that the force to which he belongs is winning public favor partly because of what he himself is doing. In other words, the whole Department is actuated by a real *esprit de corps*, without which no organization of men can do its best, either in war or in peace.

The stock and plant have undergone an almost equal change. The horses are the finest in the city for their work. They are well trimmed, well groomed, and well treated. The carts are clean and in good order, and we have a complete duplicate outfit of harness in reserve.* The stables are always in "show" condition; and order and neatness characterize all branches of our outfit so far as the kind of work done will allow.

* The harness is bought a year or more in advance, in order that it may become thoroughly seasoned before being put to hard use. The gain in durability is far more than the loss in interest.

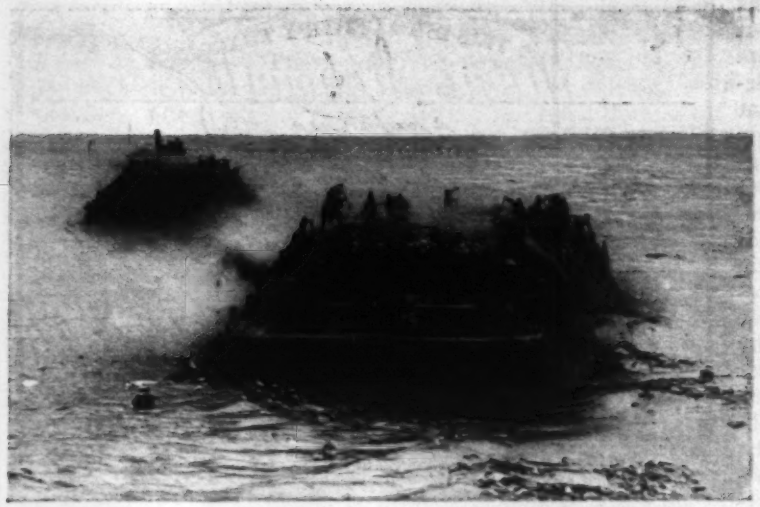
THE OLD METHOD OF STREET-SWEEPING.

The methods of work are now undergoing a change, but much of the old still remains. In its completeness it was as follows:

The streets were swept by men, to each of whom a certain area was assigned. The sweepings were gathered into little piles at the gutter. The carts, in their regular tours, took up these piles, which were thrown into them with a shovel, the wind carrying away its share of the fine dust. The refuse from houses (ashes, garbage, paper, and all manner of rubbish) was put into cans, barrels, boxes, firkins, and even bandboxes, which were stood at the edge of the curb. They were habitually overfilled, the sidewalk and the gutter being badly littered and papers being blown into the street. These receptacles were emptied into the carts with much scattering of dust in dry weather. This constituted the "street-cleaning" as the people saw it. It was supplemented, late at night, by a considerable amount of machine sweeping, which raised impenetrable clouds of dust.

DISPOSING OF THE REFUSE.

The final disposition of all matters collected is little seen, but it constitutes one of the most important and interesting parts of our work. There are seventeen dumping-boards on piers along the city's front on both rivers, where the carts discharge their loads on to scows, to be towed to sea. It is necessary that the refuse be properly spread and piled on these scows to keep them on an even keel. This is known as "scow-trimming," and it has

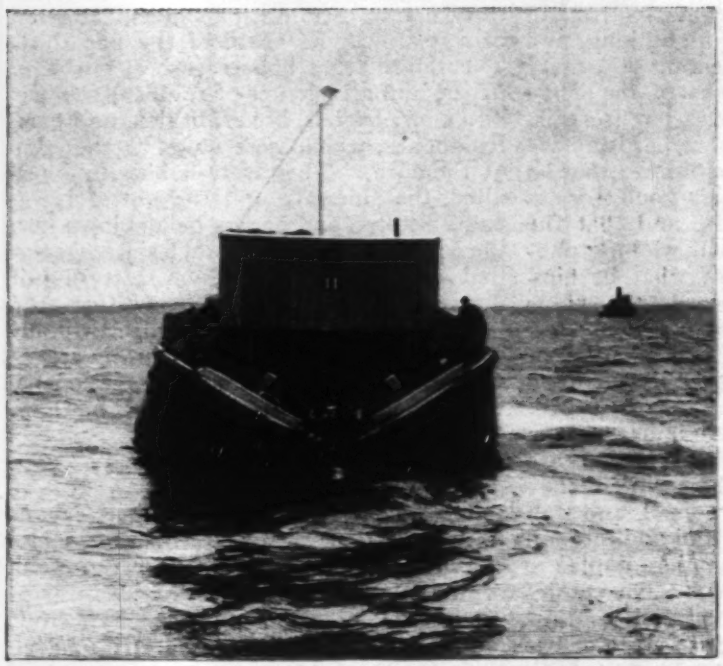


NEAR THE LIGHTSHIP, SANDY HOOK. UNLOADING DECK SCOWS WITH FORKS.

About twenty Italians unload the cargo of a deck scow in about two and one-half hours. In 1896 over 760,000 cubic yards of refuse were disposed of in this manner, on 1,531 scows, at an average cost of 17.9 cents per cubic yard.

become somewhat famous in these later days. Some sixteen years ago scow-trimming cost the city about $11,000 per year. The work was done by Italians, a race with a genius for rag-and-bone picking and for subsisting on rejected trifles of food. These Italians were observed by others to have a job which offered great advantages. Competition arose and continued, until in 1894, when the amount of material delivered at the dumps had greatly increased, the city received for the scow-trimming privilege about $50,000 worth of labor free and more than $90,000 in cash.

The scows are first towed to Gravesend Bay, where they are moored to the Department stake-boat. When the tide serves, they are towed in groups of twos or threes out beyond the lightship, ten miles outside of Sandy Hook. Here they are discharged on the outgoing tide, so that their floating matter may be carried far out to sea, which is theoretically a perfect disposal. Unfortunately, the theory does not work well in practice, and the beaches of Long Island and New Jersey are made most foul with the flotsam and jetsam of rubbish and garbage that wind and tide rescue from the widely-strewn sea. Just complaint has long been loud, but happily this condition is at last being ameliorated, and is soon to cease.



A BARNEY DUMPER AT SEA, WITH ITS TUG.

The boat has been opened and is being towed along, the sea-way washing out the load. When empty it is allowed to close by flotation. The Department employs a fleet of thirteen Barney dumpers, which in 1896 carried to sea over 1,440,000 cubic yards of refuse, at an average cost of 13.8 cents per cubic yard.

The scows are of two sorts: (1) Barney dumping-boats, which open and have their loads washed out by the sea-way as they are towed along; and (2) deck scows, from which the loads are shoveled by gangs of Italians. These men accept lower wages for this rough

and hazardous service because of the subsistence that they find in the cargo.

The question of final disposition had already become a very serious one during the administration of Mayor Gilroy, who appointed a commission to investigate the whole subject. The full report of this commission is interesting and useful. Much of what is now being done is its outgrowth, especially the pocket-dump and the self-propelling dumping-scow, both of which are due to the suggestion of Lieutenant-Commander Delehanty, Supervisor of the Harbor, who was a member of the commission.

THE DELEHANTY SELF-PROPELLING AUTOMATIC DUMPING-BOAT "CINDERELLA."

The load is carried in pockets suspended between the two pontoons. The floors of these open downward for dumping. The estimated cost of disposing of the city's ashes and sweepings behind bulkheads at Riker's Island, using the pocket-dump and the above self-propelling dumper, is less than six cents per cubic yard.

ESSENTIAL POINTS IN THE NEW SYSTEM.

The new system, when fully inaugurated, will be as follows (much of it is now in operation):

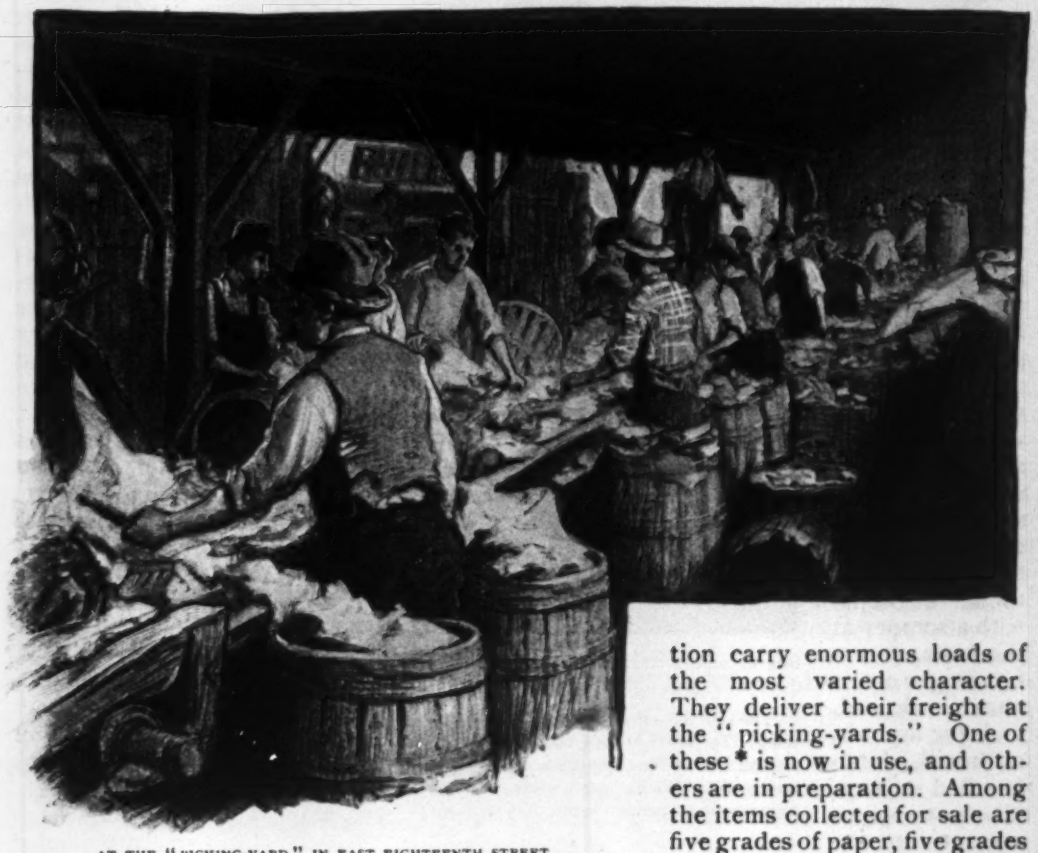
Each sweeper is supplied with a "bag-carrier," a little two-wheeled truck which supports an open bag, to receive street sweepings. On this truck he transports his tools: a broom with a scraper at the back, a watering-can, a short shovel, and, for asphalt, a broad, long-handled scraper. The sweepings are put into the bag as fast as they are collected. When full, the bag is tied and stood on the curb.

Householders are allowed to put nothing on the sidewalk. All receptacles must stand within the "stoop-line." This change from the old practice dates from 1895. Other changes, already begun, will soon be enforced universally. For simplicity they will be here described as though already established.

Garbage is kept separate from all else, and is set out in a proper vessel within a half hour of the scheduled arrival of the cart on its early morning round. This is delivered at the dumps to the scows of the Sanitary Utilization Company, and is taken to its works at Barren Island, where it is cooked by steam for some hours, and is then pressed for the extraction of its grease and liquids; the remaining solids are dried and ground. The liquid is reduced by evaporation to about the consistency of molasses. It retains most of its manurial value, and is mixed with the solids, the whole being sold as a fertilizer. The grease is roughly clarified, and is sold to soap-makers and others. The city pays to the company $90,000 per annum under a five-year contract. The operations are free from sanitary objection, and are believed to be profitable.

Ashes are kept within the houses in cans, from which they are easily transferred to bags by a Department man. These bags are tied and set on the curb, to be taken away by the cart that collects the bags of sweepings. Ashes and sweepings are hauled to the pocket-dumps, where the bags are emptied into hoppers which feed a bucket-elevator transporting their contents to elevated storage pockets; thence, on the opening of the gates, inclined floors discharge the matter into the pockets of the Delehanty boat, by which it is transported to Riker's Island, beyond Hell Gate. There will be a fleet of five of these boats: The "Cinderella," the "Aschenbroedel,"

the "Cendrillon," the "Cenerentola," and the "Asschepoester." This fleet (with the shorter trip) will supplant thirteen Barney dumpers, thirty-five deck scows, and the equivalent of five tugboats in constant use. The cost of these, going to the lightship, was, in 1896, $308,600. The cost of transporting the same wastes by the new fleet, to be dumped in deep water inside of a small inclosure of sheet piling at Riker's Island, will be $96,300. The material so dumped will be taken up by a huge pumping plant, and conveyed through pipes or canvas tubes to any desired point of delivery on the lower portion of the island or the shoals about it. The cost per cubic yard of delivering the wastes at sea is fourteen cents. Delivery at Riker's Island, as above, will cost only five and four-tenths cents. The sea disposal is worse than waste, for it detracts vastly from the value of bathing beaches and other shore property. The disposal at Riker's Island will make land of much value for the city's use.



AT THE "PICKING-YARD" IN EAST EIGHTEENTH STREET.

The table between the sorters is a wide belt which travels slowly forward. Each sorter takes from the load his especial kind of paper, rag, bottle, etc. The rejected rubbish passes up an incline into a crematory furnace.

INCREASED PROFITS OF THE PICKING-YARD.

We have now accounted for all wastes save paper and rubbish. These have hitherto been the most conspicuous of all our material, and have been the great source of street littering. In connection with the bones and fat, which now go to the contractors at Barren Island, they furnished the valuable product of the scow-trimming industry in the days when everything went into the omnivorous "ash-barrel." It is now required that all such wastes be kept indoors until called for on signal. The carts engaged in their collection carry enormous loads of the most varied character. They deliver their freight at the "picking-yards." One of these * is now in use, and others are in preparation. Among the items collected for sale are five grades of paper, five grades of rags, and three grades of carpet; also bagging, twine, two grades of shoes, hats, five grades of bottles, tin cans, copper, brass, zinc, iron, rubber, hair cloth, and curled hair.

It is too early to predict anything as to the amount that may be recovered from the sale of these various materials. It is

* No. 626 East Eighteenth Street.

certain that the city has received about $140,000 in a year for the privilege of gleaning from the scows, in a very unclean condition, certain things that were dumped upon them by the Department carts. It is equally certain that the collection of these things and others, in a clean condition, directly from the houses and shops, will yield a much larger return. The only speculation that I have ventured to indulge in is qualified by a very uncertain "if." We have a population of about two million. If we can recover the value of one-half cent per day for each head of this population, the total annual income would be $3,650,000, or more than the entire cost of street cleaning and snow removal. It is safe to say that a goodly part of that cost will be recovered.

NEARLY A THOUSAND MILES OF STREETS SWEPT DAILY.

It may be of interest to show how many miles of streets are cleaned as compared with the work of 1888, when the Department was under one of its best commissioners, Mr. James S. Coleman. He reported that fifty miles were swept daily, 187 miles three times a week, sixty-five miles twice a week, and twenty-four miles "when found necessary." This makes a total of 326 miles, and an average daily sweeping of about 175 miles.

At present, thirty-five and a half miles are swept four or more times a day, fifty and a half miles three times a day, 283½ miles twice a day, and sixty-three and a half miles once a day, making a total of 433 miles, and an average daily sweeping of 924 miles, or nine miles more than the distance from New York to Chicago.

Measuring the entire expenditure of the Department by the yearly cost of each mile of daily sweeping, it was $7,176.45 in 1888 and $3,553.95 in 1896.

The performance of this vastly greater amount of work is largely due to a more effective supervision on the part of the foremen, who are kept under much more exact control, and who are supplied with bicycles to enable them to get more frequently over their sections. Each foreman is obliged to report daily, in writing, the exact point at which he was at each half hour of the day, and the accuracy of these reports is tested by the superintendents of districts and by others employed for the purpose. Dismissal has followed the rendering of a false report in this regard. It is found that the use of the bicycle increases the potential efficiency of the foremen fully threefold.

Reference was made, in the early part of this paper, to the standing of unharnessed vehicles in the streets. To remove these was pronounced an impossibility. Within less than six months from the inauguration of Mayor Strong, these vehicles had all been removed, never to return, and even the truckmen themselves now acknowledge that the change has been a benefit to them. No man who had "votes" in his eye could ever have reached this result.

MORE SNOW REMOVED IN FIVE WEEKS THAN PREVIOUSLY IN FIVE YEARS.

In no part of the Department's work has a greater improvement been shown than in the removal of snow. The mileage of removal after each storm is now about 145 miles, or more than six times as much as formerly. In five consecutive *weeks* of 1895 more snow was removed, and for less money, than in all of the five *years* beginning with 1889. On one day in this year the Department alone, aside from the work of the railroad companies and of the contractor for lower Broadway, removed 55,773 loads of snow. After the blizzard of 1888 the total removal, extending over the whole period, was 40,542 loads; and this was reported as "marking the high-water point of snow removal." The increased mileage of the present work is very largely in the more crowded tenement-house region and in the busiest downtown streets. Substantially the whole city below Houston Street was cleared, and one-half of all between Houston and Fifty-ninth Streets.

I have been told by the president of the United States Rubber Company that this snow removal, together with the abolition of mud from the streets at all seasons, has cost that company $100,000 per year by reason of the decreased demand for rubber boots and shoes. What this means to the poorer people of the city, as compared with their previous suffering, need not be said.

THE MEN SETTLE THEIR OWN LABOR TROUBLES.

Space will not permit me to give an extended account of the present method of meeting the grievances and suggestions of the men. Formerly their only recourse was to "walking delegates" and to secret com-

binations among themselves. They now have a regularly authorized "Committee of Forty-one," elected by themselves, and fully recognized by the Commissioner as an element of the general method of discipline. This is made up entirely of sweepers and drivers. To it are first sent all complaints, appeals, and suggestions. Its discussions are secret, and its freedom of speech is absolute. Five members of this committee and five officers of the Department constitute a "Board of Conference," to which are forwarded all questions which the committee has not been able to settle. In this board the laboring men are on an absolute equality with the officers. In fact, the permanent chairman of the board is always either a sweeper or a driver. If the Board of Conference cannot decide any case, it is argued before the Commissioner, whose judgment is final.

During the first year of the working of this system 345 cases were submitted by the men to the Committee of Forty-one. This settled or rejected 221 of these, sending 124 cases to the Board of Conference, where all but a single one of them were determined by unanimous action and to the satisfaction of the men. The case that came to me was decided in favor of the complainant, and the fine which had been imposed was remitted, with this statment:

"Technically, and in accordance with all rules of discipline, the fine was a just one, and should be imposed in all similar cases. At the same time, I cannot avoid the feeling that this violation was made for no improper reason, and perhaps with a laudable desire to help the service; and, in any case, probably the ends of justice and discipline are as fully satisfied by the mental anxiety to which the driver has been subjected, and the full discussion the subject has received in the 'Committee of Forty-one' and the 'Board of Conference,' as they would be by the enforcement of the penalty. I, therefore, direct that the fine be remitted."

JUVENILE STREET INSPECTORS.

In the effort for general improvement no stone has been left unturned. Everything possible has been done to enlist the interest of all the people in our work, so that all might at least give the substantial negative aid of avoiding the littering of the streets. The end is not yet, by a great deal. Still, it cannot be gainsaid that where one person gave the least thought to the condition of the streets only three years ago, a hundred are now interested in keeping them clean.

Among the agencies by which this change has been brought about, the most important has been that of the Juvenile Leagues, the young volunteer aids of the Department. In the recent parade we turned out nearly five hundred boys and girls in white caps, representing many organizations, some of them of two years' standing. These organizations are actively engaged in "trying to keep the streets clean." This movement has been so useful and is now so promising that we are about to extend it throughout the whole public-school system, with the cordial concurrence of the Board of Education. The boys and girls constituting these leagues are active inspectors of local conditions, but they are especially useful as disseminators of ideas. They are our means of communication with their fathers and mothers, whom we often find it impossible to reach directly. Through them we get into contact with the public sentiment of large elements of the community which we could reach in no other way. Then, too, we are giving an entirely new and very useful training to those who are soon to become the men and women of the city. They are being taught that government does not mean merely a policeman to be run away from, but an influence which touches the life of the people at every point. We are making, it is hoped, citizens who will be interested in the city and who will do what they can to help improve its ways as well as its highways.

To this end we are bringing children into close relation with our work. Those who show the proper qualifications are given an official badge and a certificate (see illustration on page 917).

It is hoped that the children in the public schools will, in time, also be made familiar with the work of other departments of the city government.

It is not only through the children that the influence of clean streets has been felt by the people of the least intelligent classes. It has justly been said that "cleanliness is catching," and clean streets are leading to clean hallways and staircases and cleaner living rooms. A recent writer says:

"It is not merely justification of a theory to say that the improvement noticed in the past two and a half years in the streets of New York has led to an improvement in the interior of its tenement houses. A sense of personal pride has been awakened in the women and children, the results of which have long been noticeable to every one engaged in philanthropic work among the tenement dwellers. When, early in the present administration, a woman in the Five Points district was heard to say to another, 'Well, I don't care, my street is cleaner than yours is, anyhow,' it was felt that the battle was won."

Section Foreman. Stable Foreman. Driver. Sweeper. Sweeper. Sweeper.

District Superintendent. Chief Clerk. Driver. General Superintendent.

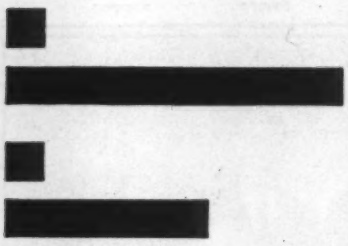
THE BOARD OF CONFERENCE.

IMPROVED HEALTH AND COMFORT — DECLINE IN THE DEATH RATE.

Few realize the many minor ways in which the work of the Department has benefited the people at large. For example: There is far less injury from dust to clothing, to furniture, and to goods in shops; mud is not tracked from the streets on to the sidewalks, and thence into the houses; boots require far less cleaning; the wearing of overshoes has been largely abandoned; wet feet and bedraggled skirts are mainly a thing of the past, and children now make free use as a playground of streets which were formerly impossible to them. "Scratches," a skin-disease of horses due to mud and slush, used to entail very serious cost on truckmen and liverymen. It is now almost unknown. Horses used to "pick up a nail" with alarming frequency, and this caused great loss of service, and, like scratches, made the bill of the veterinary surgeon a serious matter. There are practically no nails now to be found in the streets.

The great, the almost inestimable, beneficial effect of the work of the Department is shown in the great reduction of the death rate, and in the less keenly realized but still more important reduction in the sick rate. As compared with the average death rate of 26.78 of 1882–1894, that of 1895 was 23.10, that of 1896 was 21.52, and that of the first half of 1897 was 19.63. If this latter figure is maintained throughout the year, there will have been fifteen thousand fewer deaths than there would have been had the average rate of the thirteen previous years prevailed. The report of the Board of Health for 1896, basing its calculations on diarrheal diseases in July, August, and September, in the filthiest wards, in the most crowded wards, and in the remainder of the city, shows a very marked reduction in all, and the largest reduction in the first two classes.

It is not maintained, of course, that this great saving of life and health is due to street-cleaning work alone. Much is to be ascribed to improvements of the methods of the Board of Health, and not a little to the condemnation and destruction of rear tenements; but the Board of


ANNUAL SNOW REMOVAL FORMERLY, 55,568 LOADS.
ANNUAL SNOW REMOVAL NOW, . . 495,977 LOADS.
TOTAL DAILY SWEEPING IN 1888, . 172½ MILES.
TOTAL DAILY SWEEPING IN 1897, . 924 MILES.

Health itself credits a great share of the gain to this department.

THE INCREASE OF COST.

An effort has been made to account for the better work done on the streets solely by the larger amount of money expended. But in the matter of cleaning there has been no such increase of cost. In studying this it is proper to exclude the cost of "snow removal," and of the purchase of "new stock and plant," bought for permanent use and to repair waste due to the work of previous years. The expenditure for all other items, for all really "street-cleaning" accounts, was as follows for five years past:

		Percentage of increase.
1892.....	$1,890,376.46	
1893.....	2,036,812.81	7.7%
1894.....	*2,366,419.49	16.2%
1895.....	2,704,577.26	14.3%
1896.....	2,776,749.31	2.7%

The increase in 1893–1894 was 23.9%.
" " " 1895–1896 " 17%.

Furthermore, during this administration the employment of private ash-carts and private sweepers has greatly decreased, as people have found that the department service could be relied on.

However, suppose the work has cost more. It has been well and honestly done, and it has produced the results cited above. I accept cheerfully full responsibility for the outlay, and I should gladly spend still more if it were needed for the good of the people. And, after all, how much did it cost all the people of this city for all that was done in 1896, including the removal of snow and the renewal of "stock and plant"? The total sum is $3,283,853.90. And how much is that? *It is almost exactly three cents per week for each one of us!*

* Includes $140,000 secured in judgments against the city for increase in wages.

SOLDIERS OF CLEANLINESS AND HEALTH.

The progress thus far made is satisfactory. An inefficient and ill-equipped working force long held under the heel of the spoilsman has been emancipated, organized, and brought to its best. It now constitutes a brigade three thousand strong, made up of well-trained and disciplined men, the representative soldiers of cleanliness and health—soldiers of the public—self-respecting and life-saving. These men are fighting daily battles with dirt, and are defending the health of the whole people. The trophies of their victories are all about us, in clean pavements, clean feet, uncontaminated air, a look of health on the faces of the people, and streets full of healthy children at play.

This is the outcome of two and a half years of strenuous effort—at first against official opposition and much public criticism. Two and a half years more, with a continuance of the present official favor and universal public approval, should bring our work to its perfection. It should make New York much the cleanest, and should greatly help to make it the healthiest, city in the world. By that time its death rate should be reduced to fifteen per thousand — which would mean for our present population a saving of sixty lives per day out of the 140 daily lost under the average of 25.78 (1882–94).

I venture to predict a recovery, from the sale of refuse material, of at least one-half the cost of the whole work.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Colonel Waring is at work upon a book that will deal more at length with this subject and contain the result of his observations and study in foreign cities. The volume will be published in the fall by the Doubleday and McClure Company.

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

> . . consider that the meritorious services of the Sergeant Instructors attached to the Egyptian Army have been inadequately acknowledged . . To the excellence of their work is mainly due the great improvement that has taken place in the soldiers of H. H. the Khedive. Extract from letter.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "I must make a man of you
That will stand upon his feet and play the game;
That will Maxim his oppressor as a Christian ought to do."
And she sent old Pharaoh Sergeant Whatisname.
It was not a Duke nor Earl nor yet a Viscount—
It was not a big brass General that came;
But a man in khaki *kit who could handle men a bit,*
With his bedding labelled Sergeant Whatisname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "Tho' at present singing small,
You shall hum a proper tune before it ends,"
And she introduced old Pharaoh to the Sergeant once for all,
And left 'em in the desert making friends.
It was not a Crystal Palace nor Cathedral,
It was not a public house of common fame,
But a piece of red-hot sand, with a palm on either hand,
And a little hut for Sergeant Whatisname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "You've had miracles before,
When Aaron struck your rivers into blood;
But if you watch the Sergeant he can show you something more—
He's a charm for making riflemen from mud."
It was neither Hindustani, French, nor Coptic;
It was odds and ends and leavings of the same,
Translated by a stick (which is really half the trick),
And Pharaoh hearked to Sergeant Whatisname.

(There were years that no one talked of: there were times of horrid doubt;
There was faith and hope and whacking and despair;

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT.

While the Sergeant gave the Cautions, and he combed old Pharaoh out,
And England didn't look to know nor care.
That is England's awful way o' doing business;
She would serve her God or Gordon just the same;
For she thinks her Empire still is the Strand and Holborn Hill,
And she didn't think o' Sergeant Whatisname.)

Said England to the Sergeant, "You can let my people go!"
(England used 'em cheap and nasty from the start)
And they entered 'em at Firkeh on a most astonished foe—
But the Sergeant he had hardened Pharaoh's heart
That was broke, along of all the plagues of Egypt,
Three thousand years before the Sergeant came—
And he mended it again in a little more than ten,
So Pharaoh fought like Sergeant Whatisname!

It was wicked bad campaigning (cheap and nasty from the first),
There was heat and dust and coolie work and sun,
There were vipers, flies, and sandstorms, there was cholera and thirst,
But Pharaoh done the best he ever done.
Down the desert, down the railway, down the river,
Like the Israelites from bondage so he came,
'Tween the clouds o' dust and fire to the land of his desire,
And his Moses it was Sergeant Whatisname!

We are eating dirt in handfuls for to save our daily bread,
Which we have to buy from those that hate us most,
And we must not raise the money where the Sergeant raised the dead,
And it's wrong and bad and dangerous to boast;
But he did it on the cheap and on the quiet,
And he's not allowed to forward any claim—
Though he drilled a black man white, though he made a mummy fight,
He will still continue Sergeant Whatisname—
Private, Corporal, Colour-Sergeant, and Instructor—
But the everlasting miracle's the same!

Copyright, 1897, by Rudyard Kipling

A MAN FIGHTS BEST IN HIS OWN TOWNSHIP.

By Robert Barr,

Author of "In the Midst of Alarms," "The Mutable Many," etc.

UNDER the hot sun Tom Stover rode slowly across the Texas plains towards the collection of shanties which he saw ahead of him, some miles away. He meditated deeply as he rode, for he was on the eve of a momentous enterprise. As he approached the group of buildings they resolved themselves into items; first, a long, low, wooden building that served at once for freight shed, telegraph office, and station house of Chapman's Junction; next to it on the east was a shanty with a stovepipe sticking through the board roof, where Peters, the station agent, lived. On the other side, near the track, were fenced-in enclosures, all whitewashed, with slatted, inclined planes up which the cattle traveled to be wedged side by side in the stock cars of the trains going East.

Tom tied his horse to the topmost rail of the whitewashed enclosure, and walked up the steps to the broad platform that surrounded the station building.

The station was on the south side of the straight track, the two converging steel rails of which, like lines without a turning drawn on the level plain of Texas, disappeared into the eastern horizon on the one hand and into the western horizon on the other. The overhanging eave of the northern side of the building threw a grateful shade upon the broad platform, and in that shade, upon a chair tilted back against the side of the house, his heels on the lower rungs of the chair, his back resting against the wall, sat a man with his broad-brimmed hat drawn over his eyes, apparently sound asleep. His slumber was guarded by the outstretched arms of the red signal boards: one to the east and one to the west of him, up and down the iron lines.

"Hallo, Peters!" shouted Stover. "You are a hard-worked laboring man."

Peters slowly shoved the brim of his slouched hat back from his brow and stared up at the interloper.

"Hallo, Tom!" was all he said; then he tilted his chair down on its four legs again, rose, and stretched himself, after which he offered his hand to the newcomer.

"Say, Peters, you haven't another chair about the place, have you? I want to sit down and have a talk with you."

"No," replied Peters. "There isn't another chair within ten miles, I guess, but there's a box in the telegraph office that'll do just as well; so you sit down in my chair and fire away. I've got something a mighty sight more practical than chairs, and that is a bottle of good Kentucky."

"Now, you're shouting," rejoined Tom with undisguised glee. "Some people might think it a little too hot for drinking whisky, but I can stand it if you can."

"Oh," said the station master, in a tone of authority, "that's one thing I like about whisky, it suits any climate."

Saying which, he dragged a square box out of the telegraph office and sat down upon it, after handing the bottle over to Tom, who took a pull, wiped the mouth of the bottle on his coat sleeve, and passed it solemnly back to the station master, who, echoing his sentiment, "Here's to you," turned the bottom of the flask toward the clear Texan sky. "Well," said Peters, setting the bottle down an equal distance between them, "I'm mighty glad you came in. I was getting a bit lonesome."

"I should think," said Tom, "that seeing you are station master and telegraph operator and switch tender and freight shover, all in one, you would have enough to do to keep you awake at least."

"Well, I haven't," said Peters. "You see, with about one train in twenty-four hours, for the night express doesn't count, there isn't much excitement around the junction; in fact, Chapman's Junction isn't even a junction, because the line they surveyed from here was never put through, on account of the panic coming on. And then the city those speculators staked out—well, there's some of the stakes left, and that's about all. No—there isn't much excitement round here."

"That's so," admitted Tom; "and for

my part, I'm goin' off where there's something goin' on."

"What do you mean?" cried Peters. "You're not going to leave us, are you?"

"Well, only for a little while. I'm going to take a trip. I'm going clean through to New York."

"You don't mean it!" cried Peters in amazement.

"Yes, I do. You see I've been steady to work on Chapman's ranch for more than five years. Now, Chapman, at the first, wasn't doing very well, and so we were all glad enough to get our board and something to drink now and then from him. But these last two or three years, since the panic, he's making money hand over fist, and last week he paid me up—owed me $3,200, and I got every cent of it."

"You don't say?" replied Peters. "Well, Chapman always was a white man."

". . . AND BOUGHT WHAT WAS NEEDED TO MAKE HIM APPEAR AS A RESIDENT OF THE CITY."

"You bet he was!" cried Tom, enthusiastically. "So I told the old man I was going to take two or three weeks off and blow in some of that money, and I've just rode out to see you and find how much it costs to New York and back."

"You're not going to take all that money with you?" said Peters, warningly.

Peters had once visited St. Louis, and knew what a large city was.

"Oh, I think I shall try and take it along," said Tom. "A fellow never knows how much he wants to blow in when he goes to a place. Things may be more expensive in New York than they are in Texas."

"Expensive!" cried Peters. "Why, you could buy half the town for three thousand dollars. Do you know anybody in New York?"

"No one but Billy Smith; he went there a while ago, and I haven't heard from him for three years, but I'll just inquire around till I find him. Somebody there will be sure to know him. Billy was always hard up, and I can perhaps help him out a bit."

"If you don't know his address," said Peters, with the caution of a man who has traveled as far as St. Louis and spent a week in that city, "you may have some trouble in finding him."

"Oh, I guess not," said Tom. "I know pretty near everybody in Texas, and Texas is a good deal bigger than New York, from what I've heard."

"Well, maybe, maybe," grudgingly admitted Peters, "but they're different, you know."

"What I wanted to find out," said Tom, "is what does it cost to go from here to New York. What's the price of a ticket?"

Peters scratched his head doubtfully.

"It takes a good bit of money," he said. "I don't know exactly how much. I couldn't sell you a ticket any farther than St. Louis, and then you'd have to get

another there. But say, Tom, couldn't you get a letter from old man Chapman setting out that you are going East on cattle business? If he can do that, I'll send it on to headquarters, and I'm not sure but we can get you a pass right through. You see Chapman ships a lot of cattle over this line, and he has never been anywhere, and the big ranchmen always get transportation over the road when they want to go east or west. Of course it isn't any of my business to knock down the receipts of the railway company, but still I've known you for five years, and although I'm not sure I can work it, I think I can. I'm dead certain I can get you a pass from here to St. Louis anyhow, and if Chapman sends the right sort of a letter, I shouldn't wonder but the folks at headquarters can fix you clear to New York and back, and never cost you a cent."

"Geewhillicans!" cried Tom, who never had an idea that anybody traveled on a railway without paying his fare.

"How soon are you going?" asked Peters.

"Oh, I'm not particular for a week or two."

"Very well! Now you get me that letter from Chapman. Tell him to put it strong. He can say that nobody's ever had transportation from his ranch and that he's shipped thousands of cattle through on this line, and I'll see what I can do."

"Well," said Tom gratefully, "you are a white man, Peters. I'll bring the letter in to-morrow."

And so, each taking another pull at the bottle, they parted.

Next day Peters sent on to headquarters the request of Chapman, and in a day or two he got a letter of inquiry from some one in authority, which he answered enthusiastically. A week later the documents came, all pinned together, and Tom started East with the proud consciousness that he didn't need to pay a cent, unless he took a sleeping-car, until he entered the city of New York.

It was an amazing journey, and Tom found that it exceeded his wildest expectations. He made the mistake for a whole day of thinking that Jersey City was New York, and he wandered round and was much stared at; they thought that Buffalo Bill and his company had arrived in town once more. He reached Jersey City in the morning, and towards four o'clock, after spending his admiration on it, discovered that New York was on the other side of the river. He went across, and found for himself a reasonably modest hotel, where he was expected to pay two dollars a day for room and food. He expected to be swindled right and left, but, to his surprise, everything was very reasonable, and no one attempted to take any advantage of him, although he had his suspicions of the ready-made clothing man from whom he bought a complete outfit, for Tom was a shrewd fellow, and realized that his costume was not quite the same as those of the regular citizens of New York; so he went to the ready-made clothing store and bought what was needed to make him appear as a resident of the city, even to shirts, neck-tie, and linen collar, which he had to be measured for, never having worn one before.

The clothing-store man told Tom that he would send the things to his hotel, but Tom, casting one suspicious glance at him, resolved not to be "done" in that simple fashion, and, taking the bundle under his arm, carried it to his hotel himself. Tom told the clerk of the hotel, with whom he had established confidential relations, of this attempt on the part of the clothing-store man to swindle him, and was amazed when the clerk informed him that it would very likely have been all right. And thus Tom's suspicions of the great city began to disappear, and he found that this world was not nearly as bad as some people represented.

When fitted out in his new suit Tom hardly recognized himself. He felt very uncomfortable, but had the satisfaction of knowing that he looked exactly like every other citizen in the metropolis, except as far as his hair was concerned. His hair was light, almost of a golden color, and, like that of the girl in the song, it hung down his shoulders. Resolved to make his sacrifice to fashion complete, he entered a hair-cutting establishment and demanded to be closely shorn. The barber stood back and looked at him with admiration. "It's a pity," he said, "to put shears into anything like that. I never saw anything to compare with it since Paderewski was here, and his stuck up on end more than yours does."

"That's all right," said Tom. "I don't want people turning round to stare after me as I pass along. You give me a close cut." And in a very short time Tom's luxuriant auburn tresses lay scattered on the barber's floor, and he left the place with a sigh of relief to think there was

now no distinguishing marks of Texas about him. He made diligent inquiries for his friend Billy Smith, and was disappointed when he could find no one who knew him. When he spoke to the hotel clerk about it, that alert young man, who he supposed knew everything, said at once he would find him if he was in New York, and he turned to the bulky directory of the city and looked up the Smiths, and, just as he predicted, he found several hundred of them; so he advised Tom that the only thing he could do was to call on each one of them and discover the real Billy Smith, a task, the clerk estimated, that would occupy Tom, if he gave it close attention, for about a year. The cowboy, with a sigh, gave up the attempt, and grew more and more lonely in the big city.

". . . TAKING THE BUNDLE UNDER HIS ARM, CARRIED IT TO HIS HOTEL HIMSELF."

One day as he passed down Broadway a man accosted him:

"Hallo!" he said. "Is this you, John?"

"No," said Tom, "I'm not John; my name's Tom Stover."

"Well," said the other, with an air of disappointment, "I could have sworn that you were John Bloomingdale from Buggin's Corners, New York."

"No," answered Tom, with a regretful sigh, for he would have been only too glad to meet some one he knew. "I'm not from York State at all. The fact is that I come from the West. My name's Tom Stover, and I worked for five years on Chapman's ranch in Texas. Only came to New York the other day. Never been here before."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the man. "I took you for another fellow altogether. Good-by!"

"Good-by," said Tom, and he stood on the crowded edge of the pavement watching the retreating figure of the man who might perhaps have known him; but better luck was in store for him. He had hardly gone a hundred yards down the street when a stranger, looking keenly at him, placed his hands on Tom's shoulders.

"Thunder and lightning!" said the stranger, "if you're not Tom Stover, you're the dead image of him."

Tom's face lighted up.

"You're dead right," he said, "but how the deuce you come to know me now that I got my hair cut, I can't imagine."

"Know you?" cried the other, "why I'd know you anywhere, hair cut or no hair cut. Weren't you on Chapman's ranch in Texas something like five years ago?"

"You bet!" cried Tom, with keen delight. "Why, were you out there?"

"Certain," cried the man. "My name's Smithers. I don't suppose you recollect me. I was going through Texas to the gold fields. I'm a miner, I am, and don't know New York at all; only came here about a week ago."

"Same with me," cried Tom, smiting his big right hand down on the other's palm and shaking his arm vigorously. "Same with me. I've just come through from Texas. First time I've ever been in New York."

"Is that so?" cried Smithers. "Come on and let's have something to drink."

"You bet!" said Tom, taking him by the arm.

Smithers had a smooth-shaven face,

and a quick furtive look in his eye which seemed to rove all about him, with frequent glances to the rear. He drew Tom down a side street, and then turning a corner with apparently more knowledge of New York than a man who had just landed there should have, he pushed open the swinging door of a saloon, and they entered. They found a secluded corner, and sat down at a table.

Smithers said, "What will you have?"

"No, no," cried Tom, "this is my treat," and he pulled out a bundle of paper money from his pocket that made the other's eyes glisten. "It's strange," said Tom, "that you should have remembered me right here in New York after not seeing me for five years, while I can't remember you at all. I suppose you only stayed at the ranch a night or so?"

"Yes," said Smithers, "that was all, but I never forget a man when I once take to him; and besides, you weren't long there, I think you told me at the time."

"No; that is so. I was a newcomer then, and I guess that accounts for it. Still, we never had many visitors at the ranch, so I can't think how it is I don't remember you. You must have a wonderful memory to recognize not only my face but remember my name as well."

"I must admit," said Smithers, "I have, and, as I told you, I never forget a man I once take to. Are you going back soon?"

"Yes," said Tom, "I expect to. I came with $3,200 dollars in my pocket—"

"What, and spent it all already?" asked the other in alarm.

Tom laughed boisterously, and said, "No, I've only spent a little on new clothes and a few other things. I keep my cash right here," added Tom, tapping the inside breast pocket of his coat.

"Yes," said Smithers, with a sigh, "that's the best place to keep it. I wish I had my money in my inside pocket."

"And haven't you?" asked Tom.

"No. You see, as I told you, I went through to the mines, and for three or four years had a hard time of it, but at last I struck it rich. I struck a nugget that is worth a hundred thousand dollars if it's worth a cent."

"Gee whizz!" exclaimed Tom, with wide-open eyes.

"Yes, sir, and I brought that nugget with me right here to New York. I had no ready money, and I had to put it in pawn. It isn't a thing you can sell offhand, right in a minute. A man has got it, and he gives me a hundred dollars now, and fifty dollars another time, and so on. He says I owe him three thousand dollars, but I don't, and he refuses to give it up unless I pay him three thousand dollars. Of course I haven't the money, and I can't get it until I get a hold of that nugget. Now I know how to sell it, and could get my hundred thousand dollars for it in ten minutes if I once had hold of the gold. But he won't let it go. He expects I'll be knocked on the head, I suppose, then he'll own it."

"Jumping bunco!" cried Tom, bringing his fist down on the table. "Tell me who the man is, and I'll blow the top of his head off. I'll fill him with lead."

"No, no," said the other. "That won't do here in New York, you know. You could have done that in a mining camp right enough, but it won't do in the East. No, I must have the money or I can't get that lump of gold."

"How much money did you say you needed?" cried Tom.

"I need three thousand dollars cash, and if any man would let me have that for about half an hour, till I could get my lump of gold changed into bills, I'd willingly give five thousand for the accommodation of the money."

"George Washington!" cried Tom. "What are you talking about? Don't you know I've got the three thousand dollars? Why, bless my soul, let's go and get that lump of gold out at once."

"Well," demurred the other, "you're a stranger to me, you know; I couldn't ask you for the money, only knowing you half an hour."

"You've known me five years," said Tom, rising. "You come along with me, and show me where this man is, and I'll fork over the three thousand dollars. I've got it right here with me."

The other still demurred, and seemed to hesitate.

"Well," he said, "I'll do it on one condition, that you take the lump of gold yourself and get the cash for it."

"You'll do it," said Tom enthusiastically, "on no conditions at all. You take the money and get your gold, and bring me back the money to the Sellers House; you know where that hotel is, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Smithers, "I know it very well," and he took out a note-book and put down the name. "Very well, then," he said. "To-morrow I will bring back your money, and we'll go out and have dinner together."

"You bet!" cried Tom, delighted to

think he had overcome the scruples of the other.

Smithers led the cowboy down one street and up another, and at last they came to a dark passage, and went up three flights of stairs, where he pushed open the door of a shabby room and they found a man sitting beside an ordinary wooden table of the roughest sort.

"I say!" cried Smithers, "have you got that piece of gold of mine?"

"Yes," said the other, grumblingly, "if you've got the money to pay me what you owe."

"I got the money," replied Smithers bitterly; "at least I've got a friend here who'll put up the money, and I guess that's the same thing."

"Yes," cried Tom, "and you may be plagued glad that you're not out in Texas, where you'd get your cursed head blown off."

The man in the room looked in alarm at the huge figure of Tom, and as he did so, Tom seemed to recognize him, but could not think where he had met him. The man rose hastily and went to a cupboard, and brought out a huge lump of yellow metal.

"There it is," he said, placing the metal on the table.

Tom pulled out his long leather pocketbook from his inside pocket, and counted out the three thousand dollars. The other, rolling it up in a bundle, thrust it in his trousers pocket, and pushed the lump of gold towards the cowboy.

"There," said Smithers, "you take that as security."

"Security be hanged," cried Tom with indignation. "You drop round at my hotel to-morrow. Come about four o'clock, and I'll stay in for you."

"Very well," said Smithers, shaking him warmly by the hand. "I'll take this now and get my money for it."

Tom went down the stairs alone, and the two men looked at each other with a grin.

"I'll be hanged," said Smithers, "if it isn't too disgustingly easy."

"Oh," said the other man, "he'll soon meet some one who will put him on to the game, so we'd better close up this establishment as quickly as possible, and get away." Which they accordingly did.

Only once did suspicion cross the mind of Tom Stover. As he was walking up Broadway it suddenly came to him that the man in the room was the same who had accosted him and asked if he were not John Bloomingdale. He wondered at the coincidence, because he had been much struck within the past day or two with the size of New York and the impossibility of meeting any one a person knew.

Four o'clock next day arrived, but no Smithers came with it. It was late that evening when Tom confided the situation to the hotel clerk. After waiting till six o'clock, he had roamed about the city trying to find the room to which Smithers had taken him, but he could not even find the saloon where they had first drank together. It was late at night when he returned, and, ashamed of himself for harboring unworthy suspicions, he hesitatingly told the clerk what had happened to him. The clerk looked at him with unfeigned amazement.

"Well," he said, "if I had had any idea that you were so green as that I would have put you on your guard. It never struck me that you would be taken in by the first gold-brick man you met on the streets. You've been buncoed. How much money did they get out of you?"

"I MUST HAVE THE MONEY OR I CAN'T GET THAT LUMP OF GOLD."

"Three thousand dollars," said Tom, with a sigh.

"Have you got any left?" asked the clerk sharply, thinking of the hotel bill.

"I've got a little over a hundred dollars," replied Tom.

"Well," said the clerk, a little more cordially, "you take my advice and get right back to Texas. Have you got your ticket?"

"Yes."

"Very well then, a hundred dollars will see you through. New York's not your size. I didn't think there was a man in this country from one end to the other that hadn't read about these bunco-steerers and the way they work. Why, the game's been given away again and again in every newspaper in the land."

"Yes," said Tom dolefully, "but I've been living on a ranch, and I don't read newspapers."

"All right," said the clerk, "but the lesson has cost you three thousand dollars; so if I were you I'd subscribe for a paper. I don't suppose you'll ever see a cent of that money again. I'll tell the police, but it won't be any use; these fellows are too sharp."

The police were told, but as the clerk had predicted, it was no use. For two or three days Tom wandered up and down the street hoping to meet Smithers or his confederate, but that too proved useless.

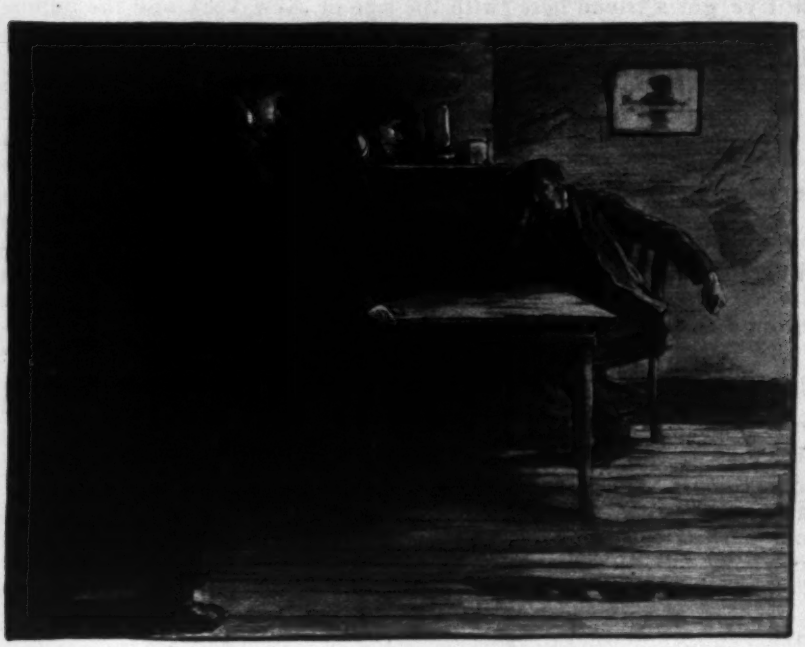
"Well," said Peters, as Tom stepped from the train, "what kind of a time did you have? Back sooner than you expected, aren't you?"

"Yes, a little sooner," replied Tom. "Oh, I had a great time. Big city, New York."

"I suppose it is," said Peters. "How much of the three thousand dollars did you bring back with you?"

"Oh, I've got a ten-dollar bill or so, and some change in silver."

"Geewhillicans!" cried Peters in astonishment. "Blew in the whole three thousand, every cent of it? You *have* had a time. You didn't buy the town and give it away, did you?"



"'I SAY!' CRIED SMITHERS, 'HAVE YOU GOT THAT PIECE OF GOLD OF MINE?'"

"No, but I gave myself away once or twice. But it's all in a lifetime, and I've had the worth of the money, I guess. A fellow must have a fling some time, you know, Peters."

"Yes, I know," said Peters, rubbing his chin meditatively and wrinkling his brows. "But, Tom, think how many bottles of whisky that money would have bought!"

"Yes," said Tom, with the ghost of a sigh, "it would have gone a long way in old rye."

"Well," said Peters, "I suppose if you're satisfied, nobody else has a right to grumble. But three thousand dollars in less than that number of weeks, I couldn't have believed it!"

"It isn't all wasted," said Tom, "because I've got a case here that's for you, and in it are twelve bottles of as good whisky as you ever put your lips to. I don't forget my old friends merely because I'm having a high old time in New York by myself."

"You're a brick," said Peters gratefully, shaking him warmly by the hand, and, as the rear car of the westward train

was now dim in the distance, Tom opened the case, and Peters opened a bottle.

Tom's adventures in New York were for many days the wonder of Chapman's ranch. He wasn't a man of much imagination, and was sometimes hard put to it when the cowboys pressed for details of the fun which involved such enormous expenditure in so short a time. The general opinion was that Tom must have lived high and gone the pace in order to get through so much money. Even old Chapman himself shook his head and doubted whether a man in a couple of weeks could have all the fun which such a sum represented. However, Tom put on no airs over his comrades; he was as genial as ever, and continued to be as well liked as he always had been. His yellow hair grew down to his shoulders once more, and if there was a pleasant swagger in his manner, that was merely to be expected from a man who had had such a wild time in the metropolis for two weeks. The New York affair also had another effect: Tom now subscribed for a New York paper, and read it assiduously, as did also most of the other boys in the camp. The numbers accumulated in bundles at the railway station, and were forwarded by Peters every time any one went out from the ranch to Chapman's Junction. It was generally supposed that Tom in his two weeks had become so addicted to the frivolities of New York society that he must now read of those balls and theater parties which he could no longer attend.

"I see your friend Mrs. Vandergould has given another great dance," old man Chapman would say as he read the paper. "Here's a whole column of people who attended it. I suppose you met most of these folks while you were down at New York?"

"Couldn't help meeting 'em," said Tom. "Of course they were very nice to me, and naturally I had to give a blow-out or two in return. I couldn't have 'em think a fellow coming from Chapman's ranch in Texas was mean with the money."

"No," said old Chapman proudly, "you did it up fine, Tom, even if it did cost you three thousand dollars. I guess they know by this time that there's no flies on Texas."

"You bet!" said Tom. And so it was felt that, all in all, Tom had done credit to the locality during his brief sojourn in New York. But all the while Tom was saving up his money and carefully reading the criminal columns in the paper he subscribed for. He knew that such a man as Smithers was bound to be arrested sooner or later, and he expected to read his description when the police took him in, and probably see a picture of him on the front page of the paper. The journal he took dealt very fully with criminal matters; in fact it was his friend the hotel clerk who had advised what paper to take in, if he wanted to keep up with the police news of the big city.

At last Tom's vigilance was rewarded. The moment he opened the paper and saw the portrait of a man's smooth, cynical face, he recognized Smithers. He also, though less certainly, recognized the man who was his comrade. Other pictures were given, also a view of a house, also a picture of a man bound and gagged, also a picture of the same man as he appeared to the ordinary citizen. It had been a big affair: not a bunco game this time, but a fair and square robbery. The man had stepped into his carriage at the bank door, with over sixty thousand dollars in the valise he carried in his hand. The man thought everything was right, but Smithers was sitting in the driver's seat, for the driver had been inveigled away by a false message from his master. The trick had been cleverly done. In a certain narrow street the carriage stopped; Smithers's confederate stepped in and promptly knocked the man on the head. He was then bound and gagged and carried into a house these two had rented. There he was left, tied up in a hard knot, while Smithers drove his confederate to the Cunard docks. When they reached the docks, Smithers engaged some one to mind his horse until he returned. They divided the money, thirty thousand dollars each, and the confederate got on the steamer and sailed away, while Smithers crossed the ferry and made for the boundless West, each man carrying out his idea of the surest method of escape. Smithers, whose real name appeared to be Brownlow, had been traced as far as St. Louis. The Cunard steamer was speeding across the Atlantic, but a cable despatch was awaiting the confederate at Queenstown, and there the authorities had every hope of arresting him.

When Tom had read thus far in the first day's paper he eagerly turned to the next. The thieves had had a good opportunity of getting away, for it was a day before the rich man was found in the deserted house, still alive and intensely anxious. The next day's papers told of the rich man's offer of five thousand dollars for

the capture of either one of his assailants, and gave the further news that Smithers had been arrested at a town a hundred miles or so west of St. Louis. Tom at once made up his mind to go there. He was firmly resolved to have one shot at Smithers, even if he spent the remainder of his life in jail for doing so. He told old man Chapman that he would like a holiday for a week or two, and wanted a few hundred dollars if the old man would advance him so much. Old Chapman asked no questions, but gave him the money, and Tom got on his horse and rode towards Chapman's Junction, where he took a ticket for the town in which Smithers had been arrested. But a surprise awaited him there; Smithers, in some unaccountable way, had escaped. It was known, of course, that Smithers was in ample funds, and those who arrested him were now highly indignant because they were charged with accepting a bribe. The man, they said, was desperate and well armed. He had pulled a revolver on them and held them up while he escaped. It was known that he had taken the train for Texas, but all trace of him was now lost. The men, for some inexplicable reason, had neglected to give the alarm as promptly as they might have done, and once more Smithers had a fair chance of getting into Mexico before an officer could put his hand on his shoulder and arrest him in the name of the law. Detectives from New York were coming, but Smithers had a long start of them. Tom cursed the luck that had allowed his prey to escape, but promptly took train over the ground Smithers had traveled. He knew enough of the lay of the country to be well aware that Smithers, if he were at all informed, would leave the railway, buy a horse, and ride over the Mexican border. Tom paid his fare from station to station in a way that made the conductor think there was something wrong with his passenger's head. Every time the train stopped Tom got off, seized the station master by the shoulder, and rapidly asked him if anybody answering the description of the fugitive had got off the train within a day or two, bought a horse, and started for the interior. The reply was "no" for some hundreds of miles, and Tom swung on the train, sometimes just as it was pulling out, paid his fare to the next station, where he repeated his questioning. At last he met the reward that always awaits the patient and persistent.

"Yes," said the station agent, "he bought a horse from old Seppings. He evidently didn't know anything about a horse, because Seppings palmed off on him the oldest and poorest horse he had on his ranch and made the man pay the biggest price for it. I guess he'd lots of money, so it doesn't matter. He didn't haggle about the price at all. He said he was going to the north, but in that he lied, because, after starting north and thinking he'd got out of sight, he changed his course and went straight south."

"What sort of a looking fellow was he?" asked Tom.

"Oh, a middle-sized man, and looked like he came from the city. He had a stubbly beard that seemed as if he hadn't shaved for two or three days. I guess generally he's a smooth-shaver, that man; a keen-looking fellow. He said he was prospecting, wanted to buy a ranch, or something of that sort."

"That's my man. Where's Seppings's place? I want to buy a horse and follow him."

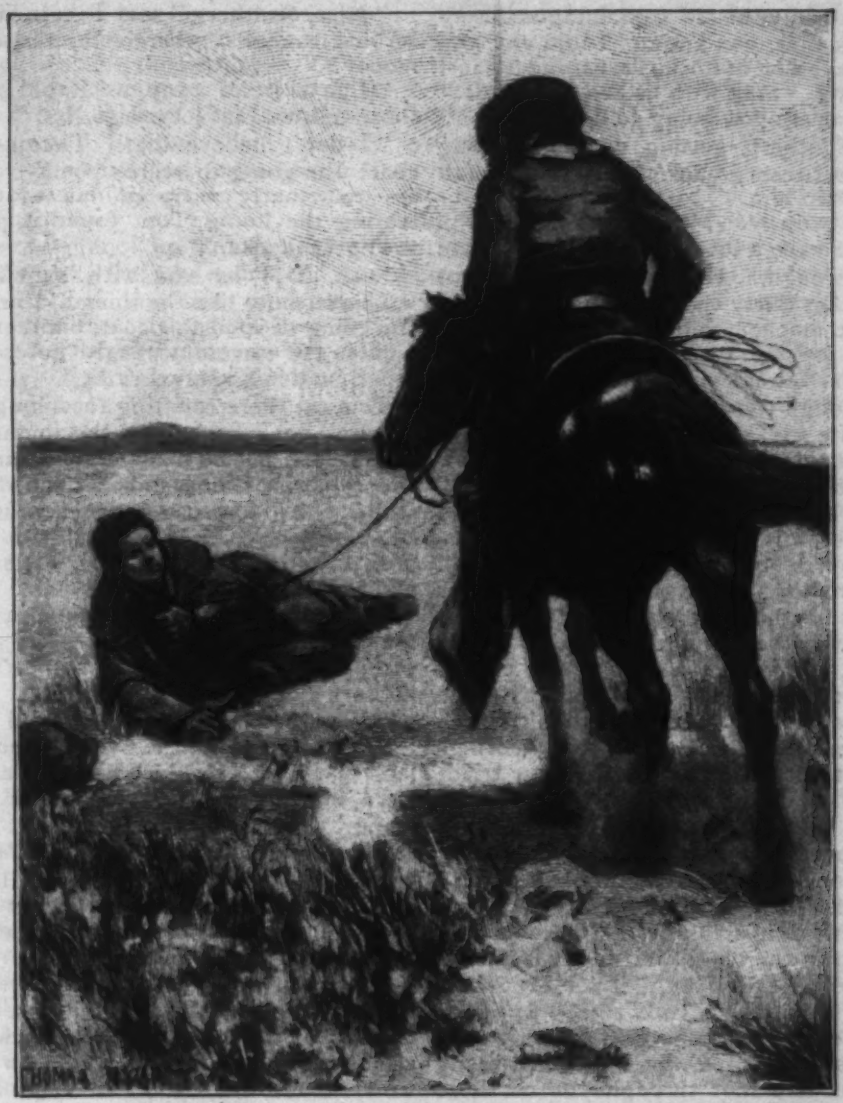
Seppings found Tom not such easy game as Smithers had been. Tom knew a horse when he saw one, and knew what it's price was, too; but when old Seppings learned in the course of conversation that Tom had come from Chapman's ranch and was one of the boys himself, he wouldn't take a penny for the horse, but told him to select one for himself, and give it back when he was through with the chase. The other man had a day's start; but Tom knew he would speedily overtake him when he got on the trail. He put spurs to his horse, and on the second day out from Seppings's ranch he saw a dot on the sky line that he knew to be Smithers. It was nearly noon when he overtook him.

"Hallo, comrade!" he shouted. "Where are you bound for?"

The other, who had been urging on his horse as fast as he could for an hour before, seemed relieved at the cheery tones of the man who had overtaken him, and answered:

"Oh, I'm prospecting. Just looking round the country. I'm thinking of buying a ranch and settling down here."

"Well, that's a good plan," said Tom, spurring up beside him. "You'll find it very healthy, and lots of fun too, although you mightn't think it. I've seen more excitement in Texas in ten minutes than I've seen anywhere else in my whole life. You'll find the people all nice and neighborly, always ready to help a fellow-



"I TOLD YOU YOU COULD HAVE A LOT OF FUN IN TEXAS, AND IT'S JUST BEGINNING"

creature when he's in trouble. Oh, you'll like the people. I'm a miner myself. I've just come from Colorado, and I've got a nugget of gold that's worth a hundred thousand dollars if it's worth a cent, and I'll tell you what it is, friend, I need three thousand dollars to get it out of a fellow's clutches. He's been lending me money, and I thought perhaps if you were looking for a ranch you might have the money on your clothes somewhere, and help a fellow out without any trouble, don't you see?"

Smithers looked sharply at Tom; then it occurred to him that it perhaps would be better to escape; so he whipped up his jaded horse and tried to worry a gallop out of him, which made Tom laugh when he thought of the futility of the move. He made no attempt to overtake him, but leisurely unwound the lariat from his waist. Then urging his horse forward, Tom airily swung the looped rope above his head, and dropped it gently over the body of Smithers. At a word Tom's horse stopped dead, bracing his feet in the turf. The rope tightened, and the unfortunate Smithers was dragged out of his saddle to the ground. The tired horse looked round and stopped, when the burden had been so promptly removed from his back.

"There," said Tom, riding up. "You

shouldn't leave an old acquaintance so suddenly as that, you know. I told you you could have a lot of fun in Texas, and it's just beginning. Stay with us and be friends."

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Smithers, getting up and limping round between groans. His sudden fall had shaken him.

"Do with you?" cried Tom. "I'm going to have a lot of fun with you before I get through. How much have you got left of that thirty thousand dollars?"

"Not much," said Smithers dolefully. "I had to pay away most of it to those men who let me off. They just let me keep enough to see me into Mexico."

"Quite so," said Tom. "Well, we will test that statement. First, I'll see how much you've got in this bag."

Tom sprang off his horse, and opened the valise. It was about half full of currency notes, but they were all of small denominations. He turned them over with his hand, and at the same time a shot rang out in the still air.

"Oh, you've got a pistol, have you?" said Tom, looking up and seemingly quite interested in the fact. "I didn't search you, because I knew you New-Yorkers couldn't hit anything even if you tried; but I'll show you what shooting is." So pulling his revolver, Tom shot twice in quick succession, and Smithers felt a sharp pain in one ear and then in the other. He dropped his own pistol with a scream, and put his hands up to his head. When he took them down the blood was upon his palms.

"There," said Tom, "if you ever want to wear earrings you won't have to punch any holes. Of course you see that your life's safe with me, for I could as easily have put one shot through you as those two through your ears."

Tom walked to him, and picked up the pistol, which lay on the ground.

"Have you got another gun with you?"

"No," groaned Smithers.

Tom lightly felt over his person, then said to him: "Sit down over there. Now, if you move till I'm through counting this money I'll break your right leg and take you to the railway in front of my saddle, or if you give me too much trouble, I'll kill you right here and leave you. So if you want to get comfortably back to civilization, sit there and keep quiet."

Tom counted the money, and found under the heap of small bills some of much larger denomination, and in all there was something like four thousand dollars in the hand-bag.

"Now, Smithers," said Tom in his most serious manner, "where's the rest of this money?"

"I gave it all away, as I told you, to those fellows that let me go."

"I don't believe that. Take off your coat; I'm going to search you." Smithers reluctantly removed his coat, and tearing the lining Tom found it padded with greenbacks.

"Ah, ha," he said with satisfaction. "This is more like the thing. I'm afraid I'm going to spoil this coat, Smithers; but I guess the government will get you another, so don't you worry."

Tom sat there counting for a long time, and was not sure he had the amount correct at last, but he made it something like twenty-seven thousand dollars. He stuffed the greenbacks into the valise.

"Now, Smithers," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction, "get on your little horse, and we'll jog along back."

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the trembling man for the second time. The blood was running down from his ears along his neck.

"Well, in the first place," said Tom, "I'm going to take the five thousand dollars that the New-Yorker offers as a reward for the recovery of the rest of the money. I'll send the remainder of the cash on to him by express from my station when I get there. As for you, I'll hand you over to the sheriff, or whoever is best qualified to take hold of you; then they can do what they like with you."

"But you've got no right to arrest me without a warrant," said Smithers.

"Oh, we don't bother about such trifles as warrants here in Texas. Don't you worry about that; you can make a complaint about it if you like. I think they will do everything for you that is strictly legal, in order to satisfy you, when they get you down in St. Louis or New York. I've got some salt in my pocket, which I always carry for the benefit of my horse, so let me rub a handful into those ears of yours. It will sting at first, but it will be good for 'em."

They got on their horses, and made their way back to Seppings's ranch. On the train Smithers appealed to the passengers, saying that he was being held without a warrant, and the conductor seemed to think the transaction somewhat illegal. But Tom explained to all those in the smoking-car that they were in the State of Texas, that he had two first-class active revolvers in his possession, and that if

anybody wanted to test his marksmanship, as Smithers had done, they'd only to step up and try to rescue the prisoner. So the passengers agreed not to interfere with what was strictly none of their business.

At Chapman's Junction Tom took his prisoner by the collar and lugged him off, keeping a threatening eye on the passengers as he did so.

"See here, Peters," he said, as the train was moving off, "these people on the train seem to think you must have a warrant to arrest a thief. Is that so, Peters?"

Peters stood there rubbing his chin thoughtfully, regarding the prisoner intently the while.

"Well, I guess that's so, Tom," he said, after a while. "You can't arrest a man in this country, thief or murderer, you know, without a warrant."

"You don't mean it?" cried Tom, much abashed.

"Yes," replied Peters, "we must do things according to law and order."

"That's right," said Smithers. "I told this man so, all along."

"Well, you mustn't mind him," said Peters to the stranger. "Tom's a good fellow, but he can't be expected to be a lawyer, you know. We'll do everything here legal and proper, and don't you be afraid. We'll tie you up in a hard knot, and telegraph to St. Louis, and say we're sitting on you till they come; and then, you bet, you'll have all the warrants you want. So don't you be dissatisfied, and don't you hold it against Tom."

When the officers at length arrived they made no objections to Tom's breach of the law in making his revolver his warrant for the arrest of the prisoner.

"Good-by!" said Tom, holding out his hand to Smithers, which the other curtly refused, "and remember this whenever you are doing your time, wherever it is, that if you hadn't taken in a fellow who was kind-hearted, if he was green, you'd have got off this time into Mexico."

LIFE PORTRAITS OF HENRY CLAY.

Born in Hanover County, Virginia, April 12, 1777. *Died at Washington, D. C., June* 29, 1852.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

THE earliest portrait of Henry Clay that I have been able to find is the first one here reproduced, painted by the erratic and irascible John Wesley Jarvis, in 1814. Others follow by Kentucky's gifted son, Matthew Harris Jouett, about 1818; John H. I. Browere, in 1825 (frontispiece); Samuel Finley Breese Morse, in 1841; John Neagle, in 1842; Joel Tanner Hart, in 1844; Marcus Aurelius Root, in 1848; and Charles W. Jarvis, about 1851; also a daguerreotype without date or name from the well-known Gilsey collection.

Mrs. John M. Clay of Lexington owns a miniature of Henry Clay, her father-in-law, which, it is claimed, represents him in early life, but I have been unable to see it or get a photograph of it. It is said to be much like the engraving by Longacre, "from a miniature," that was published in Atkinson's "Casket," Philadelphia, 1819. One Washington Blanchard painted a theatrical miniature in 1842 which he intended for Henry Clay, but it is noted only because it is in the public collection of the Corcoran Art Gallery. John Wood Dodge painted a miniature of Clay at Ashland which he indorsed "finished June 3rd 1843." It is owned by Mrs. A. C. Gunther of New York.

The veteran Charles Willson Peale painted a portrait of Mr. Clay in Washington in the winter of 1818–19, which was recently presented to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. In 1822 C. B. King painted a portrait of him which now hangs in the Corcoran Art Gallery. It was engraved, soon after, in folio by Peter Maverick, and one state of the plate has the lettering in Italian.

Cabinet portraits on panel of Henry Clay were painted by Joseph Wood in 1825, William J. Hubard in 1832, and George Linen in 1838. The first two are whole lengths, but their location is unknown, while the third, a three-quarter length, is owned by the painter's daughter-in-law, Mrs. John B. Linen of Buffalo, New York. All three have been engraved, the last mentioned for Horace Greeley's campaign life of Henry Clay, with Clay's certificate that it is "an excellent likeness." Mr. Linen was sent to Washington by William L. Stone, the well-known po-

litical editor of New York, expressly to paint this picture, which received a silver medal as "the best specimen of portrait painting exhibited" at the National Academy of Design in 1839. Hubard's portrait was exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts the year it was painted, and a portion of it was engraved for Longacre's "Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans."

Manuel J. Franca, a painter from the island of Madeira, who settled in Philadelphia, but subsequently removed to St. Louis, where he died, painted a portrait of Henry Clay in 1842 for Mr. Hamilton H. Jackson, to whom Mr. Clay wrote, "Mr. Francona (*sic*), at the instance of your liberality, has made a portrait of me which, as far as I can judge, is a good likeness. He has succeeded in some features in respect to which most of the artists have failed." The picture and letter now belong to Mr. R. Hall McCormick of Chicago.

Portraits of Mr. Clay are owned by the New York Historical Society (painted by S. S. Osgood); the Long Island Historical Society (a good early portrait by an unknown hand); the city of Brooklyn, New York (a whole length, signed "P. S. Stanton, New Orleans, 1847"); the State of Kentucky (a whole length, hanging in the capitol at Frankfort, and signed "F. H. Heban, Louisville"); the Corcoran Art Gallery (a bust portrait ascribed to Henry Inman), and the District of Columbia. This last is an important whole length portrait painted by Chester Harding, in the winter of 1847–48, for the citizens of Washington. When it was completed many of the "citizens" refused to pay their quota of the price, on the ground that Mr. Clay had blasted his prospects for nomination and election to the presidency, and the artist had to carry his hat around to gather in the subscriptions. The portrait now hangs in the Criminal Court at Washington. Mr. Robert T. Ford of New York owns a bust portrait of Clay, which he purchased as the work of Matthew Jouett, but which I have no hesitation in assigning to Chester Harding, about 1830.

G. P. A. Healy went from the Hermitage, where he had been painting the portrait of "Old Hickory," to Ashland, where he painted that of Henry Clay. This portrait, dated "July 26, 1845," is owned by Mr. Thomas B. Bryan of Elmhurst, Illinois.

Oliver Frazier painted several portraits of Henry Clay, but the portrait by him preferred by members of Mr. Clay's family was painted in 1851, and is claimed to be the last portrait made of Clay before he sought that relief in Cuba which the equatorial clime did not afford. Frazier was painting this portrait for himself, and had it nearly finished, when Mr. Clay's son called to see it. The latter was so impressed with its faithfulness that he exclaimed: "That is my father, and you must not put your brush upon him again; the portrait is mine;" and he took it without the "finishing touches" for fear they might take from the likeness. It is owned by the widow of that son, Mrs. James B. Clay, living near Lexington, Kentucky. The original study for it—a pencil drawing, finished with color—is in the possession of Mrs. Jouett Menefee of Louisville, Kentucky.

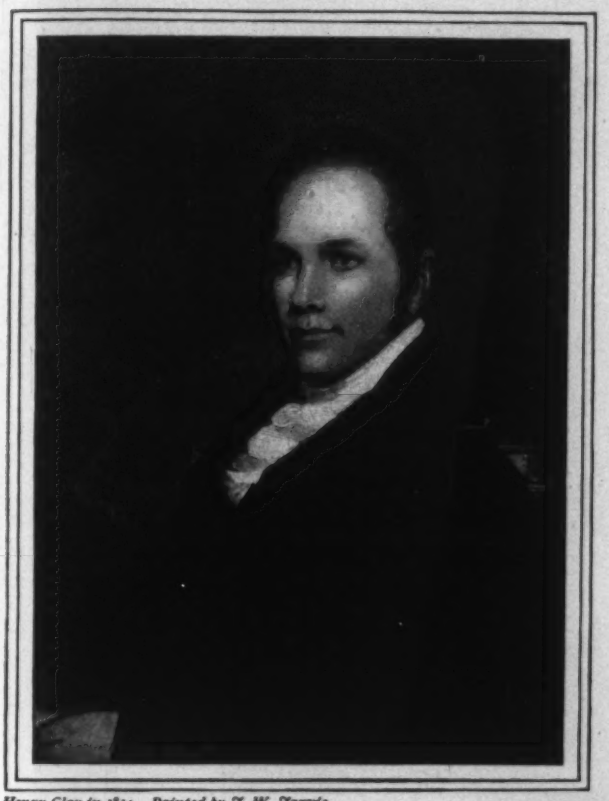
One "E. Brackett" painted a portrait of Clay which is absolutely without merit of any kind. A portrait of Clay signed "Bartlett 1831" belongs to Mr. C. Rapallo Henderson of New York; and a poor picture of him, inscribed "Painted by David A. Woodward on the birthday of the original, Washington City, 1850," was recently shown in New York.

Clevenger, Hugh Cannon, H. K. Brown, and Clark Mills each modeled Clay, while Edouart and W. H. Brown cut striking silhouettes of him, and Anthony, Brady, De Berg Richards, and others took innumerable daguerreotypes of him.

Henry Clay was as striking physically as Daniel Webster, but in a different way, and, although Clay's head appeared to be much smaller than Webster's, they are said to have worn the same size of hats. Clay was six feet one and one-half inches high, of broad frame, but spare, with long arms and small hands. His hair was sandy, his eyes light blue—"electrical when kindled"—and he had, as all his portraits show, a phenomenal mouth for size as well as shape.

On April 11, 1799, Clay was married, in Lexington, to Lucretia Hart. Mrs. Clay was born in Hagerstown, Maryland, March 18, 1781, and is spoken of as a woman of great strength of character, a marvel of good and thrifty housewifery, who, while her distinguished husband was battling in the council of the nation, remained at home "selling her butter and eggs, milk and vegetables," from the famed Ashland farm, where she reared eleven children, and died respected and mourned April 8, 1864. The only painted portrait of her is the one here reproduced and never before published.

LIFE PORTRAITS OF HENRY CLAY.



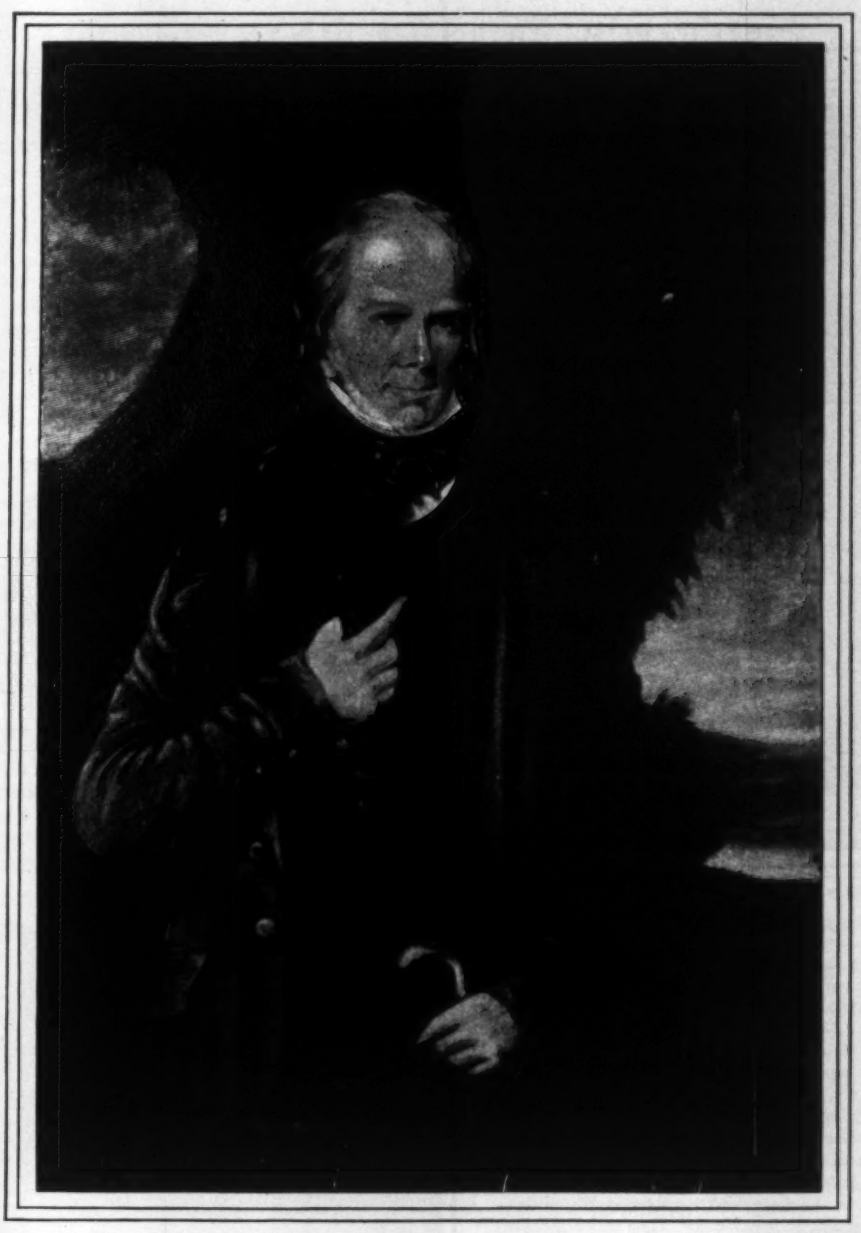
Henry Clay in 1814. Painted by J. W. Jarvis.

HENRY CLAY IN 1814. AGE 37. PAINTED BY J. W. JARVIS. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From the original portrait painted by John Wesley Jarvis, now in the possession of Mr. Robert T. Ford, New York. Panel, 22 by 27 inches. John Wesley Jarvis, as he called himself late in life, died in New York, January 14, 1839. His nativity is uncertain, while his generally reputed kinship to John Wesley has apparently no stronger basis than his name, which was a late assumption, his early signature being simply "J. Jarvis." He is first found in Philadelphia, apprenticed to Edward Savage, whom he maligned as he did every one with whom he was thrown in contact. Jarvis scraped a mezzotinto, painted some miniatures, and wandered about the country painting portraits of very unequal quality and merit. He has, however, left enough good work to show that he was not without considerable ability as a portrait painter. The portrait of Mr. Clay, here reproduced for the first time, was painted in New York, Jarvis's chief abiding place, in the winter of 1814, immediately before Mr. Clay sailed for Europe as one of the commissioners to negotiate the treaty of Ghent. It was painted expressly for Mrs. Clay, but she was so dissatisfied with it that she gave it to her niece, who owned it until her death in 1878, and from whose daughter it passed into Mr. Ford's possession. It is interesting as an early portrait of Mr. Clay, and historically important for its epoch; and while it is not hard to understand Mrs. Clay's dissatisfaction with it as a likeness, it is an admirable piece of painting.

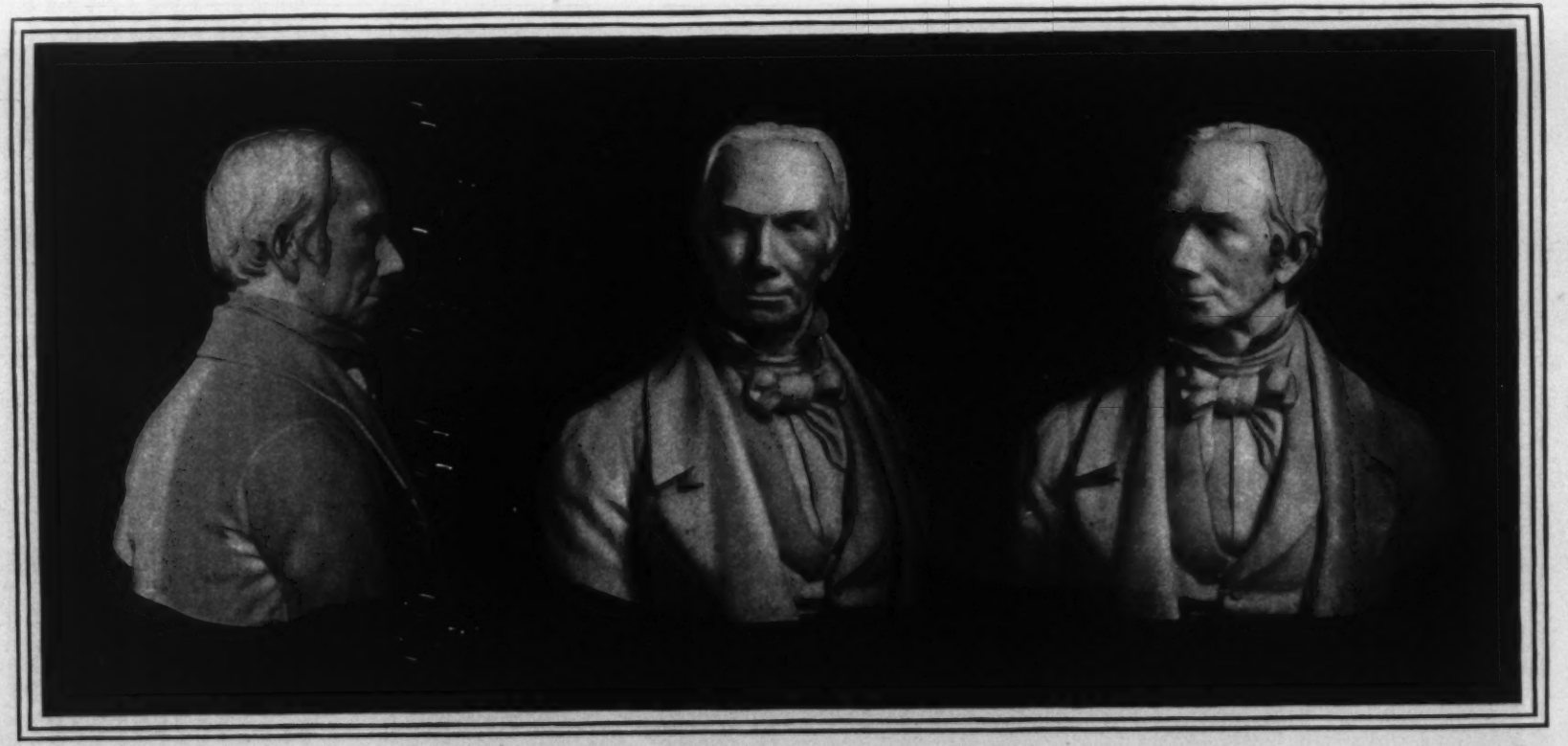
HENRY CLAY ABOUT 1818. AGE 41. PAINTED BY JOUETT.

From the original portrait painted by Matthew Harris Jouett, now in the possession of Henry Clay's granddaughter, Mrs. Henry C. McDowell, of "Ashland," Lexington, Ky. Panel, 22 by 28 inches. Matthew Harris Jouett was born near Harrodsburg, Mercer County, Ky., April 22, 1788, and died at Lexington, Ky., August 10, 1827. He was bred to the law, and served in the second war with England; but whether at the bar or in the army, he was first and last an artist, and one too of wonderful ability. Indeed, it is not extravagant to say that his work borders on the marvelous, considering his environment and lack of opportunity. The only advantage he had was four months with Stuart, in Boston, in 1816. But he did not need the great master's advice, for he painted as good pictures before this experience as he did afterward. In fact, as is so often the case, he seems to have lost some of his individuality in that of his master. His versatility was greater than Stuart's, and his mastery of technical difficulties such as Stuart never attempted. Jouett resided chiefly in Lexington, and had many opportunities of intercourse with Henry Clay, of whom he painted at least three portraits—the one here reproduced, one in Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky., and one painted several years later and presented by Mr. Clay to James Calwell, of the Greenbriar, White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, which now belongs to Miss Columbia G. Calwell, of Richmond, Virginia. The present portrait is esteemed "the best ever painted of Mr. Clay in his prime."



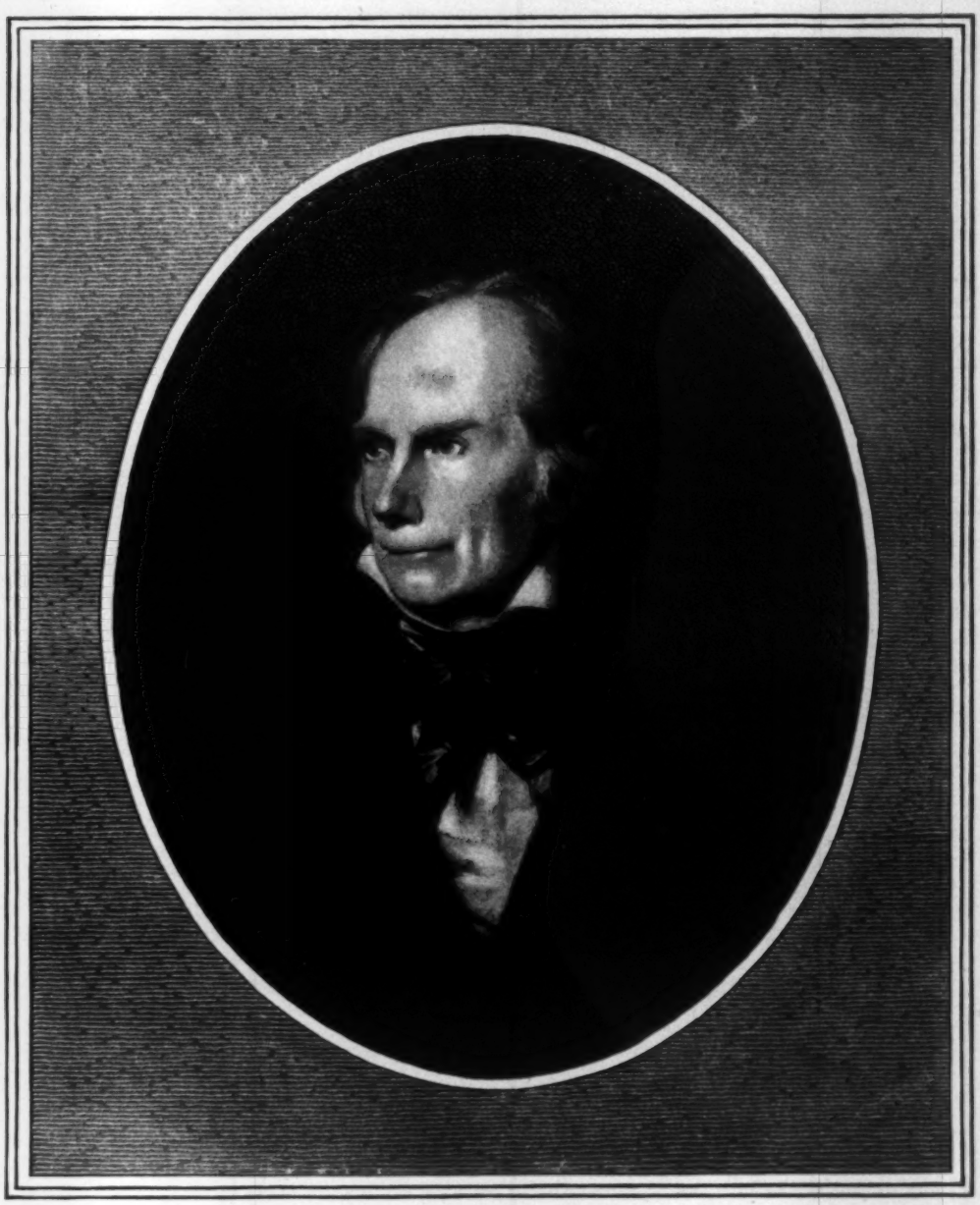
HENRY CLAY IN 1841. AGE 64. PAINTED BY S. F. B. MORSE. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From the original portrait painted by Samuel Finley Breese Morse, now in the possession of Mr. William F. Havemeyer, New York. Canvas, 48 by 60 inches. Professor Morse, as he was commonly called, was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791, and died in New York, April 2, 1872. The later career of the distinguished inventor of the electric telegraph has hidden from many the knowledge that he began life as an artist. After being graduated by Yale College, where he partially supported himself by painting miniatures at five dollars each and profiles at one dollar, he went to England with Washington Allston, and became one of the London coterie of later-day famous Americans, consisting of Irving, Leslie, Newton, Allston, and Morse. He studied under Allston and at the Royal Academy, receiving a gold medal for his model of "The Dying Hercules," a subject which he also painted. After four years he returned home, painted a number of portraits, and was chiefly instrumental in founding the National Academy of Design, New York, of which he was the first president. He visited Europe again in 1829, and three years later, on his homeward voyage, suggested the idea of the electric telegraph, which a dozen years later was put into operation between Washington and Baltimore. He abandoned art as a profession in 1839, so that his portrait of Clay, which is signed and dated "S. F. B. Morse 1841," was painted when he no longer considered himself a professional artist. Morse is not entitled to very high rank as a painter, his work having interest chiefly from his subsequent distinction in another field. His best work is perhaps his whole-length portrait of Lafayette, belonging to the corporation of New York, which is simple in treatment and broadly handled in its masses. The portrait of Clay is now published for the first time.



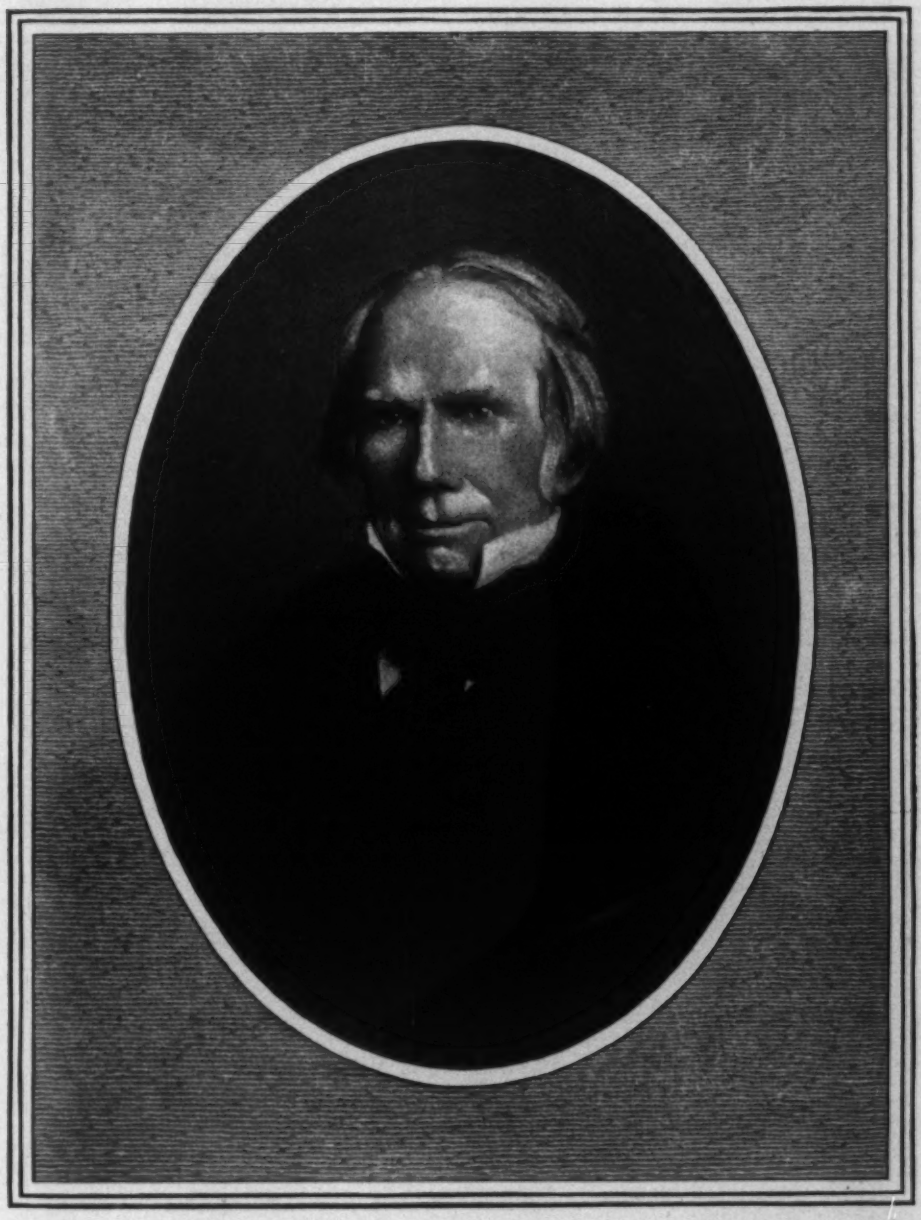
HENRY CLAY IN 1844. AGE 67. MODELED BY HART.

From the marble in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, District of Columbia. Joel Tanner Hart made his bust of Henry Clay from life in 1844. The next year it was exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. In 1849 Hart went to Italy to have put into marble a statue of Clay that he had modeled for Richmond, Virginia, and which is now in the State capitol there. In 1867 he completed a statue of Clay for the court-house at Louisville, and afterward he made a colossal statue of Clay for New Orleans. It is by his statues of Clay that Hart is most favorably known. He had every facility for studying Clay, being his near neighbor and friend, and has handed down a portrait which the family of Mr. Clay consider the best likeness of him that there is, one of them writing, "I believe the cold marble of Hart's bust conveys a better idea of Mr. Clay, with its clear outline of feature, than any of the portraits have done." Since the writing of the note to Hart's bust of Jackson, printed in McClure's Magazine for July, Hart's chief creative work has been destroyed. On the morning of May 14, 1897, a fire broke out in the court-house at Lexington, and Hart's statue of "Woman Triumphant," as he calls it in his will, fell a victim to the flames. It was not a great work, but it was both interesting and important in the history of American art, and its loss is to be deplored.



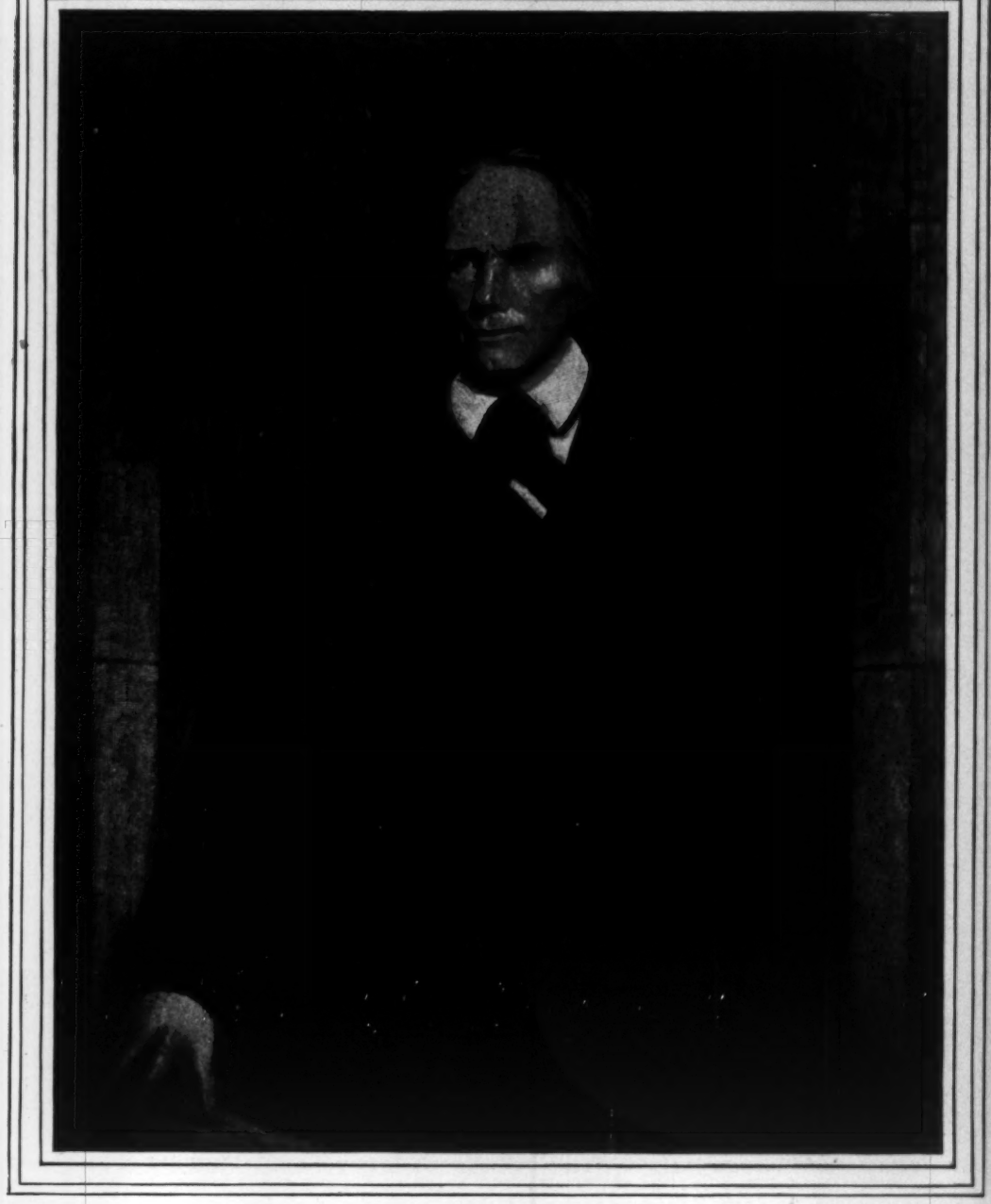
HENRY CLAY IN 1842. AGE 65. PAINTED BY NEAGLE.

From the original portrait painted by John Neagle, now in the possession of Colonel Clayton McMichael, Philadelphia. Canvas, 24 by 30 inches. John Neagle was born in Boston, November 4, 1796, during a temporary visit of his parents from Philadelphia, in which city he died September 17, 1865. He is entitled to a very high position as a portrait painter, being in his best work a close competitor with Jouett for second place to Stuart. Odd to relate, when he first entered upon his art career, he went West, determining upon Lexington as his home; but when he heard of Jouett and sought him out, he said he found there was no room for him in that section, and quickly moved along. He subsequently returned to Philadelphia, married a niece and step-daughter of Thomas Sully, and for years shared with Sully the best patronage of the city. In recognition of his ability, Neagle was sent by the National Clay Club of Philadelphia to Ashland to paint a whole-length portrait of the great Whig leader. He was accorded a number of sittings, from which he painted the portrait here reproduced, and made studies for the whole-length picture in which Clay is represented standing in an impressive position with a globe, partly covered with the American flag, in the foreground. Clay is pointing to the globe and flag in the same attitude in which he stood while speaking on the Right of Search. This whole-length picture belongs to the Union League Club, Philadelphia, while a duplicate is owned by the general government. On the back of a small oil study sketch of the figure Neagle has written, with his accustomed care, "Friday Nov. 4, 1842," while he has indorsed on the canvas of the bust portrait here reproduced, "Portrait of Hon. Henry Clay painted from life by John Neagle, November 1842, at Ashland, Ky." Neagle's picture is esteemed among the very best portraits of Clay for resemblance and character.



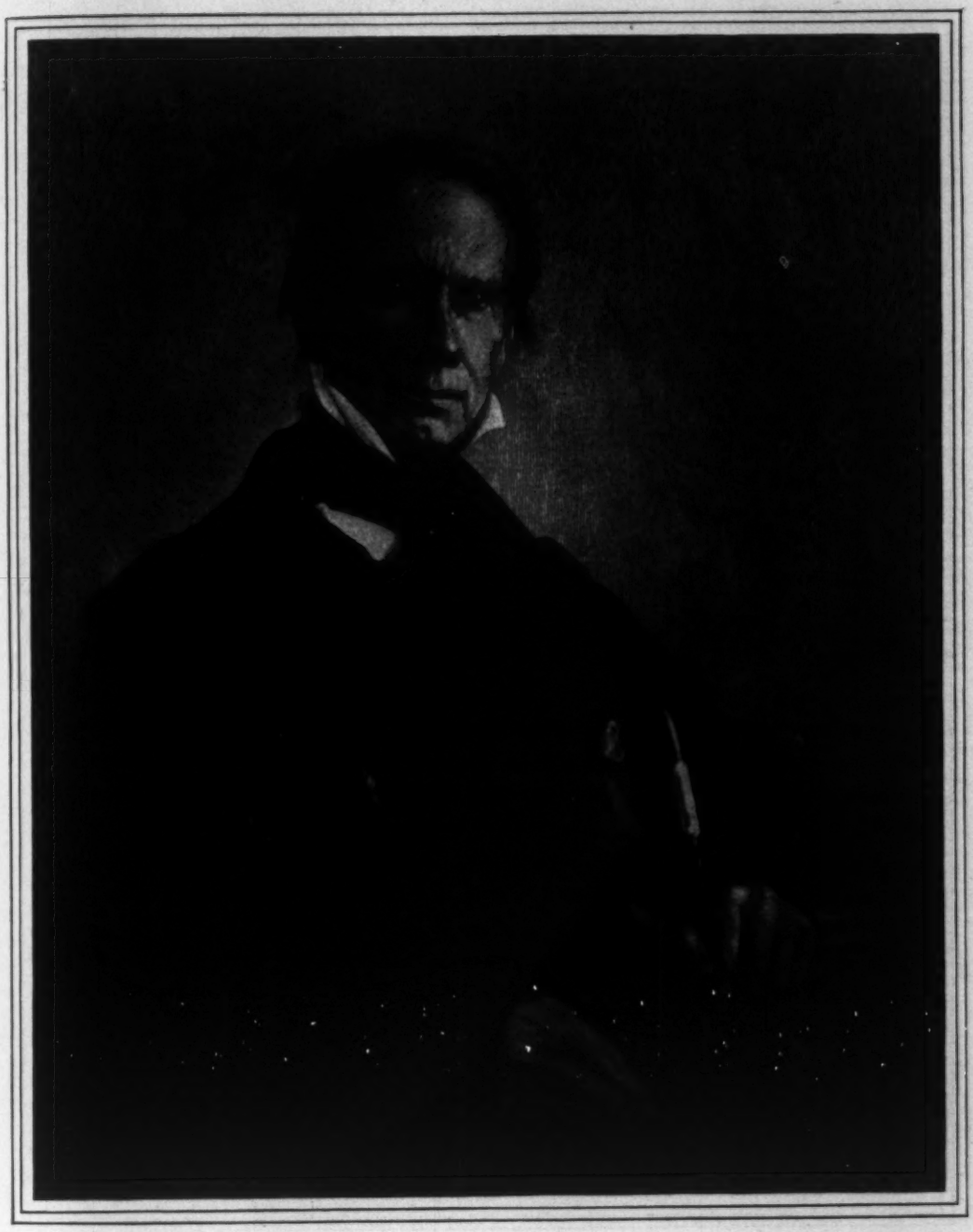
HENRY CLAY IN 1848. AGE 71. BY ROOT.

From the original daguerreotype by Marcus Aurelius Root, now in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Marcus Aurelius Root was born at Granville, Ohio, August 15, 1808, and died in Philadelphia, April 12, 1888. He was among the very first in Philadelphia to engage in the study and practice of the art of daguerreotyping, and in it he was preëminently successful. In his history of the heliographic art, entitled "The Camera and the Pencil," he gives an interesting account of the sitting that resulted in the picture here reproduced. This portrait was taken in Philadelphia, March 7, 1848, when Clay was given a popular reception by the citizens. Mr. Root says, "An appointment being made for my taking the daguerreotype of Henry Clay, I requested the mayor of our city together with several other of Mr. Clay's friends who were present to keep the statesman in brisk conversation until I was ready to expose the plates to the image, and in twenty-three seconds three good portraits were taken at once. In a few seconds more his likeness again was daguerreotyped by four cameras at once, all representing him as we then saw him engaged in conversation, mentally aroused and wearing a cheerful intellectual and noble expression of countenance. Thus seven portraits were taken in but thirteen minutes with such success that Mr. Clay remarked after inspecting them: 'Mr. Root, I consider these as decidedly the best and most satisfactory likenesses that I have ever had taken and I have had many.' These words he left in my register with his autograph. One of these portraits has since been engraved as the best likeness of him extant"—for the latest edition of the "National Portrait Gallery." The one here reproduced was used on the last stamp issued by Blood's Penny Post in Philadelphia.



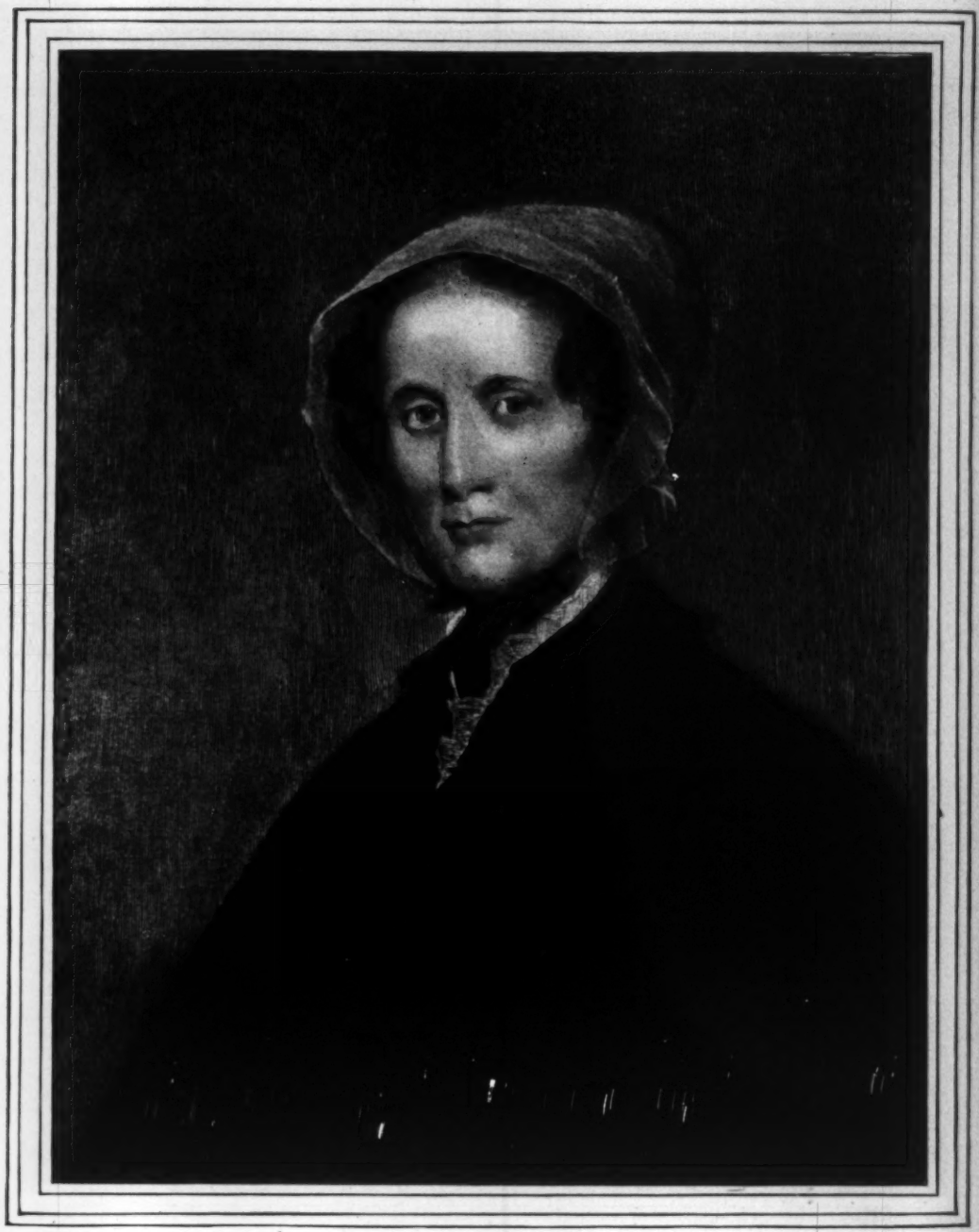
HENRY CLAY ABOUT 1851. AGE 74. PAINTED BY C. W. JARVIS. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From the original portrait painted by Charles W. Jarvis, now in the possession of the Union League Club, New York. Canvas, 40 by 50 inches. Charles W. Jarvis is reputed to have been the son of John W. Jarvis, who limned the first portrait of Henry Clay here produced, but very little is known of him. He was a student at the National Academy of Design, began exhibiting there in 1839, and continued an irregular exhibitor until 1850. In those days, when sign-painters were called upon for pictorial additions to their lettering, he was an occasional helper in this line. His portrait of Clay, here reproduced, shows careful treatment and considerable mastery of brush. It is full of character and spirit without being aggressive, and is the most intellectual portrait of Mr. Clay that we know. Its date is fixed by the "turned down collar," as the only other portrait of Clay in this article of dress is Frazer's last portrait, painted in this same year. Jarvis painted from this picture a whole-length portrait for the corporation of New York, which hangs in the Aldermen's Chamber of the City Hall, elaborately signed, probably by one of the artist's sign-painter friends, "Charles W. Jarvis." Mr. Clay's hand rests on a letter addressed "Henry Clay," a not uncommon method with early painters of inscribing the name of the subject.



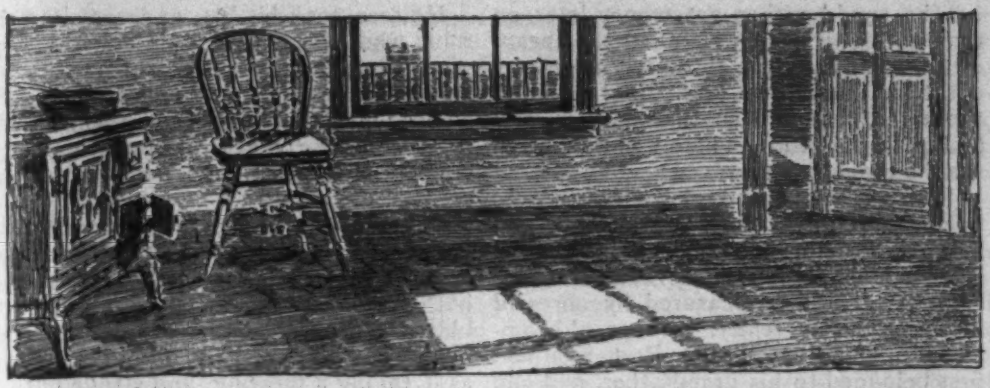
HENRY CLAY ABOUT 1845. AGE 68.

From an original daguerreotype in the collection of Mr. Peter Gilsey, New York. This very fine daguerreotype of Henry Clay is, of course, from life, but when, where, or by whom taken is not known, although it is probably by M. B. Brady, of Washington. It is in the invaluable collection of reflected images formed by Mr. Gilsey, which has generously paid tribute to McClure's Magazine on previous occasions by furnishing life portraits of prominent men of the recent past, and was secured by him from the representatives of Abraham Bogardus, the New York photographer. A portrait is not simply a mathematically exact reproduction of the features and form. To be a *likeness*, it requires to be the expression of the dominant character of the subject. This is shown not only by the light in the eye, the mobility of the mouth, and the natural play of the facial muscles, but also by the simple, accustomed pose, the not unusual dress, the common attitude, and make-up. It is all of these characteristics combined that make the daguerreotype of Mr. Clay here reproduced, by whomsoever it was taken, of such commanding importance that, although reproduced in a former number of this magazine, it is now reproduced again.



MRS. HENRY CLAY. PAINTED BY OLIVER FRAZER. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From the original portrait painted by Oliver Frazer, now in the possession of Mrs. Clay's granddaughter, Mrs. Henry C. McDowell, "Ashland," Lexington, Kentucky. Canvas, 22 by 24 inches. Oliver Frazer was born in Lexington, Kentucky, February 4, 1808, and died there April 9, 1864. As a youth he received some instruction from Matthew Jouett, but, as he was only nineteen years old when Jouett died, it is impossible that he could have "studied for several years under Jouett," as his friends are proud to state, and there is certainly no trace of Jouett's art in Frazer's work. He went to Europe with his friend Healy, and, like Healy, excelled as a conversationalist and good fellow. Some years before his death his sight became impaired, and, as he was of rather a listless disposition, his pictures are few. His portrait of Mrs. Clay was left unfinished, and, after Frazer's death, was found in his studio. Its period is not known, but it is thought to have been painted about the time that Frazer painted his last portrait of Mr. Clay, which was in 1851. It portrays the face of a woman with considerable force of character, and is not without nice artistic feeling.



"BADNESS."

By John J. a' Becket.

JOHN MacDOWELL sat in the kitchen of his East Side tenement-house quarters, with the look on his face of one whom hope has deserted. His square chin was planted in the palm of his stout, red hand. In his face were the eloquent hollows of emaciation. His thick, wavy, brown hair, with its incongruous gleams of gold, clung to his forehead and neck in damp wisps. Despair looked from his honest blue eyes.

It is not the best moment for well-regulated thinking when a man realizes himself as the center of radiating blind alleys of misfortune. Nor was the kitchen of a small tenement-house apartment the fittest spot for brooding in, on that sweltering day of August. But Mrs. MacDowell, by the prerogative of the dead, had the darkened front room to herself, and, happily, the fire in the kitchen stove, in modest imitation of the flame of life in John's wife, had also gone out. John, only five months before, was a cheery, sanguine young stone-cutter, with good wages, whose wife was an earnest, sympathetic helpmate, and true mother to his two plump-faced little girls. She, poor woman! who had headed his small list of blessings, also started the roll-call of disasters. The air of their street and of the stived-up rooms, only one of which ever knew what sunshine was, proved a good field for microbic activity. Mrs. MacDowell fell ill of consumption. Notwithstanding conscientious efforts to preserve herself for the trials of life, she grew steadily worse. The expenses of her illness were a drain on John's wages, never more than comfortably sufficient for the quartette when in health. The poor pay dearly for the misery of bodily affliction.

Then John had been stabbed in his forearm while trying to keep a drunken man from pettishly knifing his wife. The wound threw John out of work for three months (it was his right arm which was cut), and he lost his job. He had worn out his shoes, and, incidentally, his heart, running round looking for another. In the meanwhile the appetites of the little girls were unimpaired.

By this time the blasting heat of summer was at hand, and sickness and mortality thrived apace. John came home one day, after another disheartening quest for employment, to find his wife panting her last. It was only a sense of wifely duty that enabled her to hold out till his return. She pressed his strong hand to her wan face and gasped with terrible simplicity: "John, darlin', don't lose heart, 'nd be good to the childer."

The rent had been unpaid for two months. To be sure, there was the excellent reason, from the tenant's standpoint, that there wasn't any money to pay it with. But everybody knows how inadequately that placates a landlord. After John had fallen short the first time, the agent promptly raised the rent from twelve to fifteen dollars a month. It was a neat device for getting rid of an undesirable tenant.

An undertaker who knew John and who

felt he would rather get money later on than not get it at all, supplied the cheapest of coffins and the absolutely necessary outfit for consigning Mrs. MacDowell to the earth, though even that dark burrow had to be paid for. There was a landlord for the graveyard, too.

John's landlord, though a great, mystic being, dwelling apart, was, John had learned, a young man no older than himself. He had only lately come into his estate, which was measured by acres of holdings in city realty. These old ramshackle rookeries on the East Side had first belonged to his grandfather, and had then been fairly decent dwellings. Things had changed, and while most of the lots had appreciated in value, these had steadily deteriorated. The neighborhood offered no inducement for tearing the buildings down and substituting better. Therefore the owner wrung a small rental out of poor tenants—enough, perhaps, to keep Mrs. Vanderhoff in gloves.

So on this prostratingly hot day, John MacDowell sat crouched up in the kitchen, alone with despair. He who had never wronged man, woman, nor child; who had worked hard, with grateful willingness, for his family, and had taken a manly pride in keeping them as decent as he could; he, without doing aught to effect so gross a change, had become like to the tramps in the parks, unable to keep a roof over the heads of his motherless children, or give food and clothing to their small bodies. And, in this dark hour, she who had been his greatest help and comforter lay in that front room dead. This was his lot. That other man, no older than he, was surfeited with wealth. Everything he wanted was his for the taking. And that man had raised his rent when he was penniless, out of work, and had two helpless children on his hands. Wasn't there something wrong somewhere?

There was only one thing John could see left to do. He would go himself to this young Vanderhoff and ask him, as man to man, if this was right. He would put before him his case, and, if the man was human, he could not be so void of mercy as to turn a deaf ear to his bitter needs. He could tell him as no other could of his case. There was bitterness, suffering, and torment in it, which could grow to madness. But there was no disgrace, nothing to prevent his standing erect and looking that other straight in the eye as he told it all.

He rose, took his hat, and went into the room where his wife lay. She had always given him sound counsel, and in this turmoil of thoughts he turned to her still. The gaunt body in the coffin which held it so crampingly and unsympathetically, seemed lonely to John. But the face was contentedly calm.

"Don't lose heart, 'nd be good to the childer." John framed the words with his lips as he stood holding his hat with both hands and looking down on her with blurred eyes and compressed lips. Then he put his thick fingers on her forehead, as if taking a blessing, and strode out.

He asked Mrs. Murphy, who was fat and rough and kind, a good neighbor with "bowels of compassion," to keep an eye on the little girls while he was away. He had to borrow a dollar from a workingman companion to get to the place on the Hudson where his millionaire landlord lived in the summer. He was put off at the small station. A victoria with two horses was waiting to drive a gentleman who came on the same train, up the road shaded with trees, to his home. It suggested the luxury John was about to invade.

A wharf ran out into the river. In the middle of the stream floated a large steam-yacht, her white sides glistening in the sunlight as if she were sharply chiseled from compacted snow. Her brasswork threw out filaments of blinding light. Under an awning were roomy wicker-work chairs piled with cushions. To lounge in those as the snowy craft cut her gay way through the dancing blue waves, while the fresh sea-air blew around one, was not to be stirred to thoughts of hot, acrid-smelling rooms on the East Side.

MacDowell gave a sigh that was half groan, and moved on doggedly. He inquired the way to Mr. Vanderhoff's place. It proved to be an Eden of trees and fresh lawns, with a colonial house spreading its comfortable dimensions in roomy ease at the end of the drive.

When John MacDowell reached the house, he pulled the bell with a sinking of the heart. He felt his own lack of harmony with the air of everything about the place. A big, smooth-shaven servant in knee-breeches opened the door, and regarded him with a countenance that expressed something more than indifference.

"Is this Mr. Vanderhoff's?" asked MacDowell.

"Yes," said the servant, eying him deliberately.

"You're not—will you please tell him I want to see him for a few minutes?"

"What do you want to see him for?" inquired the man, bringing the door a little closer to.

"I'll tell *him* that," said McDowell, shortly. "But it's only for a few minutes, you can say."

"He won't see you unless you send your name and tell your business," returned the man stiffly. He made a motion as if preparing to close the door.

"Tell him, then, John MacDowell wants to see him about the rent he owes him," he said sharply.

"He never sees any one about that sort of thing. You'll have to go to the agent."

"I've had too much of the agent. It's the boss I want now. Go and tell him." MacDowell's voice rose, and he spoke imperiously. It sounded menacing.

"You'll have to see the agent," said the man, and shut the door.

MacDowell trembled with indignation. His first impulse was to burst in the door. But he had sense enough to know that violence like that would hardly commend him to his landlord's temperate consideration. He wandered haltingly down the walk, looking back at the house, to see if he might get a glimpse of Mr. Vanderhoff himself or of some less uppish servant.

He had passed only a few minutes in this irresolute fashion when he heard steps coming up the walk. A broad-shouldered, strong-faced man with a surly expression was approaching.

"What do you want here?" he inquired brusquely of John.

"I want to see the boss, and I must," he replied.

"Didn't the man tell you he couldn't see you? You get out of here. Come! Hurry up! People may come out, and they don't want to see tramps round the place."

"Don't call me a tramp," flared out MacDowell, his eye flashing ominously. "I'm as honest as any one round here, and work harder for all I get than the like o' yous."

The man grasped him by the arm, and pushed him toward the gate.

"If you don't get out of here quick, I'll send for the police and have you arrested for trespassin'," he said.

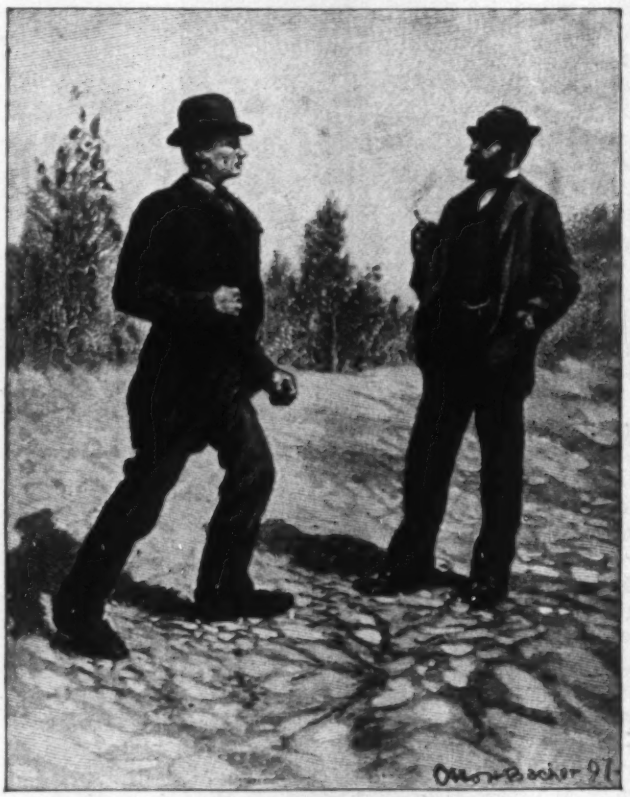
With a vigorous movement MacDowell shook off his hold and raised his clenched fist. Then he thought of his children alone in the house with their dead mother, and their terror if he should not return came over him. From her coffin his wife

"WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SEE HIM FOR?"

seemed to stretch a restraining hand. His raised fist sank slowly, fell to his side.

"I'll go," he said. "But don't you lay a finger on me."

He walked toward the gate and down the beautiful country road, his brain whirling. He stood for a moment, turned and shook his fist at the house, then walked droopingly on to the station He was standing there with bitter thoughts fermenting in his heart when a basket-phaeton rolled down the hill to the station. A prim-looking *bonne*, from whose neat cap streamed two long, broad ribbons, got out, and then assisted a little girl to alight. The dainty child seemed to John MacDowell a veritable fairy. A large hat of some light, white material shaded her small, round face. Her curly hair was of the fluffiest gold. The whole of her diminutive person was clothed in soft white.



"DON'T CALL ME A TRAMP."

As they passed him, the little thing, who was not more than four, just the age of John's younger child, suddenly looked up into his face, with eyes as blue as his own, and broke into the sunniest smile of good-fellowship. It was a democratic touch of innocent, warm, human kinship, and the young workman, sore and broken, and battling with anger and despair, melted under the sunbeam and smiled back on the pretty child. A moment later a sudden scream startled him, and, looking back, he saw the little elf trotting down the wharf as fast as her legs would carry her. She had stolen away from the nurse, and when discovered had broken into a run, laughing mischievously. Before the nurse could catch her, she had reached the cross-piece of timber at the end of the wharf. She now clambered on to it and started to run its length; but her foot slipped, and in an instant she was in the river.

The nurse stood screaming and wringing her hands. John MacDowell tore down the wharf on a hot run, pulling off his coat as he went. After one glance at the small object drifting away on the current, he sprang into the river and struck out for her. He reached her just as she was sinking. Her gown and puffed-out coat had helped to sustain her till they became drenched. John clutched her garments with one hand, and tried to make his way back. The current was strong, and he had to swim diagonally toward the bank below the wharf. It was hard work. He struggled manfully on. He had not realized before this exertion how much enfeebled he was by low diet, wearing cares, and the weakening heat of the summer. It was only some ten yards now to the shore, but the child weighed on him terribly. His arms were becoming numb, and he could get no air into his compressed lungs.

At last, as a final effort, he seized her with both hands, turned over on his back, and pushed himself along, using only his legs. It was a relief, and though slow, weary work, he hoped he would hold out. Suddenly he felt a stinging blow on the back of his head. He had struck a rock barely submerged. It was the last straw.

Stunned, his head throbbing as if it would burst, he made a few spasmodic efforts; then, with a short gasp, he gave up. At that moment the child was snatched from his arms. As he sank, the thought of his own little girls was all that marred the perfect acquiescence with which he felt the cool water closing above his head. This last stroke of fate seemed a mercy. There was a green, blinding light; he felt the water rush into his mouth, and—

When he opened his eyes his first impression was that he was in heaven. Soft, bracing air breathed coolly about him. Under him and above him were smooth linen sheets; his head was pillowed on a soft, firm support. He stretched his legs that he might feel that cool, smooth touch of the fine linen. All smelt so pure and clean. It was different from the noisome atmosphere and grimy surroundings of the East Side.

He soon realized that he was lying in a brass bed, in a small, daintily fitted-up room, and he seemed to be moving along. Oh, how deliciously restful and comforting it was! He put his hand to his head. A linen bandage was wrapped round it, moist with bay rum. How nice that smelled. He drew a long sigh as life came back to him.

"Well, how do you feel now? Are you all right?"

He languidly rolled up his eyes. A young man dressed in white flannels and with a yachting cap on his head was standing looking down on him. He had a pleasant expression, and his voice was quiet but sympathetic.

"I'm all right, but my head feels queer," replied MacDowell, slowly. "Where am I? Is the little girl all right?"

"Yes, she's all right, and not a bit the worse for her ducking, thanks to you," said the young man, heartily. "She wasn't very much scared. 'Badness' has a knack for getting into every kind of a scrape, but she pulls out without serious damage. She is very curious to see the man that pulled her out of the water—says she knows you. They are drying her and fixing her up now. I'm her father, and am very much obliged to you. But we can talk about that later. You're on my yacht. You fainted within a few feet of the shore. It's mighty good you were there. The nurse only got Bingham on the spot in time to snatch Effie out of your arms, and then pull you out. There was no other man around, and the child would have been— But that's all right now. You struck your head against a rock, but it wasn't a very serious wound. So I had you brought right out here to the yacht and put to bed, as we were going to take a spin down the bay, it's so hot. You lie there till you're perfectly rested. But first I think you'd better take a bite and have something to drink. Are you comfortable?"

"I never—was so comfortable—in my life," said MacDowell, with a solemn slowness which brought a spasmodic smile to the young man's face. He leaned over the bed, pressed an electric button, and gave a low-voiced order to the servant who promptly appeared. After a short while the man returned with a large bottle plunged up to its neck in cracked ice in a silver pail. Then he placed a small table near the bed, and put on it four lamb chops of which the bones terminated in small white rosettes of paper, some little triangular sandwiches, stuffed eggs, and a mold of quivering jelly that looked like a marvelous topaz.

The look with which MacDowell regarded this gastronomic tableau again made his host's facial muscles relax.

"Now, we'll fix you up in bed, and you eat and drink all you want to, and call for anything you have a fancy for besides. Then lie down and sleep some more. If you've got a family we can send them word so that they won't worry. Then a good spin down the bay, and you'll be as fresh as new paint."

"It don't seem right," muttered the stone-cutter, as the young man took a hand at bolstering him up comfortably for an attack on the "spread" before him. His grandmother in the "ould country" had never told John when a child any more startling fairy tale than this experience. Merely to ask for what you wanted, and, presto, to have it! And to sail around in a palace, just to keep cool! The very conditions of the material world seemed altered. The air, the look, the smell, and touch were not what MacDowell had known before. These thoughts ran through his mind as he ate and drank with simple zest. The amber liquid they gave him in a large, flat wine-cup bubbled and sang to him in a small, hissing whisper. It sent life prickling through him. He ate and drank his fill, propped up in the sweet, firm, clean bed, so unlike the sodden mattress on which his bones were wont to turn from bump to bump. At last he wiped his mouth with the great square of spot-

less damask and heaved an artless sigh. With twinkling eyes the other young man regarded him in ungrudging envy.

"You'd better put me on land now as soon as you can, young feller," said MacDowell, as his own world and his duty in it came back to him resentingly. "I'm all right now. That little crack on the head ain't nothin'. I'd thinned down and weakened up more'n I knew, or I wouldn't have giv'n out like that. You've put new life into me, you 'nd that little smilin' girl o' yours. I never tasted anything like that sizzling stuff before, 'nd the food was mighty good. Thank you for your kindness. I must get home."

A short sigh escaped him at the thought —Home!

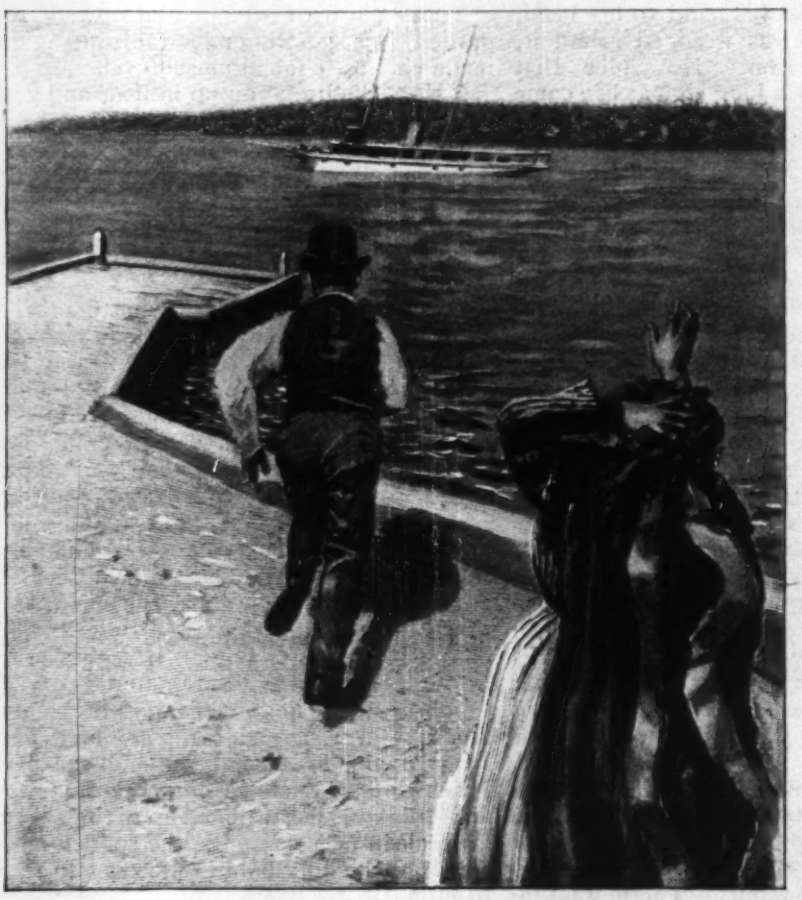
"Oh, you'd better take a little spin first and get yourself full of sea air and well rested," said the young man, with animated cordiality. "You can get up and dress if you feel up to it, and come out on deck, and sit in a good, comfortable chair. It's too late to do anything to-day. Do you live in New York? I can put a man ashore anywhere with word for your people, you know."

"There's nobody to get it but my little girls," said John. "My wife's dead, and laid out to be buried, and there's nobody with 'em except her 'nd Mrs. Murphy. I wouldn't have left 'em only that I had to. All they've got is me, 'nd God knows that don't seem much help to 'em," said the workman bitterly. "But there's got to be the funeral, 'nd then we can all be thrown out together. If it wasn't for them, 'twould have been better to have left me in the river. Though, the Lord knows, I ain't complainin' of you, young feller. You're a white man. If there was more of your kind, there'd be less of mine."

"Suppose you tell me a little more about yourself," said the "young feller," quietly. "I don't think there will be any throwing out. Nothing worse than a moving out, perhaps, to something better."

MacDowell did tell him, simply, truly, the facts in the case.

"I'm glad I came up here, if I didn't get what I wanted," he added in conclusion. "You don't know how that little girl o' yours made me feel when she looked up and smiled so sweet, and she all dressed up, 'nd me with a 'jumper' on and a-lookin' like something to be shy of; 'nd though I don't think my gettin' after her when she fell in the river was much, for a big dog would ha' done that 'nd made a better fist of it than I did, yet it makes me feel good to have been round to do it; 'nd I



"THE NURSE STOOD SCREAMING AND WRINGING HER HANDS."

wouldn't have been there only for this *Mister*—"

He stopped short.

"Mister?" said the young man, interrogatively.

"I guess I'd better not tell you his name, after sayin' what I have about him. I'm more willin' now to think he may be all right. When I write 'nd let him know, perhaps he'll do the square thing. You've treated me so straight I've got some heart in me again. I'll get up and dress, 'nd you land me at the first point it's convenient. And—I'd like to see your little girl again before I go," he said, shyly.

"Why, of course," said the young man, cheerfully. "I wonder they've kept her away as long as they have."

He went himself and got her. She was crisply attired in some more white clothes, and though her hair was a little wet and stringy, her smile and eyes were as bright and friendly as ever. She walked with dignity to John, and put her small hands on his knees.

"Thank you for not lettin' me drown," she said, regarding him with grateful admiration. She put up her flower-like face at an angle that seemed to invite something which her active mind conceived as the next thing in order. Poor MacDowell was abashed, and a bit conscious of how red and rough his hands looked with the tiny, dimpled ones of "Badness" resting on them. He glanced at the young man.

"I think she wants to kiss you," said that fond parent with perfect calmness. "She is enough of a woman already to seem to think a man enjoys that sort of favor from her sex. You'd better let her, I think."

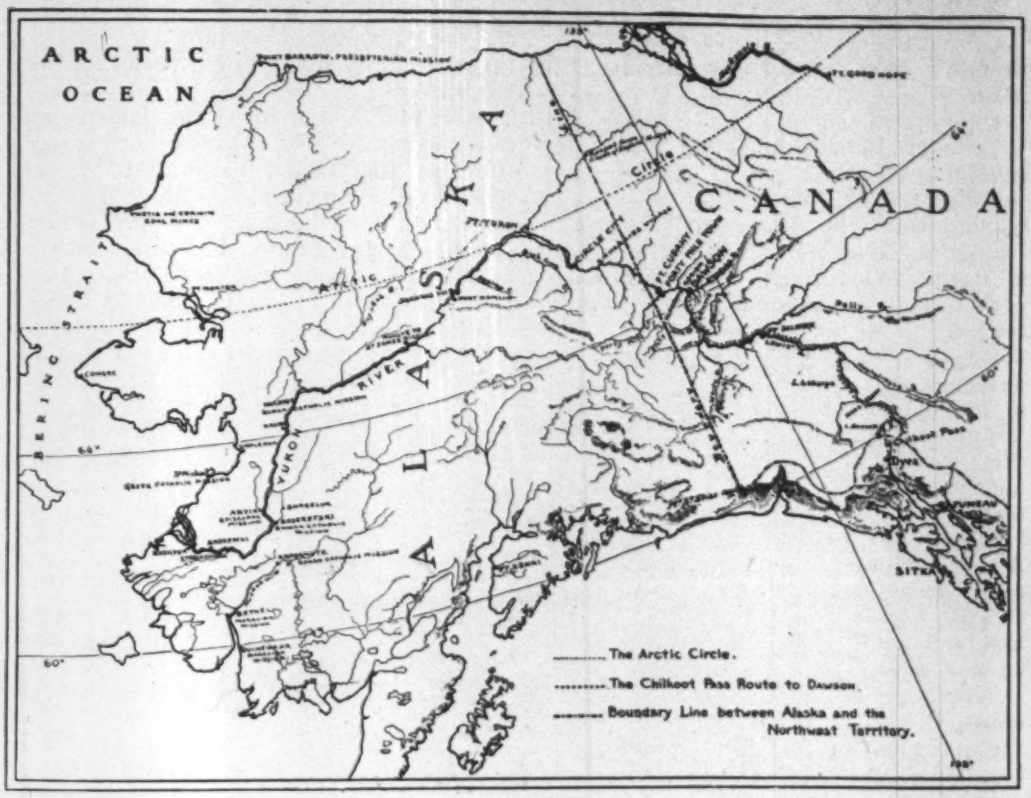
John MacDowell lifted the dainty child to his knees, his blue eyes bent on her with the look that Galahad's must have had when fixed upon the Holy Grail. She put her hands upon his neck and pressed her soft lips to his mouth, then smiled again, as if at her shameless sweetness. John pressed his own lips on her smooth cheek, and replaced her on the floor.

"WITH THE LOOK THAT GALAHAD'S MUST HAVE HAD WHEN FIXED UPON THE HOLY GRAIL."

"Now go to your mamma and tell her you're getting old enough to be watched already when you carry on like this with strange gentlemen," said her father. "I'm going home with him, and you'll probably see him again later."

Though John protested against such extravagant courtesy, the young fellow did go home with him, and got a very adequate grasp of the whole situation. He left John sixty dollars when he went away, and —what was more grateful to John—he came to Mrs. MacDowell's funeral the next day, and sat in the pew with John and the little girls, as if he were one of the family.

Soon after this John MacDowell and his motherless bairns went to live in a small, ivy-covered cottage on the young man's place, with softly swaying elms about it, and birds whistling in their leafy boughs as if life was nothing but a holiday. John was under-gardener. Then the agent, who had had his own method of collecting rents, was discharged by Mr. Vanderhoff. But before this, John had learned with pleasant surprise that this was the name of his host on the yacht.



LIFE IN THE KLONDIKE GOLD FIELDS.

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS OF THE FOUNDER OF DAWSON.

RECORDED BY J. LINCOLN STEFFENS.

JOE LADUE had run away from San Francisco to escape the people who wished to hear about the Klondike and his luck there; he had fallen in with a carload of Christian Endeavor tourists who were as eager as the Californians to know how gold was picked up; in Chicago he stepped off the train into a circle of questioners; hurrying on to his native Plattsburg in the Adirondacks, he met the same inquiries. Here, however, the curious were his friends; so he talked a day and a night more; then he drove out to the farmhouse that to him is home, and for a short time he felt safe. Saturday morning some of the neighbors came across the fields to see his nuggets and photographs, and to hear his good-luck story. Surely that was the end! Sunday morning he came downstairs in his slippers to have a day of rest. He had just finished breakfast and was standing idly in the farmyard with his friends of the house, when I came down upon him with my request for an account, the longest and most complete he had told yet.

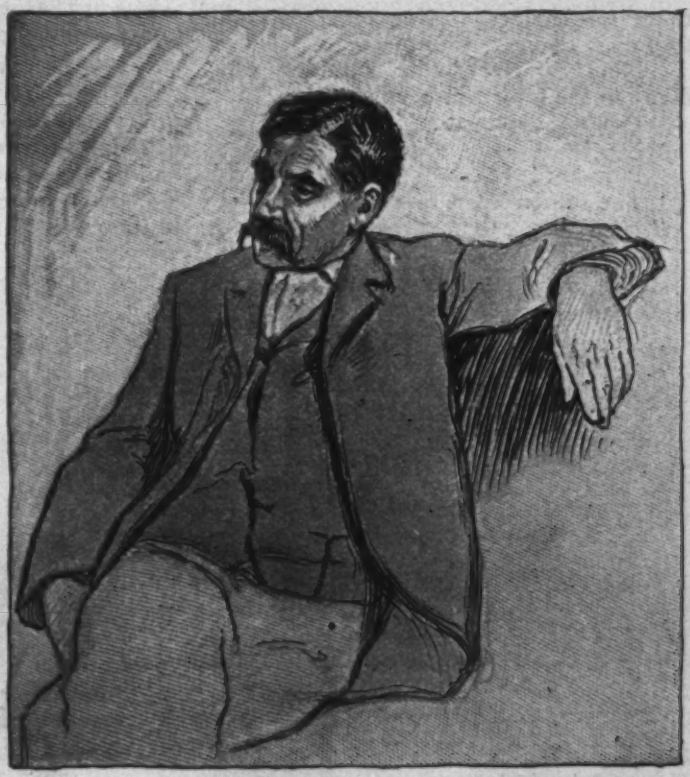
"You must be tired telling about it all," I began.

He smiled faintly. "Yes, I am," he said.

He was the weariest-looking man I ever saw. I have known bankers and business men, editors and soldiers and literary men, who had the same look out of the eyes that this pioneer of the Northwest country has; they were men who had made money or a name, earned by hard labor that which others envied them. They were tired, too. Their true stories were "hard-luck" stories. The disappointments that ran before the final triumph limped in had spoiled the taste for it. None of them showed the truth so plainly as the founder of Dawson, the city of the Klondike. Joe Ladue is a sad-eyed man with a tale of years which no one thinks of, which no one wants to hear about. That is all his own. He is willing to begin where you wish him to, on the day when he "struck it rich." But when his friends and neighbors trooped in as I was leaving him that Sun-

day, he dropped the bagful of nuggets for them to pass around, finger, and stare at. He went off down to the barn and hid.

He is about forty-five years old. Twenty-five years ago he started away from the woods of Lake Champlain, going to Colorado, Wyoming, Dakota, chasing each rumor of gold, and working—for nothing. His old friend, Mr. Lobdell, "staked him" when he failed, and, at last, some fifteen years ago, he went into Alaska, trading with the Indians, prospecting, milling, building, moving on, working hard all the time. The gold was there. Everybody knew it was somewhere near, that they were walking over it, and some men were finding it. I was in Alaska myself in 1888, and I met miners who were bringing out gold year after year. But Joe Ladue had to stay there till he could dig it out, risking what others met—failure and death. Now he has the gold. What of it? Everybody wished to know how much he got.



JOE LADUE, THE PIONEER OF ALASKA AND FOUNDER OF DAWSON.

"Enough," he told them, dryly. And he sighed as he saw the listeners' eyes sparkle with sordid imaginings. He seemed to covet, as they did the gold, their desire for it.

Why was he going back in the spring, then?

"I have to," he answered. "I've got so many interests to look after. There's the sawmill and the logging and Dawson and a couple of claims staked out that have to be worked. You've got to attend to things, you know." So it was not a mere matter of picking up a fortune and coming back to spend and enjoy it.

The whole interview was in the tone of this answer, simple, plain, colorless, almost lifeless. His description of an outfit, his guide to the route, a remark about the shooting of Miles Cañon, the proper way to stake out and work a claim, his view of miners' meetings—all were given in even mood. Yet it was not indifference or bored patience. He was painstaking in his offerings of facts not asked for, which he thought should be included in an account of the Klondike. His interest was altogether in the men who might be going there, and what he put into the article was framed for actual use. The information which would help no one directly he gave because it was asked for, but briefly, and with a side glance at the trail of the gold-seekers. Some of the crossings of our purposes were worth while. Once, for instance, when he was making his list of the equipment of a Yukon miner on the way in, I pointed out to him that he had forgotten his "gun," and I meant that he had omitted to mention the revolver which plays such a conspicuous part in the life of most mining camps.

"You don't need a gun," he answered. "There's no game to speak of."

"But you surely take a revolver."

"No use; it only adds weight to the pack."

"What do you have, then—knives?"

"Yes, you must have knives and forks and spoons, of course."

When I made my meaning clear, Mr. Ladue gave an interesting glimpse of the order maintained by the miners of the Yukon in their lawless communities, but he was unable to explain it. Most of the men were good fellows, he said. Were

there no thieves? Not one. No cut-throats? None. Gamblers?

"Plenty. Everybody gambles, especially in the long winter nights."

"Don't they cheat?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"The saloon-keepers won't have it.'

"How can they prevent it? Are there no professional gamblers in the camps?"

"Yes, but they put up a straight game. And there are men, too, who have been pretty bad before; I have heard that some of them were ex-convicts and fellows who had run away to escape prison and hanging. But none of them try anything on in there."

"SHEEP CAMP" OR "LAST TIMBER."

Ten miles from Dyea, on the road to the Chilkoot Pass. To cover these ten miles in winter requires two days. From this point the Indians—men, women, and children—carry the traveler's outfit to the summit of Chilkoot Pass, six miles away. Here and at Dyea, and on the trail between them, the men who rushed in last summer were stalled because of the lack of packers to carry their outfits to the top of the Pass.

AN OUTFIT IN CAMP ON A PORTAGE.

"But why don't they?"

"I don't know; but they don't."

"What are they afraid of? Has any one ever been punished?"

"Not that I remember."

"Well, why don't thieves steal on the Klondike?"

"I guess it's because they dasent."

Though quietly spoken, this vague answer came with an expression of face—just a quick flash of light—and a slight shift-

ing of the body, which suggested the complete explanation. And there was a hint, too, of the man who was resting under the calm surface I was prospecting; so I kept digging.

The first sentence of Mr. Ladue's story, as he gave it, was a warning to the men who were rushing into the Northwest. He foresaw starvation ahead not only for them, but for those who were already on the ground. Some would have provided themselves with a supply of food sufficient to last them, but others would not. All would suffer in consequence.

"Not the men who have taken enough," I protested.

"Yes, they all will. Won't the food have to be divided up even all around?"

This is Joe Ladue.

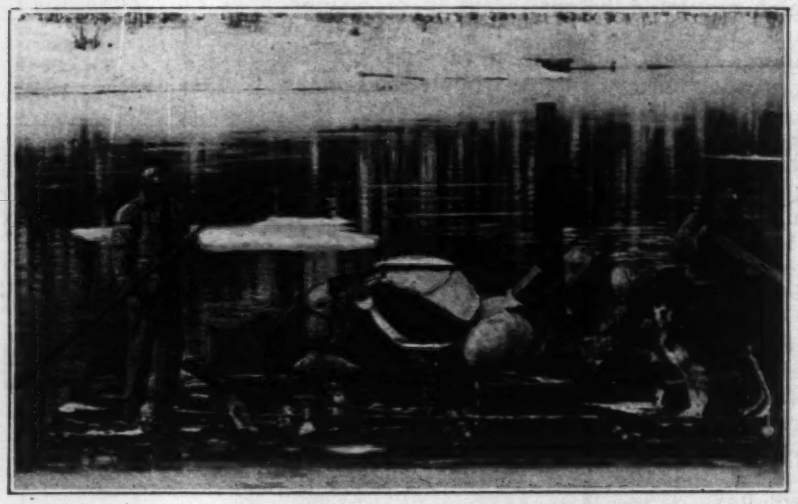
LADUE'S STORY.

I am willing to tell all I can think of about the Klondike and the great Northwest country so long as it is understood that I am not advising anybody to go there. That I will not do. It goes pretty hard with some of the men who go in. Lots of them never come out, and not half of those who do make a stake. The country is rich, richer than any one has ever said, and the finds you have heard about are only the beginnings, just the surface pickings, for the country has not been prospected except in spots. But there are a great many hardships to go through, and to succeed, a man has to have most of the virtues that are needed in other places not so far away and some others besides. This winter I expect to hear that there is starvation on the Klondike on account of the numbers that have rushed in without sufficient supplies, for I know that the stores there have not enough to go around, while the men who laid in provisions have only enough for themselves. They will divide up, as they always do, but that will simply spread the trouble and make things worse. Next spring, from the fifteenth of March on, is the time to go.

CHILKOOT PASS, NEAR THE SUMMIT.

This photograph shows a party of prospectors zigzagging their way up the slope. When the snow is coated with ice the travelers lash themselves together in Alpine style, and proceed step by step, the leader cutting footholes in the crust. It takes a day, sometimes two or more, to travel from Sheep Camp to the top of Chilkoot Pass, though the distance is but six miles. The descent on the other side is easy, and can be made by coasting by those who know the way.

What you call the Klondike we speak of as the Throndike. I don't know exactly why. The Klondike Creek, which names the district where the richest streaks have been struck, was the Throchec to the In-



AN OUTFIT ON A RAFT.

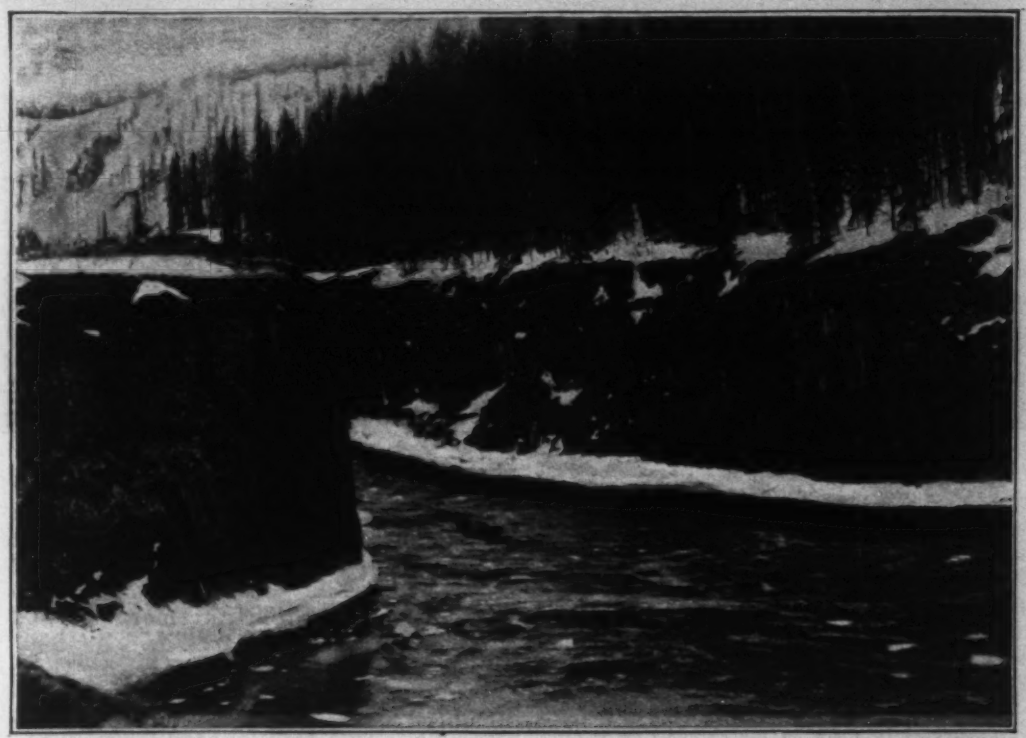
dians, which means salmon, not reindeer, as I have read since I came out in the spring. There is sense in that name, because the stream, which is about the size of the Saranac River up here in the Adirondacks, is chock-full of salmon, and you never see a reindeer there, not even a moose. In fact, game is very scarce on the Klondike, as it is all along the Yukon.

No guns or pistols or anything of that kind are needed. Here is what ought to be put in an outfit: A camp-stove, frying-pan, kettle, coffee-pot, knives and forks and spoons, and a drill or canvas tent; an ax, a hatchet, a whipsaw, a handsaw, a two-inch auger, a pick and shovel, and ten pounds of nails. For wear, heavy woolen clothes are best—not furs—and the stoutest overshoes you can get, with arctic socks. Then, there is a "sleigh," as we call it, really a sled, six or eight feet long and sixteen inches in the run. It is safest to buy this in Juneau, for those you pick up in other places won't track. I don't take a canoe unless I am late going in, but they make the lightest and strongest in Victoria, at about 160 to 200 pounds weight. The simplest thing to go down the river on is a raft, but to make that or a boat, you need, besides the nails and tools I named, two pounds of oakum and five pounds of pitch. A year's supply of grub, which can be bought as cheaply in Juneau as anywhere, I think, is: 10 sacks of flour, 150 pounds of sugar, 100 pounds of bacon, thirty pounds of coffee, ten pounds of tea, 100 pounds of beans, fifty pounds of oatmeal, 100 pounds of mixed fruits, twenty-five

ON LAKE LINDERMAN IN THE LATE SPRING, AFTER THE ICE HAS CLEARED.

pounds of salt, about ten dollars' worth of spices and knickknacks, and some quinine to break up colds. The total cost of this outfit is about $200, but no man should start with less than $500, and twice that is ten times as good.

The easiest way to get there is by boat, which will take you around by St. Michael's at the mouth of the Yukon, and transfering you there to the side-wheeler, carry you seventeen hundred miles up the river to Dawson. But that isn't independent.



MILES CAÑON, SHOWING A BOAT "RUNNING" OUT. AFTER LEAVING THE CAÑON, THE RIVER FORMS A DANGEROUS EDDY, WHICH SOMETIMES BRINGS DISASTER TO THE TRAVELER.

If a man wants to go in with his own provisions, free of connections with the transportation companies, which will sell but will not let anybody take along his own supplies, then the Chilkoot Pass route is the best. And that isn't so bad. You start from Juneau and go by steamer to Chilkat, then to Dyea, eight miles, where you hire Indians to help you to the summit of this pass. From Dyea you walk ten miles through snow to Sheep Camp, which is the last timber. From there it is a climb of six miles to the summit, 4,100 feet high, and very often you or the Indians have to make two or three trips up and down to bring up the outfit. Leaving the Indians there, you go down, coasting part way, fourteen miles to Lake Linderman. That is five miles long, with a bad piece of rapids at the lower end. But if it is early in the season, you sled it on the lake and take the mile of rapids in a portage to Lake Bennett, which is a twenty-eight-mile tramp. It is four miles' walk to Caribou Crossing, then a short ride or tramp to Takoon Lake, where, if the ice is breaking, you can go by boat or raft, or if it is still hard, you must sled it twenty-one miles, to the Tagish River and Lake, four miles long. Take the left bank of the river again, and you walk four miles to Marsh Lake, where you may have to build a raft or boat to cover its twenty-four miles of length. If not, then you must at the bottom, for there begins the Lynx River, which is usually the head of navigation, for unless the season is very late or the start very early, the rest of the way is almost all by water.

Thirty miles down the Lynx River you come suddenly upon Miles Cañon, which is considered the worst place on the trip. I don't think it is dangerous, but no man ought to shoot the rapids there without taking a look at them from the shore. The miners have put up a sign on a rock

FORT CUDAHY, ON THE YUKON, WITH FORTY MILE, AT THE MOUTH OF FORTY MILE CREEK, IN THE BACKGROUND.

to the left just before you get to it, so you have warning and can go ashore and walk along the edge on the ice. It is sixty feet wide and seven-eighths of a mile long, and the water humps up in the middle, it goes so fast. But very few have been caught there, though they were killed, of course. Below the cañon there are three miles of bad river to White Horse Rapids, which are rocky and swift, with falls, but taking chances is unnecessary, and I consider it pretty good dropping. After the rapids it is thirty miles down to Lake Labarge, the last of the lakes, which is thirty-one miles to row, sail, or tramp, according to the condition of the water. From there a short portage brings you to the head of the Lewis River, really the Yukon, though we do not call it that till, after drifting, poling, or rowing two hundred miles, the Pelly River flows in and makes one big, wide stream. I must warn men who are going in to watch out for Five Fingers Rapids, about 141 miles down the Lewis, where they must take the right-hand channel. That practically ends the journey, for, though it is 180 miles from the junction of the Pelly and Lewis, it is simply a matter of drifting. And I want to say for the hardness of this whole trip, that I have brought horses in that way, using a raft. And it is curious to see how soon they learn to stand still while you are going, and to walk on and off the raft mornings and evenings at camping-places.

When I left Dawson in the spring there were some two thousand white men, forty families, and two hundred Indians in the Klondike district, most of them living in cabins or tents on claims. The town, which I named after the man who fixed the boundary between American and Canadian possessions, is new, having only a few houses in it, and is chiefly a source of supplies and a place of meeting. The Alaska Commercial Company has the store there, and the Canadian government has a reservation with a squad of sixty mounted police and a civil officer or two. The site is on the east bank of the Yukon and on the north bank of the Klondike River, which comes into the Yukon at that point. The boundary line is seventy miles southwest.

The gold has been found in the small creeks that flow into the Klondike. First comes Bonanza Creek, a mile and a half back of Dawson. It is thirty miles long and very rich, but its tributaries are still

DAWSON, ON THE YUKON RIVER, WITH THE MOUTH OF THE KLONDIKE RIVER IN THE BACKGROUND.

better. Ten miles up it the Eldorado, for example, is the most productive streak that has been turned up; it is only six miles long, and is all staked out in claims, but $250 has been taken out in a pan there, and I estimate that the yield will be $20,000,000. Seven miles above Bonanza the Klondike receives the waters of Bear Creek, which is also good, but its six miles of length is claimed by this time. Hunker Creek is fifteen miles up the Klondike, and up that is a little stream, about the size of a brook, which is called Gold Bottom. All these streams flow from the south, and they come from hills that must have lots of gold in them, for other creeks that run out of them into Indian River show yellow, too. Indian River is about thirty miles south or up the Yukon from Dawson. Stewart River and Sixty Mile Creek with their tributaries, all south, and Forty Mile Creek with its branches, off to the northwest—all have gold, and though they have been prospected some, they have not been claimed like the Klondike.

Claims have to be staked out, of course, according to the Canadian laws, which I think are clear and fair. The only fault I find with them is that they recognize no agreements that are not in writing, and they do not give a man who "stakes" a prospector, any share in a claim. But I suppose these difficulties can be got around all right by being more careful about having things in writing hereafter. Another point that is hard to get over is that you have to swear that no man before you took gold off that claim, which you can't do, not knowing whether there was anybody ahead of you or not. The rest of the requirements are sensible. All you have to do is to find gold, to which you must swear, then you mark off about five hundred feet along the bed of the creek where no one has laid a claim, and stick up four stakes with your name on them, one at each corner of your land. Across the ends you blaze the trees. This done, you go to the register of claims, pay fifteen dollars, and, after a while, the surveyor will come along and make it exact. Claims run about ten to the mile, and are limited practically only by the width of the ground between the two "benches," or sides of the hills, that close in the stream. The middle line of a series of claims follows the "pay streak," which is usually the old bed of the creek, and it runs across the present course of the water several times, sometimes, in a short distance.

WORKING A CLAIM.

Working a claim can go on at all seasons of the year, and part of the process is best in winter, but prospecting is good only in summer, when the water is flowing and the ground loose. That is another reason why it is useless for new hands to go in now. They cannot do anything

except work for others till spring. Then they can prospect with water flowing and the ground soft. If they strike it they can stake out their claim, clear a patch of trees, underbrush, and stones, and work the surface till winter sets in. We quit the "pan" or "hand" method then. The "rocker" is almost never used except in "sniping," which is a light surface search on unclaimed land or on a claim that is not being worked for enough to pay expenses or to raise a "grub-stake." As soon as the water freezes so that it won't flow in on a man, we begin to dig to the bedrock, sometimes forty feet down. The ground is frozen, too, in winter, of course, but by "burning" it, as we say, we can soften it enough to let pick and shovel in. All the dirt is piled on one side, and when spring opens again, releasing the water, we put up our sluices and wash it all summer or till we have enough. There has not been any quartz mining yet on the Yukon, but back of the placers, in the hills which have not been prospected, the original ledges must be holding good things for the capitalist.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT ON THE KLONDIKE.

Life on the Klondike is pretty quiet. Most of the men there are hard workers; but the climate, with the long winter nights, forces us to be idle a great deal, and miners are miners, of course. And there is very little government. The point is, however, that such government as there is, is good. I like the Canadian officers, the Canadian laws, and the Canucks themselves. The police are strict and efficient. The captain was a fine man, but he had more than he could do this last season, when the rush for the Klondike came. That began in August a year ago, and as the rumor spread up and down the Yukon, the towns and mining camps were deserted by everybody who could get away. Men left the women to come on after them, and hurried off to the Klondike to lay out claims. Circle City was cleaned out. There wasn't room enough on the steamer to take all who wanted to get away to the new diggings, and many a good-paying claim was abandoned for the still better ones on the creeks that make the Klondike. The captain of the police had only a few men without horses to detail around over the claims, and, besides his regular duties, he had to act as register of claims and settle disputes that were brought to him. And there were a good many of these. The need of civil officers is very great, especially of a surveyor.

The miners on the Yukon are shrewd, experienced men, and sometimes they are tricky. I do not like the kind of government they set up for themselves, except in the very first stages. It is all by miners' meetings. They begin by being fair, but after a while cliques are formed, which run things to suit the men who are

A DOG TEAM ON THE YUKON.

A mixed team, consisting of Esquimaux dogs and dogs from the coast. From fifteen to twenty dogs are used in a team, old, "broken" dogs in the lead, pups in the middle. Yukon miners train their dogs to "gee" and "haw" at call, no line ever being used. The man to the right in the picture has on a "parkie," the native coat and head-gear, made of double skins, and thus having fur inside and out.

in them, or, which is just as bad, they turn the sessions into fun. Nobody can get justice from a miners' meeting when women are on one side.

When Bonanza Creek was opened up some of the claims got mixed up in the rush, and the measurements were all wrong. Notices were posted on the store doors and on the houses, calling a miners' meeting to settle the boundaries of claims. As was usual in such meetings, a committee was selected to mark off the claims all the way up the creek with a fifty-foot rope. Somehow a rope only forty feet long was sneaked in, and that made all the claims short. The space that was left over was grabbed by the fellows who were in the game.

Sometimes in winter, when there is plenty of time, a dispute that is left to the miners' meeting grows into a regular trial, with lawyers (there are several among the miners) engaged for a fee, a committee in place of the judge, and a regular jury. Witnesses are examined, the lawyers make speeches, and the trial lasts till nobody who listens to it all, knows what to think. I never liked it. The best way, according to my experience, for two men who can't agree, to have a settlement is to choose their own committee, each side picking a representative and both selecting a third. Then the committee is fair, and generally the decision is satisfactory.

Most of the time when the men cannot work is spent in gambling. The saloons are kept up in style, with mirrors, decorations, and fine, polished, hardwood bars. No cheating is allowed, and none is tried. The saloon-keepers won't have it in their places. Nobody goes armed, for it is no use. Some of the men are the kind that would take naturally to shooting, but they don't try it on the Yukon. The only case that I know of was when James Cronister shot Washburn, and that didn't amount to anything, because Washburn was a bad man. There was a jury trial, but the verdict was that Cronister was justified.

The only society or organization for any purpose besides business in there is the Yukon Pioneers. I don't belong to that, so I don't know much about it. It is something like the California Pioneers of '49. They have a gold badge in the shape of a triangle with Y. P. on it and the date '89. To be a member you must have come into the country before 1889. But the time limit used to be earlier, and

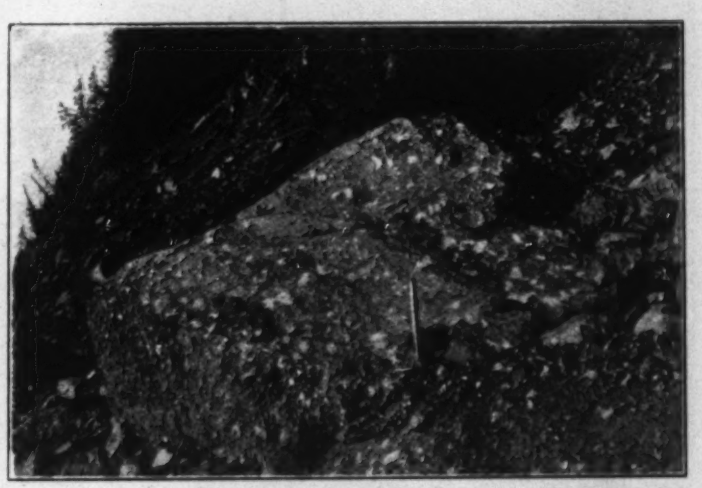
THE TWO MODES OF LIVING ON A CLAIM.

Miners spend the winters in either a tent or a cabin, and, on the whole, comfortably, despite the fact that the temperature sometimes reaches sixty degrees below zero.

it may be later now, for they have shoved it on up several times since I have noticed. The society does some good. When a man gets sick and caves in it raises money to send him out. Now and then it gives a ball, and there are plans on foot to have more pleasure of that sort next winter and after that. But we need a hotel or some other big building before much of that can be done.

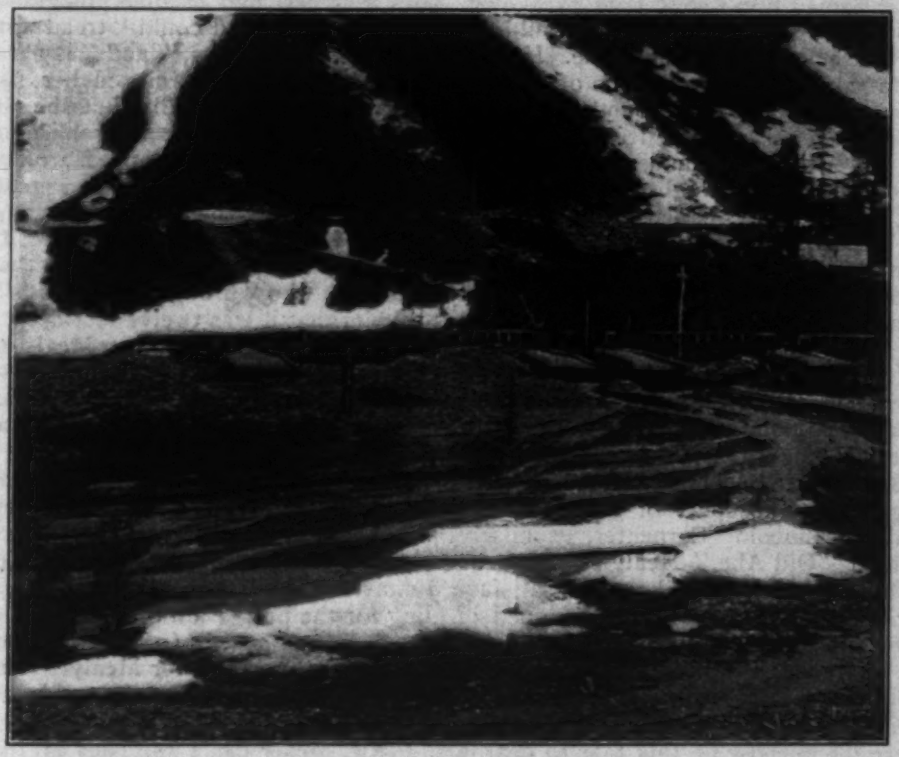
ENTRANCE TO A CROSS-CUT LEADING INTO GOLD-BEARING GRAVEL.

In fact, we need a great many things besides gold. We have no coin. Gold dust and nuggets pass current by weight at about fifteen dollars and fifty cents to the ounce. It is pretty rough reckoning, as, for instance, when a man brings in a nugget mixed with quartz. Then we take it altogether, gravel and gold, for pure gold, and make it up on the goods. Carpenters, blacksmiths—all the trades—are wanted, and men who can work at them can make much more than the average miner. They can't make what a lucky miner can, but if they are enterprising they can make a good stake. Wages are fifteen dollars a day, and a man who works for himself can earn much more than that. I have gone into the logging business with a mill at Dawson. The spruce trees are thirty inches through, and, after rafting them down from Ogilvie and Forty Mile, you get $130 a thousand foot for them sawed into boards. Then there is butchering for the man who



PICKING ON A "BENCH" TO LOOSEN GOLD-BEARING GRAVEL FOR THE SLUICES BELOW.

will drive sheep over in the summer. It has been done, and is to be done again. But it is useless for me to go on telling all the occupations that would pay high profits. The future of the Northwest country is not so long as that of a country that can look forward to other industries than mining and the business that depends on mining, but it is longer than the lifetime of any of us. The surface has been pricked in a few places, but I do not know that the best has been found, and I am quite sure no one has any idea of the tremendous extent of the placer diggings, to say nothing of the quartz that is sure to follow. Then, all the other metals, silver and copper and iron, have been turned up, while coal is plentiful. I believe thoroughly in the country. All I have doubt about is the character of some of the men who are rushing in to get rich by just picking up the gold.



A PLACER, SHOWING SLUICE, OR FLUME, AND SIDE BATHS.

This is a very good picture of a claim, and the process of mining from the "benches" or on the sides, as distinguished from "bar" diggings in the bed of the creek. The straight line above and parallel to the flume is the old bed of the stream. It is from this line of terraces and below it that the pay dirt is taken, usually in the winter. Then, when the spring comes and the ice breaks up, the water is brought down for use in the sluices. The gold-bearing gravel is shoveled into the sluices, carried slowly over the "pans," or platforms, and turned out on the side tables, where it is deposited, while the water and the lighter stones and dirt are carried down into the stream again, where they meet the coarser stuff that is pounded out at the end of the flume.

THE MARTYRDOM OF "MEALY" JONES.

AN EPISODE OF THE SWIMMING-HOLE AT BOYVILLE.

By William Allen White,

Author of "The King of Boyville," "A Recent Confederate Victory," and other stories.

HIS mother named him Harold, and named him better than she knew. He was just such a boy as one would expect to see bearing a heroic name. He had big, faded blue eyes, a nubbin of a chin, and wide, wondering ears, and freckles—such brown blotches of freckles on his face and neck and hands, such a milky way of them across the bridge of his snub nose, that the boys called him "Mealy." And Mealy Jones it was to the end. When his parents called him Harold in the hearing of his playmates, the boy felt ashamed, for he felt that a nickname could give him equal standing among his fellows. There were times in his life—when he was alone, recounting valorous deeds—that Mealy more than half persuaded himself that he was a real boy. But when he was with Winfield Pennington, surnamed "Piggy" in the court of Boyhood, and Abraham Lincoln Carpenter, similarly knighted "Old Abe," Mealy saw that he was only Harold, a weak and unsatisfactory imitation. He was handicapped in his struggle to be a natural boy by a mother who had been a "perfect little lady" in her girlhood and who was molding her son in the forms that fashioned her. If it were the purpose of this tale to deal in philosophy, it would be easy to digress and show that Mealy Jones was a study in heredity; that from his mother's side of the house he inherited wide, white, starched collars, and from his father's a burning desire to whistle through his teeth. But this is only a simple tale, with no great problem in it, save that of a boy working out his salvation between a fiendish lust for suspenders with trousers and a long-termed incarceration in shirt-waists with despised white china buttons around his waist-band.

No one ever knew how Mealy Jones learned to swim but Piggy, and Harold's mother doesn't consider Piggy Pennington any one, for the Penningtons are Methodists and the Joneses are Baptists, and very hard-shelled ones, too. However, Mealy Jones did learn to swim "dog-fashion" years and years after the other boys he knew had become postgraduates in aquatic lore and could "tread water," "swim sailor-fashion," and "lay" their hair. Mrs. Jones permitted her son to go swimming occasionally, but she always exacted from him a solemn promise not to go into the deep water, and Harold, who was a good little boy, made it a point not to "let down" when he was beyond the "step-off," so of course he could not know how deep it was, although the bad little boys who "brought up bottom" had told him that it was twelve feet deep.

One hot June afternoon Mealy stood looking at a druggist's display window, gazing idly at the pills, absently picking out the various kinds which he had taken. He had just come from his mother with the express injunction not to go near the river. His eyes roamed listlessly from the pills to the pain-killer, and, turning wearily away, he saw Piggy and Old Abe and Jimmy Sears. The three boys were scuffling for the possession of a piece of rope. Pausing a moment in front of the grocery store, they beckoned for Mealy. The lad joined the group. Some one said:

"Come on, Mealy, and go swimmin'."

"Aw, Mealy can't go," put in Jimmy; "his ma won't let him."

"Yes, I kin, *too*, if I want to," replied Mealy, stoutly—but, alas! guiltily.

"Then come on," said Piggy Pennington. "You don't dast. My ma don't care how often I go in—only in dog days."

After some desultory debate they started—the four boys—pushing one another off the sidewalk, "rooster-fighting," shouting, laughing, racing through the streets. Mealy Jones longed to have the other boys observe his savage behavior. He knew, however, that he was a sham, that he was not of them, that he was a sad make-believe. The guilt of the deed he was doing oppressed him. He wondered how he could go into crime so stolidly, and inwardly he quaked as he recalled the stories he had read of boys who had

drowned while disobeying their parents. His uneasiness was augmented by the ever-present sense that he could not cope with the other boys at their sports. He let them jostle him, and often ran whenever his self-respect goaded him to jostle back. Mealy was glad when the group came to the deep shade of the woods and walked slowly.

It was three o'clock when the boys reached the swimming-hole. There the great elm-tree, with its ladder of exposed roots, stretched over the water. Piggy Pennington, stripped to the skin, ran whooping down the sloping bank, splashing over the gravel at the water's edge, and plunged into the deepest water. Old Abe followed cautiously, bathing his temples and his wrists before sousing all over. Jimmy Sears threw his shirt high up on the bank as he stood ankle-deep in the stream. Piggy's exhilaration having worn off by this time, he picked up a mussel-shell and threw it at Jimmy's feet. The water dashed wide of its mark and sprinkled Mealy, who was sitting on a log, taking off his shoes.

"Here, Piggy, you quit that," said Mealy.

Jimmy said nothing. He sprang into the air head foremost toward Piggy, who dived from sight. His pursuer saw the direction Piggy took and followed him. The boys were a few feet apart when Jimmy came to the surface, puffing and spouting and shaking the water from his eyes and hair. He hesitated in his pursuit. Piggy observed the hesitation, and with a quick overhand movement shot a stinging stream of water from the ball of his hand into his antagonist's face. Then he turned on his side and swam swiftly to shallow water, where he stood and splashed his victim, who was lumbering toward shore with his eyes shut, panting loudly. With every splash Piggy said, "How's that, Jim?" or "Take a bite o' this," or "Want a drink?" When Jimmy got where he could walk on the creek bottom, he made a feint of fighting back, but he soon ceased, and stood by, gasping for breath, before saying, "Let's quit."

Then followed the fun of ducking, the scuffling and the capers of the young human animals at play—at play even as gods in the elder days. Mealy saw it all through envious eyes and with a pricking conscience, as he doggedly fumbled the myriad buttons which his mother had fastened upon his pretty clothes. He heard Piggy dare Abe across the creek, and call him a cowardy calf, and say, "Any one 't 'ull take a dare 'll steal sheep." Mealy saw Jimmy grin as he cracked rocks under water while the other boys were diving, and watched Old Abe, as he made the waves rise under his chin, swimming after the fleeing culprit. He saw Abe catch Jimmy and hold his head under water until Mealy's smile faded to a horrified grin. Then he saw the victim and the victor come merrily to the shallows, laughing as though nothing unusual had occurred. It was high revel in Boyville, and the satyrs were in the midst of their joy.

PIGGY PENNINGTON, THE KING OF BOYVILLE.

Then Mealy heard Piggy say, "Aw, come in, Mealy; it won't hurt you."

"Is it cold?" asked Mealy.

"Naw," replied Piggy.

"Naw, course it ain't," returned Jimmy.

"Warm as dish-water," cried Abe.

Mealy's ribs shone through his skin. His big milky eyes made him seem uncanny, standing there shivering in the shade. He hobbled down the pebbly bank on his tender feet, his bashful grin breaking into a dozen contortions of pain as he went. The boys stood watching him like tigers awaiting a Christian martyr. He paused at the water's edge, put in a toe and jerked it out with a spasm of cold.

"Aw, that ain't cold," said Piggy.

"Naw, when you get in you won't mind it," insisted Abe.

Mealy replied, "Oo, oo! I think that's pretty cold."

"Wet your legs and you won't get the cramp," advised Jimmy Sears.

Mealy stooped over to scoop up some water in his hands. He heard the boys laugh, and the next instant he felt a shower of water on his back. It made the tears come.

"Uhm-m-m—no fair splashin'," he whined.

Mealy put one foot in the water and drew it out quickly, gasping, "Oo! I ain't goin' in. It's too cold for me. It'll bring my measles out." He started trembling up the bank; then he heard a splashing behind him.

"Come back here," cried Piggy, whose hands were uplifted; "come back here and git in this water or I'll muddy you." Piggy's hands were full of mud. He was about to throw it when the Jones boy pretended to laugh and giggled, "Oh, I was just a-foolin'."

But he paused again at the water's edge, and Piggy, who had come up close enough to touch the rickety lad, reached out a muddy hand and dabbed the quaking boy's breast. The other boys roared with glee. Mealy extended a deprecatory hand, and took Piggy's wet, glistening arm and stumbled nervously into the stream, with an "Oo-oo!" at every uncertain step. When the water came to Mealy's waist Abe cried, "Duck! duck, or I'll splash you!" The boy sank down, with his teeth biting his tongue as he said, "Oo—I wouldn't do you that way."

When the shock of the tepid water had spent itself, Mealy's grin returned, and he shivered happily, "Oo—it's good, ain't it?"

Ten minutes later the boys were diving from the roots of the elm-tree into the deep water on the other side of the creek. Ten minutes after that they were sliding down a muddy toboggan which they had revived by splashing water upon the incline made and provided by the town boys for scudding. Ten minutes afterward they were covering themselves with coats of mud, frescoed—one with stripes made with the point of a stick, another with polka-dots, another with checks, and Mealy with snake-like, curving stripes. Then the whole crew dashed down the path to the railroad bridge to greet the afternoon passenger train. When it came they jumped up and down and waved their striped and spotted arms like the barbarian warriors which they fancied they were. They swam up the stream leisurely, and, as they rounded the bend that brought their landing-place into view, the quick eye of Piggy Pennington saw that some one had been meddling with their clothes. He gave the alarm. The boys quickened their strokes. When they came to the shallows of the ford they saw the blue-and-white starched shirt of Mealy Jones lying in a pool tied into half a dozen knots, with the water soaking them tighter and tighter. The other boys' clothes were not disturbed.

"Mealy's got to chaw beef," cried Piggy Pennington. The other boys, except the Jones boy, echoed Piggy's merriment. Great sorrows come to grown-up people, but there is never a moment in after-life more poignant with grief than that which stabs a boy when he learns that he must wrestle with a series of water-soaked knots in a shirt. As Mealy sat in the broiling sun, gripping the knots with his teeth and fingers, he asked himself again and again how he could explain his soiled shirt to his mother. Lump after lump rose in his throat, and dissolved into tears that trickled down his nose. The other boys did not heed him. They were following Piggy's dare, dropping into the water from the overhanging limb of the elm-tree.

They did not see the figure of another boy, in ragged clothes, with a gingham shirt, cotton suspenders, and a torn straw hat, sitting on a stone back of Mealy, smiling complacently. Not until the stranger walked down to the water's edge where Mealy sat did the other boys spy him.

"Who is it?" asked Abe.

"I never saw him before," replied Jimmy Sears.

"Oh, I'll tell you who it is," returned Abe, after looking the stranger over. "It's the new boy. Him an' his old man come to town yesterday. They say he's a fighter. He licked every boy in the mountain jumpers this mornin'."

By this time the new boy was standing over Mealy, saying, "How you gittin' along?"

Mealy looked up, and said with the petulance of a spoiled child, "Hush your mouth, you old smartie! What good d't do you to go an' tie my clo'es?"

Piggy and Jimmy and Abe came hurrying to the landing. They heard the new boy retort, "Who said I tied your clo'es?" Mealy made no reply. The new boy repeated the query. Mealy saw the boys in the water looking on, and his courage rose; for Mealy was in the primary de-

partment of life, and had not yet learned that one must fight alone. He answered, "I did," with an emphasis on the "I," as he tugged at the last knot. The new boy had been looking Mealy over, and he replied quickly, "You're a liar!"

There was a pause, during which Mealy looked helplessly for some one to defend him. He was sure that his companions would not stand there and see him whipped. One of the boys in the water said diplomatically, "Aw, Mealy, I wouldn't take that!"

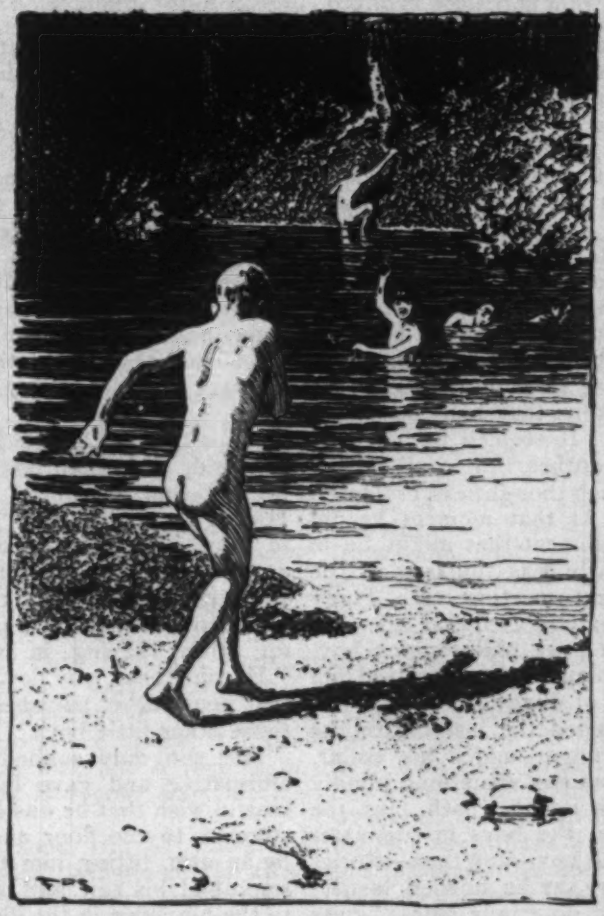
"You're another," faltered Mealy, who looked supplication and surprise at his friends, and wondered if they were really going to desert him. The new boy waded around Mealy, and leaned over him, and said, shaking his fist in the freckled face, "You're a coward, and you don't dast take it up and fight it out."

Mealy's face flushed. He felt anger mantling his frame. He was one of those most pitiable of mortals whose anger brings tears with it. The last knot in the shirt was all but conquered, when Mealy bawled in a scream of passionate sobs:

"When I git this shirt fixed I'll show you who's a coward."

The new boy sought a level place on the bank for a fight, and sneered, "Oh, cry baby! cry baby! Say, boys, where's its bottle?"

Mealy rose with a stone in each hand, and hobbled over the pebbles, crying, "Touch me now! Touch me if you dare!"



"HE HOBBLED DOWN THE PEBBLY BANK."

"Aw, you coward! drop them rocks," snarled the new boy.

Mealy looked at his friends imploringly. He felt lonely, deserted, and mistreated, but he saw in the faces of his comrades the reflection of the injunction to put down the stones. He did so, and his anger began to cool. But he whimpered again, "Well now, touch me if you dare!"

The new boy came over briskly, and made a feint to slap the naked lad, who warded off the blow, sniffling, "You just leave me alone. I ain't hurting you." The boys in the water laughed—it seemed to Mealy such a cruel laugh. Anger enveloped him again, and he struck out blindly through his tears, hand over hand, striking the new boy in the mouth and making it bleed, before he realized that the fight had begun. The new boy tried to clinch Mealy, but the naked body slipped away from him; and just then the combatants saw the satisfied grin freeze on the faces of the boys in the water. A step crunched the gravel near them, and in a moment that flashed vividly with rejoicing that the fight was ended, then with abject, chattering terror, Mealy Jones saw his father approaching. Mealy did not run. The uplifted cane and the red, perspiring face of his father transfixed the lad, yet he felt called upon to say something. His voice came from a dry throat, and he spoke through an idiotic grin as he said, "I didn't know you wanted me, pa."

After the burst of his father's anger

ten awful minutes of shame passed for Mealy while he was putting on his wet clothes. The boys in the water swam noiselessly upstream to the roots of the elm-tree, where he saw them looking at his disgrace. During those ten minutes Mealy realized that his father's deepening silence portended evil; so he tried to draw his father into a discussion of the merits of the case by whimpering from time to time, "Well, I guess they ast me to come," or "Piggy said it wouldn't hurt, cause 't ain't in dog days," or "I wasn't in where it was deep. I was only a-wadin'." The new boy, who was seated upon a log near by with a stone in his hand, which he had picked up fearing the elder Jones would join the fray, sniffed audibly. He called to the other boys derisively, "Say, any of you boys got the baby's blocks?" It did not lift the mantle of humiliation that covered Mealy to hear his father reply to the new boy, "That will do for you, sir." While Mealy wept he wiped away his tears first with one hand and then with the other, employing the free hand in fastening the innumerable buttons that held his soiled clothes together. It seemed to him that there was not another boy in all Willow Creek who had such thoughtless, cruel parents as he had. At that moment he did not fear the punishment that might be in store for him. He was thinking of the agony of his next meeting with Piggy Pennington. Mealy fancied that Abe Carpenter, who was a quiet, philosophical boy, would not tease him, but horror seized him when he thought of Piggy.

As Mealy fastened the last button, he felt his father's finger under his collar, and he felt his own feet shambling blindly over the pebbles, up the path, into the bushes; he heard the boys in the water laugh with the new boy—and then—stories differ. The boys say he howled lustily, "Oh, pa, I won't do it any more," over and over again. Mealy Jones says that it didn't hurt a bit.

This much is certain: that Master Harold Jones walked through the town that day a few feet ahead of his father, who tapped the boy's legs with a hooked cane whenever his steps lagged. At the door of the Jones home Mrs. Jones stood to welcome the martial procession, which she saw, and then heard, approaching some time before it arrived. To his wife, whose face pictured anxious grief, Mr. Jones said, as he turned the captive over to her: "I found this young gentleman in swimming—swimming and fighting. I have attended to his wants, I believe. I leave him to you."

Harold Jones was but a lad—a good lad whose knowledge of the golden text was his Sunday-school teacher's pride, yet he had collected other scraps of useful information as he journeyed through life, and one of these was a perfectly practical familiarity with the official road map to his mother's heart. Therefore, when he crossed the threshold of the Jones home Harold began at once to weep dolefully.

"Harold Jones, what do you mean by such conduct?" asked his mother.

The boy stood by the window long enough to see that his father had turned the corner toward the town. Then he fell on the floor, and began to bewail his lot, refusing to answer the first question his mother asked, but telling instead how "all the other boys in this town can go swimmin' when they want to," hinting that he wouldn't care, if papa had only just come and brought him home, but that papa—and this was followed by a vocal cataract of woe that made the dishpans ring.

He noted that his mother bent over him and said, "My poor boy;" at which sign little Harold punctured the levees of his grief again, and said he "never was going to face any of the boys in this town again"—he "just couldn't bear it." Mrs. Jones paused in her work at this, put down a potato which she was peeling, and stood up stiffly, saying in a freezing tone, "Harold Jones, you don't mean to tell me that your father punished you in front of those other little boys?"

Her son only sobbed and nodded an affirmative, and gave lusty voice to the tearful wish that he was dead. Mrs. Jones stooped to the floor and took her child by an arm, lifting him to his feet. She smoothed his hair and took him with her to the big chair in the dining-room, where she raised his seventy pounds to her lap, saying as she did so, "Mama's boy will soon be too big to hold." At that the spoiled child only renewed his weeping and clutched her tightly. There, little by little, he forgot the mishaps of the day. There the anguish lifted from his heart, and when his mother asked, "Harold, why did you go into the water when we told you not to?" the child only shook his head, and, after repeated questioning, his answer came:

"Well, they asked me, mom."

"Who asked you?" persisted Mrs. Jones.

"Piggy Pennington and Jimmy Sears," returned the lad.

To the query, "Well, do you have to do everything they ask you to, Harold?" the lad's answer was a renewal of the heart-breaking sobs. These softened the mother's heart, as many and many a woman's heart has been melted through all the ages. She soothed the truant child and petted him, until the cramping in his throat relaxed sufficiently to admit of the passage of an astonishingly large slice of bread and butter and sugar. After it was disposed of, Harold busied himself by assorting his old iron scraps on the back porch, and his mother smiled as she fancied she heard the boy trying to whistle a tune.

Harold had left the porch before his father came home with the beefsteak for supper, and Mrs. Jones met her husband with: "Pa Jones, what could you be thinking of—punishing that boy before the other children? Do you want to break what little spirit he has? Why, that child was nearly in hysterics for an hour after you left!"

Mr. Jones hung up his crooked cane, put a stick of wood in the stove, scraped his pipe with his knife, and blew through the stem.

"I guess he wasn't hurt much," replied the father. Then he added, as he put a live coal in the pipe: "I s'pose you went an' babied him an' spoiled it all." There was a puffing pause, after which Mr. Jones added, "If you'd let him go more, an' didn't worry your head off when he was out of sight, he'd amount to more."

Mrs. Jones always gave her husband three moves before she spoke. "Yes! yes! you'd make that boy a regular little rowdy if you had your way, William Jones."

In the mean time Harold Jones had heard a long, shrill whistle in the alley, and, answering it, he ran as rapidly as his spindling legs would carry him. He knew it was the boys. They were grinning broadly when he came to them. It was Piggy Pennington who first spoke, "Oh, pa, I won't do it any more," repeating the phrase several times in a suppressed voice, and leering impishly at Mealy.

"Aw, you're making that up," answered Mealy in embarrassment. But Piggy continued his teasing until Abe Carpenter said: "Say, Mealy, we want you to go to the cave with us to-morrow; can you?"

The "can you" was an imputation on his personal liberty that Mealy resented. He replied, "Uh-huh! you just bet your bottom dollar I can." Piggy began teasing again, but Abe silenced him, and the boys sat in the dirt behind the barn, chattering about the new boy, whose name, according to the others, was "Bud" Perkins. Mealy entered the conversation with much masculine pomp—too much, in fact; for when he became particularly vainglorious some one in the group was certain to glance at his shoes—and shoes in June in Boyville are insignia of the weaker sex, the badges of shame.

But Mealy did not feel his disgrace. He walked up the ash path to the kitchen with an excellent imitation of manly pride in his gait. He kicked at a passing cat, shook his head bravely, talking to himself about the way he would have whipped the new boy if his father had not interrupted the fight.

As Mrs. Jones heard the boy's step on the porch, she said to his father, "Now, pa, that boy has been punished enough today. Don't you say a word to him." Harold walked by his father with averted face. At supper the boy did not look at his father, and when the dishes were put away, Mr. Jones, who sat in the kitchen smoking, heard his wife and the child in a front room, chatting cheerily. The lonesome father smoked his pipe and recalled his youth. The boy's voice brought back his own shrill treble. And he coughed nervously. After Mrs. Jones had put the lad to bed, and was in the pantry arranging for breakfast, the father knocked the ashes from his briar into the stove, and, humming an old tune, went to the boy's bedroom door. He paused awkwardly on the threshold. The boy turned his face toward the wall. The action cut the father to the quick. He walked to the bed and bent over the child, touching a father's rough-bearded face to the soft cheek. He found the soft hand—with a father's large hand—under the sheet, and he held the little hand tightly as he said:

"Well, Harold"—there he paused for a second. But he continued, "Do you think you'd a-licked that boy if—if—I hadn't a-come?"

Then the two laughed, and a little throb of joyous pain tingled in their throats—such as only boys may feel.

ONE OF GOD'S FOOLS.

By Captain Musgrove Davis.

JOE came into the regiment, no one knew exactly how or whence. He was not quite a "natural," but well along toward it. From a friend who came to look for him, it was learned that he had received an injury to his head when quite young. School was of little use to him, and he hardly got beyond his letters and the writing of his name. He was always spoken of as "Poor Joe."

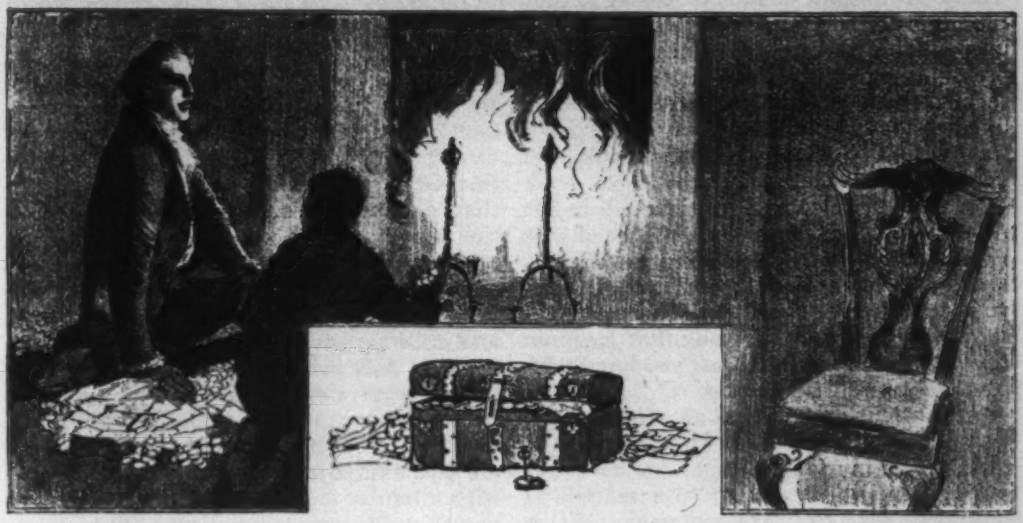
We all wondered how any recruiting officer accepted him; and, more, how he got the consent of his family to enlist. Recruiting officers were not very particular, however, and as for Joe's family, it transpired that they never had a chance to protest, for Joe ran away from home to enlist. It was afterwards proposed to effect his discharge, but he howled his family into acquiescence, and remained in the regiment to do many brave acts—without knowing they were brave. He was simply incapable of fear.

At the second battle of Bull Run he refused to retreat with the rest, but stood out solitary and alone, and fired until all his ammunition was exhausted, then threw away his musket, and backed doggedly toward his own lines, shaking his fists and throwing stones at the "rebs." They cheered him to the echo, and from a thousand throats went up the shout: "Let him alone! Let him alone!"

At Antietam, when our regiment was driven back, it was found that one of Joe's tent-mates had been wounded and left between the lines. When Joe heard of it he was beside himself with grief. He threw down his gun, and ran straight into the fire in front, shouting: "Give me Lem! Give me Lem! Don't you touch me or I'll tell Mr. Lincoln! Give me Lem!"

Unscathed, he reached the Confederate lines. There he found Lem, picked him up, and started back. A Confederate soldier essayed to detain him, but the officer in command—noble fellow—shouted: "No! No! Let no one lay hands on that man and dare to call himself a soldier. Go, my brave fellow, and God preserve you." And Joe regained his regiment without a scratch, bearing his comrade in his arms.

At Gettysburg our command was supporting a battery, and Joe, exhausted from long duty, had crawled under one of the guns of the battery and gone to sleep. A shell struck near, scattering showers of earth all about. Joe awoke with eyes and ears full, got up, shook himself, brushed the dirt away as well as he could, faced the "rebs," and in that fearful din shouted: "Say, Johnnie, don't you do that agin, or I'll come over there and lick ye." Then he lay down under the gun again, and went to sleep. One of God's fools!



ST. IVES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

By Robert Louis Stevenson,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER—SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Viscount Anne de St. Ives, under the name of Champdivers, while held a prisoner of war in Edinburgh Castle, attracts the sympathy of Flora Gilchrist, who, out of curiosity, visits the prisoners, attended by her brother Ronald. On her account St. Ives kills a comrade, Goguelat, in a duel, fought secretly in the night, with the divided blades of a pair of scissors. An officer of the prison, Major Chevenix, discovers the secret of the duel and of St. Ives's interest in the young lady: a fact that promises importance later. Having escaped from prison, St. Ives plans to proceed to a rich uncle in England, Count de Kéroual, who, as he has learned from a solicitor, Daniel Romaine, is near dying, and is likely to make him his heir in place of a cousin, Alain de St. Ives. First, however, he steals to the home of Flora Gilchrist. Discovered there by the aunt with whom Flora lives, he is regarded with suspicion; but still is helped to escape across the border, under the guidance of two drovers. After many adventures, he reaches Amersham Place, his uncle Count de Kéroual's country seat, and finds the count extremely low, with a doctor in close attendance. To his surprise, the whole household shows to have been in active expectation of his coming: a room has been made ready for him, new clothes are laid out for his wear, and a young man named Rowley is at hand for his exclusive service. He is hurried off to dress for dinner, and then dines in company with the doctor.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DESPATCH-BOX.

THE doctor had scarce finished his meal before he hastened with an apology to attend upon his patient; and almost immediately after, I was myself summoned, and ushered up the great staircase and along interminable corridors to the bedside of my great-uncle the count. You are to think that up to the present moment I had not set eyes on this formidable personage, only on the evidences of his wealth and kindness. You are to think besides that I had heard him miscalled and abused from my earliest childhood up. The first of the *émigrés* could never expect a good word in the society in which my father moved. Even yet the reports I received were of a doubtful nature; even Romaine had drawn of him no very amiable portrait; and as I was ushered into the room, it was a critical eye that I cast on my great-uncle. He lay propped on pillows in a little cot no greater than a camp-bed, not visibly breathing. He was about eighty years of age, and looked it; not that his face was much lined, but all the blood and color seemed to have faded from his body, and even his eyes,

Copyright, 1897, by the S. S. McClure Co., New York.

which last he kept usually closed as though the light distressed him. There was an unspeakable degree of slyness in his expression, which kept me ill at ease; he seemed to lie there with his arms folded, like a spider waiting for prey. His speech was very deliberate and courteous, but scarce louder than a sigh.

"I bid you welcome, Monsieur le Vicomte Anne," said he, looking at me hard with his pale eyes, but not moving on his pillows. "I have sent for you, and I thank you for the obliging expedition you have shown. It is my misfortune that I cannot rise to receive you. I trust you have been reasonably well entertained?"

"Monsieur mon oncle," I said, bowing very low, "I am come at the summons of the head of my family."

"It is well," he said. "Be seated. I should be glad to hear some news—if that can be called news that is already twenty years old—of how I have the pleasure to see you here."

By the coldness of his address, not more than by the nature of the times that he bade me recall, I was plunged in melancholy. I felt myself surrounded as with deserts of friendlessness, and the delight of my welcome was turned to ashes in my mouth.

"That is soon told, Monseigneur," said I. "I understand that I need tell you nothing of the end of my unhappy parents? It is only the story of the lost dog."

"You are right. I am sufficiently informed of that deplorable affair; it is painful to me. My nephew, your father, was a man who would not be advised," said he. "Tell me, if you please, simply of yourself."

"I am afraid I must run the risk of harrowing your sensibility in the beginning," said I, with a bitter smile, "because my story begins at the foot of the guillotine. When the list came out that night, and her name was there, I was already old enough, not in years, but in sad experience, to understand the extent of my misfortune. She—" I paused. "Enough that she arranged with a friend, Madame de Chasseradès, that she should take charge of me, and by the favor of our jailors I was suffered to remain in the shelter of the Abbaye. That was my only refuge; there was no corner of France that I could rest the sole of my foot upon except the prison. Monsieur le Comte, you are as well aware as I can be what kind of a life that was and how swiftly death smote in that society. I did not wait long before the name of Madame de Chasseradès succeeded to that of my mother on the list. She passed me on to Madame de Noytot; she, in her turn, to Mademoiselle de Braye; and there were others. I was the one thing permanent; they were all transient as clouds; a day or two of their care, and then came the last farewell and—somewhere far off in that roaring Paris that surrounded us—the bloody scene. I was the cherished one, the last comfort, of these dying women. I have been in pitched fights, my lord, and I never knew such courage. It was all done smiling, in the tone of good society; *belle maman* was the name I was taught to give to each; and for a day or two the new 'pretty mamma' would make much of me, show me off, teach me the minuet, and to say my prayers, and then, with a tender embrace, would go the way of her predecessors, smiling. There were some that wept too. There was a childhood! All the time Monsieur de Culemberg kept his eye on me, and would have had me out of the Abbaye and in his own protection, but my 'pretty mammas' one after another resisted the idea. Where could I be safer? they argued; and what was to become of them without the darling of the prison? Well, it was soon shown how safe I was! The dreadful day of the massacre came; the prison was overrun; none paid attention to me, not even the last of my 'pretty mammas,' for she had met another fate. I was wandering distracted, when I was found by some one in the interests of Monsieur de Culemberg. I understand he was sent on purpose; I believe, in order to reach the interior of the prison, he had set his hand to nameless barbarities: such was the price paid for my worthless, whimpering little life! He gave me his hand; it was wet, and mine was reddened; he led me unresisting. I remember but the one circumstance of my flight—it was my last view of my last 'pretty mamma.' Shall I describe it to you?" I asked the count, with a sudden fierceness.

"Avoid unpleasant details," observed my great-uncle, gently.

At these words a sudden peace fell upon me. I had been angry with the man before; I had not sought to spare him; and now, in a moment, I saw that there was nothing to spare. Whether from natural heartlessness or extreme old age, the soul was not at home; and my benefactor, who had kept the fire lit in my room for a month past—my only relative except Alain, whom I knew already to be a hired

spy—had trodden out the last sparks of hope and interest.

"Certainly," said I; "and, indeed, the day for them is nearly over. I was taken to Monsieur de Culemberg's,—I presume, sir, that you know the Abbé de Culemberg?"

He indicated assent without opening his eyes.

"He was a very brave and a very learned man—"

"And a very holy one," said my uncle, civilly.

"And a very holy one, as you observe," I continued. "He did an infinity of good, and through all the Terror kept himself from the guillotine. He gave me such education as I have—enough for a soldier. It was in his house in the country at Dammarie, near Melun, that I made the acquaintance of your agent, Mr. Vicary, who lay there in hiding, only to fall a victim at the last to a gang of *chauffeurs*."

"This poor Mr. Vicary!" observed my uncle. "He had been many times in my interests to France, and this was his first failure. *Quel charmant homme, n'est-ce pas?*"

"Infinitely so," said I. "But I would not willingly detain you any farther with a story the details of which it must naturally be more or less unpleasant for you to hear. Suffice it, that by M. de Culemberg's advice, I entered the service of France at sixteen, and have since then carried arms in such a manner as not to disgrace my family."

"You narrate well; *vous avez la voix chaude*," said my uncle, turning on his pillows as if to study me. "I have a very good account of you by Monsieur de Mauséant, whom you helped in Spain. And you had some education from the Abbé de Culemberg, a man of good house? Yes, you will do very well. You have a good manner and a handsome person, which hurts nothing. We are all handsome in the family; even I myself, I have had my successes, the memories of which still charm me. It is my intention, my nephew, to make of you my heir. I am not very well content with my other nephew, Monsieur le Vicomte: he has not been respectful, which is the flattery due to age. And there are other matters."

I was half tempted to throw back in his face that inheritance so coldly offered. At the same time I had to consider that he was an old man and, after all, my relation; and that I was a poor one, in considerable straits, with a hope at heart which that inheritance might yet enable me to realize. Nor could I forget that, however icy his manners, he had behaved to me from the first with the extreme of liberality and, I was about to write, kindness, but the word, in that connection, would not come. I really owed the man some measure of gratitude, which it would be an ill manner to repay if I were to insult him on his deathbed.

"Your will, monsieur, must ever be my rule," said I, bowing.

"You have wit, monsieur mon neveu," said he, "the best wit—the wit of silence. Many might have deafened me with their gratitude. Gratitude!" he repeated, with a peculiar intonation, and lay and smiled to himself. "But to approach what is more important. As a prisoner of war, will it be possible for you to be served heir to English estates? I have no idea: long as I have dwelt in England, I have never studied what they call their laws. On the other hand, how if Romaine should come too late? I have two pieces of business to be transacted—to die, and to make my will; and, however desirous I may be to serve you, I cannot postpone the first in favor of the second beyond a very few hours."

"Well, sir, I must then contrive to be doing as I did before," said I.

"Not so," said the Count. "I have an alternative. I have just drawn my balance at my banker's, a considerable sum, and I am now to place it in your hands. It will be so much for you and so much less—" He paused, and smiled with an air of malignity that surprised me. "But it is necessary it should be done before witnesses. Monsieur le Vicomte is of a particular disposition, and an unwitnessed donation may very easily be twisted into a theft."

He touched a bell, which was answered by a man having the appearance of a confidential valet. To him he gave a key.

"Bring me the despatch-box that came yesterday, La Ferrière," said he. "You will at the same time present my compliments to Dr. Hunter and M. l'Abbé, and request them to step for a few moments to my room."

The despatch-box proved to be rather a bulky piece of baggage, covered with Russia leather. Before the doctor and an excellent old smiling priest it was passed over into my hands with a very clear statement of the disposer's wishes; immediately after which, though the witnesses remained behind to draw up and sign a

joint note of the transaction, Monsieur de Kéroual dismissed me to my own room, La Ferrière following with the invaluable box.

At my chamber door I took it from him with thanks, and entered alone. Everything had been already disposed for the night, the curtains drawn, and the fire trimmed; and Rowley was still busy with my bedclothes. He turned round as I entered with a look of welcome that did my heart good. Indeed, I had never a much greater need of human sympathy, however trivial, than at that moment when I held a fortune in my arms. In my uncle's room I had breathed the very atmosphere of disenchantment. He had gorged my pockets; he had starved every dignified or affectionate sentiment of a man. I had received so chilling an impression of age and experience that the mere look of youth drew me to confide in Rowley. He was only a boy, his heart must beat yet, he must still retain some innocence and natural feelings, he could blurt out follies with his mouth, he was not a machine to utter perfect speech! At the same time, I was beginning to outgrow the painful impressions of my interview; my spirits were beginning to revive; and at the jolly, empty looks of Mr. Rowley, as he ran forward to relieve me of the box, St. Ives became himself again.

"Now, Rowley, don't be in a hurry," said I. "This is a momentous juncture. Man and boy, you have been in my service about three hours. You must already have observed that I am a gentleman of a somewhat morose disposition, and there is nothing that I more dislike than the smallest appearance of familiarity. Mr. Pole or Mr. Powl, probably in the spirit of prophecy, warned you against this danger."

"Yes, Mr. Anne," said Rowley blankly.

"Now there is just arisen one of those rare cases in which I am willing to depart from my principles. My uncle has given me a box—what you would call a Christmas-box. I don't know what's in it, and no more do you: perhaps I am an April fool, or perhaps I am already enormously wealthy; there might be five hundred pounds in this apparently harmless receptacle!"

"Lord, Mr. Anne!" cried Rowley.

"Now, Rowley, hold up your right hand and repeat the words of the oath after me," said I, laying the despatch-box on the table. "Strike me blue if I ever disclose to Mr. Powl, or Mr. Powl's viscount, or anything that is Mr. Powl's, not to mention Mr. Dawson and the doctor, the treasures of the following despatch-box; and strike me sky-blue scarlet if I do not continually maintain, uphold, love, honor, and obey, serve, and follow to the four corners of the earth and the waters that are under the earth, the hereinafter-before-mentioned (only that I find I have neglected to mention him) Viscount Anne de Kéroual de St.-Yves, commonly known as Mr. Rowley's viscount. So be it. Amen."

He took the oath with the same exaggerated seriousness as I gave it to him.

"Now," said I. "Here is the key for you; I will hold the lid with both hands in the meanwhile." He turned the key. "Bring up all the candles in the room, and range them alongside. What is it to be? A live gorgon, a Jack-in-the-box, or a spring that fires a pistol? On your knees, sir, before the prodigy!"

So saying, I turned the despatch-box upside down upon the table. At the sight of the vast mass of bank paper and gold that lay in front of us, between the candles, or rolled upon the floor alongside, I stood astonished.

"Oh my! Oh Mr. Anne! What a sight o' money!" cried Mr. Rowley, and he scrambled after the fallen guineas. "Why, it's like a blessed story-book. It's like the Forty Thieves."

"Now, Rowley, let's be cool, let's be business-like," said I. "Riches are deceitful, particularly when you haven't counted them; and the first thing we have to do is to arrive at the amount of my—let me say, modest competency. If I'm not mistaken, I have enough here to keep you in gold buttons all the rest of your life. You collect the gold, and I'll take the paper."

Accordingly, down we sat together on the hearthrug, and for some time there was no sound but the creasing of bills and the jingling of guineas, broken occasionally by the exulting exclamations of Rowley. The arithmetical operation on which we were embarked took long, and it might have been tedious to others; not to me nor to my helper.

"Ten thousand pounds!" I announced at last.

"Ten thousand!" echoed Mr. Rowley.

And we gazed upon each other.

The greatness of this fortune took my breath away. With that sum in my hands, I need fear no enemies. People are arrested, in nine cases out of ten, not because the police are astute, but because

themselves run short of money; and I had here before me in the despatch-box a succession of devices and disguises that insured my liberty. Not only so; but, as I felt with a sudden and overpowering thrill, with ten thousand pounds in my hands I was become an eligible suitor. What advances I had made in the past, as a private soldier in a military prison, or a fugitive by the wayside, could only be qualified or, indeed, excused as acts of desperation. And now, I might come in by the front door; I might approach the dragon with a lawyer at my elbow and rich settlements to offer. The poor French prisoner, Champdivers, might be in a perpetual danger of arrest; but the rich traveling Englishman, St. Ives, in his post-chaise, with his despatch-box by his side, could smile at fate and laugh at locksmiths. I repeated the proverb, exulting, *Love laughs at locksmiths!* In a moment, by the mere coming of this money, my love had become possible—it had come near, it was under my hand—and it may be by one of the curiosities of human nature, but it burned that instant brighter.

"Rowley," said I, "your viscount is a made man."

"Why, we both are, sir," said Rowley.

"Yes, both," said I; "and you shall dance at the wedding;" and I flung at his head a bundle of bank notes, and had just followed it up with a handful of guineas, when the door opened, and Mr. Romaine appeared upon the threshold.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. ROMAINE CALLS ME NAMES.

FEELING very much of a fool to be thus taken by surprise, I scrambled to my feet and hastened to make my visitor welcome. He did not refuse me his hand; but he gave it with a coldness and distance for which I was quite unprepared, and his countenance, as he looked on me, was marked in a strong degree with concern and severity.

"So, sir, I find you here?" said he, in tones of little encouragement. "Is that you, George? You can run away; I have business with your master."

He showed Rowley out, and locked the door behind him. Then he sat down in an armchair on one side of the fire, and looked at me with uncompromising sternness.

"I am hesitating how to begin," said he. "In this singular labyrinth of blunders and difficulties that you have prepared for us, I am positively hesitating where to begin. It will perhaps be best that you should read, first of all, this paragraph." And he handed over to me a newspaper.

The paragraph in question was brief. It announced the recapture of one of the prisoners recently escaped from Edinburgh Castle; gave his name, Clausel, and added that he had entered into the particulars of the recent revolting murder in the castle, and denounced the murderer:

"It is a common soldier called Champdivers, who had himself escaped, and is in all probability involved in the common fate of his comrades. In spite of the activity along all the Forth and the East Coast, nothing has yet been seen of the sloop which these desperadoes seized at Grangemouth, and it is now almost certain that they have found a watery grave."

At the reading of this paragraph my heart turned over. In a moment I saw my castle in the air ruined; myself changed from a mere military fugitive into a hunted murderer, fleeing from the gallows; my love, which had a moment since appeared so near to me, blotted from the field of possibility. Despair, which was my first sentiment, did not, however, endure for more than a moment. I saw that my companions had indeed succeeded in their unlikely design; and that I was supposed to have accompanied and perished along with them by shipwreck—a most probable ending to their enterprise. If they thought me at the bottom of the North Sea, I need not fear much vigilance on the streets of Edinburgh. Champdivers was wanted: what was to connect him with St. Ives? Major Chevenix would recognize me if he met me; that was beyond bargaining; he had seen me so often, his interest had been kindled to so high a point, that I could hope to deceive him by no stratagem or disguise. Well, even so he would have a competition of testimony before him: he knew Clausel, he knew me, and I was sure he would decide for honor. At the same time, the image of Flora shot up in my mind's eye with such a radiancy as fairly overwhelmed all other considerations; the blood sprang to every corner of my body, and I vowed I would see and win her, if it cost my neck.

"Very annoying, no doubt," said I, as I returned the paper to Mr. Romaine.

"Is annoying your word for it?" said he.

"Exasperating, if you like," I admitted.

"And true?" he inquired.

"Well, true in a sense," said I. "But perhaps I had better answer that question by putting you in possession of the facts?"

"I think so, indeed," said he.

I narrated to him as much as seemed necessary of the quarrel, the duel, the death of Goguelat, and the character of Clausel. He heard me through in a forbidding silence, nor did he at all betray the nature of his sentiments, except that, at the episode of the scissors, I could observe his mulberry face to turn three shades paler.

"I suppose I may believe you?" said he, when I had done.

"Or else conclude this interview," said I.

"Can you not understand that we are here discussing matters of the gravest import? Can you not understand that I feel myself weighed with a load of responsibility on your account—that you should take this occasion to air your fire-eating manners against your own attorney? There are serious hours in life, Mr. Anne," he said severely. "A capital charge, and that of a very brutal character and with singularly unpleasant details; the presence of the man Clausel, who (according to your account of it) is actuated by sentiments of real malignity and prepared to swear black white; all the other witnesses scattered and perhaps drowned at sea; the natural prejudice against a Frenchman and a runaway prisoner; this makes a serious total for your lawyer to consider, and is by no means lessened by the incurable folly and levity of your own disposition."

"I beg your pardon!" said I.

"Oh! My expressions have been selected with scrupulous accuracy," he replied. "How did I find you, sir, when I came to announce this catastrophe? You were sitting on the hearthrug playing, like a silly baby, with a servant, were you not, and the floor all scattered with gold and bank paper? There was a tableau for you! It was I who came, and you were lucky in that. It might have been any one—your cousin as well as another."

"You have me there, sir," I admitted. "I had neglected all precautions, and you do right to be angry. *Apropos*, Mr. Romaine, how did you come yourself, and how long have you been in the house?" I added, surprised, on the retrospect, not to have heard him arrive.

"I drove up in a chaise and pair," he returned. "Any one might have heard me. But you were not listening, I suppose? being so extremely at your ease in the very house of your enemy, and under a capital charge! And I have been long enough here to do your business for you. Ah, yes, I did it, God forgive me!—did it before I so much as asked you the explanation of the paragraph. For some time back the will has been prepared; now it is signed; and your uncle has heard nothing of your recent piece of activity. Why? Well, I had no fancy to bother him on his death-bed: you might be innocent; and at bottom I preferred the murderer to the spy."

No doubt of it but the man played a friendly part; no doubt also that, in his ill-temper and anxiety, he expressed himself unpalatably.

"You will perhaps find me over-delicate," said I. "There is a word you employed—"

"I employ the words of my brief, sir," he cried, striking with his hand on the newspaper. "It is there in six letters. And do not be so certain—you have not stood your trial yet. It is an ugly affair, a fishy business. It is highly disagreeable. I would give my hand off—I mean I would give a hundred pound down, to have nothing to do with it. And, situated as we are, we must at once take action. There is here no choice. You must first of all quit this country, and get to France, or Holland, or, indeed, to Madagascar."

"There may be two words to that," said I.

"Not so much as one syllable!" he retorted. "Here is no room for argument. The case is nakedly plain. In the disgusting position in which you have found means to place yourself, all that is to be hoped for is delay. A time may come when we shall be able to do better. It cannot be now: now it would be the gibbet."

"You labor under a false impression, Mr. Romaine," said I. "I have no impatience to figure in the dock. I am even as anxious as yourself to postpone my first appearance there. On the other hand, I have not the slightest intention of leaving this country, where I please myself extremely. I have a good address, a ready tongue, an English accent that passes, and, thanks to the generosity of my uncle, as much money as I want. It would be hard indeed if, with all these advantages, Mr. St. Ives should not be able to live quietly in a private lodging, while the authorities amuse themselves by looking for Champdivers. You forget, there is no connection between these two personages."

"And you forget your cousin," retorted Romaine. "There is the link. There is the tongue of the buckle. He knows you are Champdivers." He put up his hand as if to listen. "And, for a wager, here he is himself!" he exclaimed.

As when a tailor takes a piece of goods upon his counter and rends it across, there came to our ears from the avenue the long tearing sound of a chaise and four approaching at the top speed of the horses. And, looking out between the curtains, we beheld the lamps skimming on the smooth ascent.

"Ay," said Romaine, wiping the window-pane that he might see more clearly. "Ay, that is he, by the driving! So he squanders money along the king's highway, the triple idiot! gorging every man he meets with gold for the pleasure of arriving. Where? Ah, yes, where but a debtors' jail, if not a criminal prison!"

"Is he that kind of a man?" I asked, staring on these lamps as though I could decipher in them the secret of my cousin's character.

"You will find him a dangerous kind," answered the lawyer. "For you, these are the lights on a lee shore! I find I fall in a muse when I consider of him; what a formidable being he once was, and what a personable! and how near he draws to the moment that must break him utterly! We none of us like him here; we hate him, rather; and yet I have a sense—I don't think at my time of life it can be pity—but a reluctance rather, to break anything so big and figurative, as though he were a big porcelain pot or a big picture of high price. Ay, there is what I was waiting for!" he cried, as the lights of a second chaise swam in sight. "It is he beyond a doubt. The first was the signature and the next the flourish. Two chaises, the second following with the baggage, which is always copious and ponderous, and one of his valets: he cannot go a step without a valet."

"I hear you repeat the word big," said I. "But it cannot be that he is anything out of the way in stature."

"No," said the attorney. "About your height, as I guessed for the tailors, and I see nothing wrong with the result. But, somehow, he commands an atmosphere; he has a spacious manner; and he has kept up, all through life, such a volume of racket about his personality, with his chaises and his racers and his dicings, and I know not what, that somehow he imposes! It seems, when the farce is done, and he locked in the Fleet prison—and nobody left but Bonaparte and Lord Wellington and the Hetman Platoff to make a work about—the world will be in a comparison quite tranquil. But this is beside the mark," he added, with an effort, turning again from the window. "We are now under fire, Mr. Anne, as you soldiers would say, and it is high time we should prepare to go into action. He must not see you; that would be fatal. All that he knows at present is that you resemble him, and that is much more than enough. If it were possible, it would be well he should not know you were in the house."

"Quite impossible, depend upon it," said I. "Some of the servants are directly in his interests, perhaps in his pay: Dawson, for an example."

"My own idea!" cried Romaine. "And at least," he added, as the first of the chaises drew up with a dash in front of the portico, "it is now too late. Here he is."

We stood listening, with a strange anxiety, to the various noises that awoke in the silent house: the sound of doors opening and closing, the sound of feet near at hand and farther off. It was plain the arrival of my cousin was a matter of moment, almost of parade, to the household. And suddenly, out of this confused and distant bustle, a rapid and light tread became distinguishable. We heard it come upstairs, draw near along the corridor, pause at the door, and a stealthy and hasty rapping succeeded.

"Mr. Anne—Mr. Anne, sir! Let me in!" said the voice of Rowley.

We admitted the lad, and locked the door again behind him.

"It's *him*, sir," he panted. "He've come."

"You mean the viscount?" said I. "So we supposed. But come, Rowley—out with the rest of it! You have more to tell us, or your face belies you!"

"Mr. Anne, I do," he said. "Mr. Romaine, sir, you're a friend of his, ain't you?"

"Yes, George, I am a friend of his," said Romaine, and, to my great surprise, laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"Well, it's this way," said Rowley—"Mr. Powl have been at me! It's to play the spy! I thought he was at it from the first! From the first I see what he was after—coming round and round, and hinting things! But to-night he outs with it plump! I'm to let him hear all what you're to do beforehand, he says; and he

give me this for an arnest"—holding up half a guinea; "and I took it, so I did! Strike me sky-blue scarlet!" says he, adducing the words of the mock oath; and he looked askance at me as he did so.

I saw that he had forgotten himself, and that he knew it. The expression of his eye changed almost in the passing of the glance from the significant to the appealing—from the look of an accomplice to that of a culprit; and from that moment he became the model of a well-drilled valet.

"Sky-blue scarlet?" repeated the lawyer. "Is the fool delirious?"

"No," said I; "he is only reminding me of something."

"Well—and I believe the fellow will be faithful," said Romaine. "So you are a friend of Mr. Anne's, too?" he added to Rowley.

"If you please, sir," said Rowley.

"'Tis something sudden," observed Romaine; "but it may be genuine enough. I believe him to be honest. He comes of honest people. Well, George Rowley, you might embrace some early opportunity to earn that half-guinea, by telling Mr. Powl that your master will not leave here till noon to-morrow, if he go even then. Tell him there are a hundred things to be done here, and a hundred more that can only be done properly at my office in Holborn. Come to think of it—we had better see to that first of all," he went on, unlocking the door. "Get hold of Powl, and see. And be quick back, and clear me up this mess."

Mr. Rowley was no sooner gone than the lawyer took a pinch of snuff, and regarded me with somewhat of a more genial expression.

"Sir," said he, "it is very fortunate for you that your face is so strong a letter of recommendation. Here am I, a tough old practitioner, mixing myself up with your very distressing business; and here is this farmer's lad, who has the wit to take a bribe and the loyalty to come and tell you of it—all, I take it, on the strength of your appearance. I wish I could imagine how it would impress a jury!"

"And how it would affect the hangman, sir?" I asked.

"*Absit omen!*" said Mr. Romaine devoutly.

We were just so far in our talk when I heard a sound that brought my heart into my mouth: the sound of some one slyly trying the handle of the door. It had been preceded by no audible footstep. Since the departure of Rowley our wing of the house had been entirely silent. And we had every right to suppose ourselves alone, and to conclude that the newcomer, whoever he might be, was come on a clandestine, if not a hostile, errand.

"Who is there?" asked Romaine.

"It's only me, sir," said the soft voice of Dawson. "It's the viscount, sir. He is very desirous to speak with you on business."

"Tell him I shall come shortly, Dawson," said the lawyer. "I am at present engaged."

"Thank you, sir!" said Dawson.

And we heard his feet draw off slowly along the corridor.

"Yes," said Mr. Romaine, speaking low, and maintaining the attitude of one intently listening, "there is another foot. I cannot be deceived!"

"I think there was indeed!" said I. "And what troubles me—I am not sure that the other has gone entirely away. By the time it got the length of the head of the stair the tread was plainly single."

"Ahem—blockaded?" asked the lawyer.

"A siege *en règle!*" I exclaimed.

"Let us come farther from the door," said Romaine, "and reconsider this damnable position. Without doubt, Alain was this moment at the door. He hoped to enter and get a view of you, as if by accident. Baffled in this, has he stayed himself, or has he planted Dawson here by way of sentinel?"

"Himself, beyond a doubt," said I. "And yet to what end? He cannot think to pass the night there!"

"If it were only possible to pay no heed!" said Mr. Romaine. "But this is the accursed drawback of your position. We can do nothing openly. I must smuggle you out of this room and out of this house like seizable goods; and how am I to set about it with a sentinel planted at your very door?"

"There is no good in being agitated," said I.

"None at all," he acquiesced. "And, come to think of it, it is droll enough that I should have been that very moment commenting on your personal appearance when your cousin came upon this mission. I was saying, if you remember, that your face was as good or better than a letter of recommendation. I wonder if M. Alain would be like the rest of us—I wonder what he would think of it?"

Mr. Romaine was sitting in a chair by

the fire with his back to the windows, and I was myself kneeling on the hearthrug and beginning mechanically to pick up the scattered bills, when a honeyed voice joined suddenly in our conversation.

"He thinks well of it, Mr. Romaine. He begs to join himself to that circle of admirers which you indicate to exist already."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DEVIL AND ALL AT AMERSHAM PLACE.

NEVER did two human creatures get to their feet with more alacrity than the lawyer and myself. We had locked and barred the main gates of the citadel; but unhappily we had left open the bath-room sally-port; and here we found the voice of the hostile trumpets sounding from within, and all our defences taken in reverse. I took but the time to whisper Mr. Romaine in the ear: "Here is another tableau for you!" at which he looked at me a moment with a kind of pathos, as who should say, "Don't hit a man when he's down." Then I transferred my eyes to my enemy.

He had his hat on, a little on one side: it was a very tall hat, raked extremely, and had a narrow curling brim. His hair was all curled out in masses like an Italian mountebank—a most unpardonable fashion. He sported a huge tippeted overcoat of frieze, such as watchmen wear, only the inside was lined with costly furs, and he kept it half open to display the exquisite linen, the many-colored waistcoat, and the profuse jewelry of watch-chains and brooches underneath. The leg and the ankle were turned to a miracle. It is out of the question that I should deny the resemblance altogether, since it has been remarked by so many different persons whom I cannot reasonably accuse of a conspiracy. As a matter of fact, I saw little of it and confessed to nothing. Certainly he was what some might call handsome, of a pictorial, exuberant style of beauty, all attitude, profile, and impudence: a man whom I could see in fancy parade on the grand stand at a race-meeting, or swagger in Piccadilly, staring down the women, and stared at himself with admiration by the coal-porters. Of his frame of mind at that moment his face offered a lively if an unconscious picture. He was lividly pale, and his lip was caught up in a smile that could almost be called a snarl, of a sheer, arid malignity that appalled me and yet put me on my mettle for the encounter. He looked me up and down, then bowed and took off his hat to me.

"My cousin, I presume?" he said.

"I understand I have that honor," I replied.

"The honor is mine," said he, and his voice shook as he said it.

"I should make you welcome, I believe," said I.

"Why?" he inquired. "This poor house has been my home for longer than I care to claim. That you should already take upon yourself the duties of host here is to be at unnecessary pains. Believe me, that part would be more becomingly mine. And, by the way, I must not fail to offer you my little compliment. It is a gratifying surprise to meet you in the dress of a gentleman, and to see"—with a circular look upon the scattered bills—"that your necessities have already been so liberally relieved."

I bowed with a smile that was perhaps no less hateful than his own.

"There are so many necessities in this world," said I. "Charity has to choose. One gets relieved, and some other, no less indigent, perhaps indebted, must go wanting."

"Malice is an engaging trait," said he.

"And envy, I think?" was my reply. He must have felt that he was not getting wholly the better of this passage at arms; perhaps even feared that he should lose command of his temper, which he reined in throughout the interview as with a red-hot curb, for he flung away from me at the word, and addressed the lawyer with insulting arrogance.

"Mr. Romaine," he said, "since when have you presumed to give orders in this house?"

"I am not prepared to admit that I have given any," replied Romaine; "certainly none that did not fall in the sphere of my responsibilities."

"By whose orders, then, am I denied entrance to my uncle's room?" said my cousin.

"By the doctor's, sir," replied Romaine; "and I think even you will admit his faculty to give them."

"Have a care, sir," cried Alain. "Do not be puffed up with your position. It is none so secure, Master Attorney. I should not wonder in the least if you were struck off the rolls for this night's work, and the next I should see of you were when I flung you alms at a pothouse door

give me this for an arnest"—holding up half a guinea; "and I took it, so I did! Strike me sky-blue scarlet!" says he, adducing the words of the mock oath; and he looked askance at me as he did so.

I saw that he had forgotten himself, and that he knew it. The expression of his eye changed almost in the passing of the glance from the significant to the appealing—from the look of an accomplice to that of a culprit; and from that moment he became the model of a well-drilled valet.

"Sky-blue scarlet?" repeated the lawyer. "Is the fool delirious?"

"No," said I; "he is only reminding me of something."

"Well—and I believe the fellow will be faithful," said Romaine. "So you are a friend of Mr. Anne's, too?" he added to Rowley.

"If you please, sir," said Rowley.

"'Tis something sudden," observed Romaine; "but it may be genuine enough. I believe him to be honest. He comes of honest people. Well, George Rowley, you might embrace some early opportunity to earn that half-guinea, by telling Mr. Powl that your master will not leave here till noon to-morrow, if he go even then. Tell him there are a hundred things to be done here, and a hundred more that can only be done properly at my office in Holborn. Come to think of it—we had better see to that first of all," he went on, unlocking the door. "Get hold of Powl, and see. And be quick back, and clear me up this mess."

Mr. Rowley was no sooner gone than the lawyer took a pinch of snuff, and regarded me with somewhat of a more genial expression.

"Sir," said he, "it is very fortunate for you that your face is so strong a letter of recommendation. Here am I, a tough old practitioner, mixing myself up with your very distressing business; and here is this farmer's lad, who has the wit to take a bribe and the loyalty to come and tell you of it—all, I take it, on the strength of your appearance. I wish I could imagine how it would impress a jury!"

"And how it would affect the hangman, sir?" I asked.

"*Absit omen!*" said Mr. Romaine devoutly.

We were just so far in our talk when I heard a sound that brought my heart into my mouth: the sound of some one slyly trying the handle of the door. It had been preceded by no audible footstep. Since the departure of Rowley our wing of the house had been entirely silent. And we had every right to suppose ourselves alone, and to conclude that the newcomer, whoever he might be, was come on a clandestine, if not a hostile, errand.

"Who is there?" asked Romaine.

"It's only me, sir," said the soft voice of Dawson. "It's the viscount, sir. He is very desirous to speak with you on business."

"Tell him I shall come shortly, Dawson," said the lawyer. "I am at present engaged."

"Thank you, sir!" said Dawson.

And we heard his feet draw off slowly along the corridor.

"Yes," said Mr. Romaine, speaking low, and maintaining the attitude of one intently listening, "there is another foot. I cannot be deceived!"

"I think there was indeed!" said I. "And what troubles me—I am not sure that the other has gone entirely away. By the time it got the length of the head of the stair the tread was plainly single."

"Ahem—blockaded?" asked the lawyer.

"A siege *en règle!*" I exclaimed.

"Let us come farther from the door," said Romaine, "and reconsider this damnable position. Without doubt, Alain was this moment at the door. He hoped to enter and get a view of you, as if by accident. Baffled in this, has he stayed himself, or has he planted Dawson here by way of sentinel?"

"Himself, beyond a doubt," said I. "And yet to what end? He cannot think to pass the night there!"

"If it were only possible to pay no heed!" said Mr. Romaine. "But this is the accursed drawback of your position. We can do nothing openly. I must smuggle you out of this room and out of this house like seizable goods; and how am I to set about it with a sentinel planted at your very door?"

"There is no good in being agitated," said I.

"None at all," he acquiesced. "And, come to think of it, it is droll enough that I should have been that very moment commenting on your personal appearance when your cousin came upon this mission. I was saying, if you remember, that your face was as good or better than a letter of recommendation. I wonder if M. Alain would be like the rest of us—I wonder what he would think of it?"

Mr. Romaine was sitting in a chair by

the fire with his back to the windows, and I was myself kneeling on the hearthrug and beginning mechanically to pick up the scattered bills, when a honeyed voice joined suddenly in our conversation.

"He thinks well of it, Mr. Romaine. He begs to join himself to that circle of admirers which you indicate to exist already."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DEVIL AND ALL AT AMERSHAM PLACE.

NEVER did two human creatures get to their feet with more alacrity than the lawyer and myself. We had locked and barred the main gates of the citadel; but unhappily we had left open the bath-room sally-port; and here we found the voice of the hostile trumpets sounding from within, and all our defences taken in reverse. I took but the time to whisper Mr. Romaine in the ear: "Here is another tableau for you!" at which he looked at me a moment with a kind of pathos, as who should say, "Don't hit a man when he's down." Then I transferred my eyes to my enemy.

He had his hat on, a little on one side: it was a very tall hat, raked extremely, and had a narrow curling brim. His hair was all curled out in masses like an Italian mountebank—a most unpardonable fashion. He sported a huge tippeted overcoat of frieze, such as watchmen wear, only the inside was lined with costly furs, and he kept it half open to display the exquisite linen, the many-colored waistcoat, and the profuse jewelry of watch-chains and brooches underneath. The leg and the ankle were turned to a miracle. It is out of the question that I should deny the resemblance altogether, since it has been remarked by so many different persons whom I cannot reasonably accuse of a conspiracy. As a matter of fact, I saw little of it and confessed to nothing. Certainly he was what some might call handsome, of a pictorial, exuberant style of beauty, all attitude, profile, and impudence: a man whom I could see in fancy parade on the grand stand at a race-meeting, or swagger in Piccadilly, staring down the women, and stared at himself with admiration by the coal-porters. Of his frame of mind at that moment his face offered a lively if an unconscious picture. He was lividly pale, and his lip was caught up in a smile that could almost be called a snarl, of a sheer, arid malignity that appalled me and yet put me on my mettle for the encounter. He looked me up and down, then bowed and took off his hat to me.

"My cousin, I presume?" he said.

"I understand I have that honor," I replied.

"The honor is mine," said he, and his voice shook as he said it.

"I should make you welcome, I believe," said I.

"Why?" he inquired. "This poor house has been my home for longer than I care to claim. That you should already take upon yourself the duties of host here is to be at unnecessary pains. Believe me, that part would be more becomingly mine. And, by the way, I must not fail to offer you my little compliment. It is a gratifying surprise to meet you in the dress of a gentleman, and to see"—with a circular look upon the scattered bills—"that your necessities have already been so liberally relieved."

I bowed with a smile that was perhaps no less hateful than his own.

"There are so many necessities in this world," said I. "Charity has to choose. One gets relieved, and some other, no less indigent, perhaps indebted, must go wanting."

"Malice is an engaging trait," said he.

"And envy, I think?" was my reply. He must have felt that he was not getting wholly the better of this passage at arms; perhaps even feared that he should lose command of his temper, which he reined in throughout the interview as with a red-hot curb, for he flung away from me at the word, and addressed the lawyer with insulting arrogance.

"Mr. Romaine," he said, "since when have you presumed to give orders in this house?"

"I am not prepared to admit that I have given any," replied Romaine; "certainly none that did not fall in the sphere of my responsibilities."

"By whose orders, then, am I denied entrance to my uncle's room?" said my cousin.

"By the doctor's, sir," replied Romaine; "and I think even you will admit his faculty to give them."

"Have a care, sir," cried Alain. "Do not be puffed up with your position. It is none so secure, Master Attorney. I should not wonder in the least if you were struck off the rolls for this night's work, and the next I should see of you were when I flung you alms at a pothouse door

to mend your ragged elbows. The doctor's orders? But I believe I am not mistaken! You have to-night transacted business with the count; and this needy young gentleman has enjoyed the privilege of still another interview, in which (as I am pleased to see) his dignity has not prevented his doing very well for himself. I wonder that you should care to prevaricate with me so idly."

"I will confess so much," said Mr. Romaine, "if you call it prevarication. The order in question emanated from the count himself. He does not wish to see you."

"For which I must take the word of Mr. Daniel Romaine?" asked Alain.

"In default of any better," said Romaine.

There was an instantaneous convulsion in my cousin's face, and I distinctly heard him gnash his teeth at this reply; but, to my surprise, he resumed in tones of almost good-humor:

"Come, Mr. Romaine, do not let us be petty!" He drew in a chair and sat down. "Understand you have stolen a march upon me. You have introduced your soldier of Napoleon, and (how, I cannot conceive) he has been apparently accepted with favor. I ask no better proof than the funds with which I find him literally surrounded—I presume in consequence of some extravagance of joy at the first sight of so much money. The odds are so far in your favor, but the match is not yet won. Questions will arise of undue influence, of sequestration, and the like: I have my witnesses ready. I tell it you cynically, for you cannot profit by the knowledge; and, if the worst comes to the worst, I have good hopes of recovering my own and of ruining you."

"You do what you please," answered Romaine; "but I give it you for a piece of good advice, you had best do nothing in the matter. You will only make yourself ridiculous; you will only squander money, of which you have none too much, and reap public mortification."

"Ah, but there you make the common mistake, Mr. Romaine!" returned Alain. "You despise your adversary. Consider, if you please, how very disagreeable I could make myself, if I chose. Consider the position of your *protégé*—an escaped prisoner! But I play a great game. I contemn such petty opportunities."

At this Romaine and I exchanged a glance of triumph. It seemed manifest that Alain had as yet received no word of Clausel's recapture and denunciation. At the same moment the lawyer, thus relieved of the instancy of his fear, changed his tactics. With a great air of unconcern, he secured the newspaper, which still lay open before him on the table.

"I think, Monsieur Alain, that you labor under some illusion," said he. "Believe me, this is all beside the mark. You seem to be pointing to some compromise. Nothing is further from my views. You suspect me of an inclination to trifle with you, to conceal how things are going. I cannot, on the other hand, be too early or too explicit in giving you information which concerns you (I must say) capitally. Your great-uncle has to-night canceled his will, and made a new one in favor of your cousin Anne. Nay, and you shall hear it from his own lips, if you choose! I will take so much upon me," said the lawyer, rising. "Follow me, if you please, gentlemen."

Mr. Romaine led the way out of the room so briskly, and was so briskly followed by Alain, that I had hard ado to get the remainder of the money replaced and the despatch-box locked, and to overtake them, even by running, ere they should be lost in that maze of corridors, my uncle's house. As it was, I went with a heart divided, and the thought of my treasure thus left unprotected, save by a paltry lid and lock that any one might break or pick open, put me in a perspiration whenever I had the time to remember it. The lawyer brought us to a room, begged us to be seated while he should hold a consultation with the doctor, and, slipping out of another door, left Alain and myself closeted together.

Truly he had done nothing to ingratiate himself; his every word had been steeped in unfriendliness, envy, and that contempt which (as it is born of anger) it is possible to support without humiliation. On my part, I had been little more conciliating; and yet I began to be sorry for this man, hired spy as I knew him to be. It seemed to me less than decent that he should have been brought up in the expectation of this great inheritance, and now, at the eleventh hour, be tumbled forth out of the house door and left to himself, his poverty, and his debts—those debts of which I had so ungallantly reminded him so short a time before. And we were scarce left alone ere I made haste to hang out a flag of truce.

"My cousin," said I, "trust me, you will not find me inclined to be your enemy."

He paused in front of me—for he had not accepted the lawyer's invitation to be seated, but walked to and fro in the apartment—took a pinch of snuff, and looked at me while he was taking it with an air of much curiosity.

"Is it even so?" said he. "Am I so far favored by fortune as to have your pity? Infinitely obliged, my cousin Anne! But these sentiments are not always reciprocal, and I warn you that the day when I set my foot on your neck, the spine shall break. Are you acquainted with the properties of the spine?" he asked, with an insolence beyond qualification.

It was too much. "I am acquainted also with the properties of a pair of pistols," said I, toising him.

"No, no, no!" says he, holding up his finger. "I will take my revenge how and when I please. We are enough of the same family to understand each other, perhaps; and the reason why I have not had you arrested on your arrival, why I had not a picket of soldiers in the first clump of evergreens, to await and prevent your coming—I, who knew all, before whom that pettifogger, Romaine, has been conspiring in broad daylight to supplant me—is simply this: that I had not made up my mind how I was to take my revenge."

At that moment he was interrupted by the tolling of a bell. As we stood surprised and listening, it was succeeded by the sound of many feet trooping up the stairs and shuffling by the door of our room. Both, I believe, had a great curiosity to set it open, which each, owing to the presence of the other, resisted; and we waited instead in silence, and without moving, until Romaine returned and bade us to my uncle's presence.

He led the way by a little crooked passage, which brought us out in the sick-room and behind the bed. I believe I have forgotten to remark that the count's chamber was of considerable dimensions. We beheld it now crowded with the servants and dependants of the house, from the doctor and the priest to Mr. Dawson and the housekeeper, from Dawson down to Rowley and the last footman in white calves, the last plump chambermaid in her clean gown and cap, and the last ostler in a stable waistcoat. This large congregation of persons (and I was surprised to see how large it was) had the appearance, for the most part, of being ill at ease and heartily bewildered, standing on one foot, gasping like zanies, and those who were in the corners nudging each other and grinning aside. My uncle, on the other hand, who was raised higher than I had yet seen him on his pillows, wore an air of really imposing gravity. No sooner had we appeared behind him, than he lifted his voice to a good loudness, and addressed the assemblage.

"I take you all to witness—can you hear me?—I take you all to witness that I recognize as my heir and representative this gentleman, whom most of you see for the first time, the Viscount Anne de St.-Yves, my nephew of the younger line. And I take you to witness at the same time that, for very good reasons known to myself, I have discarded and disinherited this other gentleman whom you all know, the Viscount de St.-Yves. I have also to explain the unusual trouble to which I have put you all—and, since your supper was not over, I fear I may even say annoyance. It has pleased M. Alain to make some threats of disputing my will, and to pretend that there are among your number certain estimable persons who may be trusted to swear as he shall direct them. It pleases me thus to put it out of his power and to stop the mouths of his false witnesses. I am infinitely obliged by your politeness, and I have the honor to wish you all a very good evening."

As the servants, still greatly mystified, crowded out of the sick-room door, curtseying, pulling the forelock, scraping with the foot, and so on, according to their degree, I turned and stole a look at my cousin. He had borne this crushing public rebuke without change of countenance. He stood, now, very upright, with folded arms, and looking inscrutably at the roof of the apartment. I could not refuse him at that moment the tribute of my admiration. Still more so when, the last of the domestics having filed through the doorway and left us alone with my great-uncle and the lawyer, he took one step forward towards the bed, made a dignified reverence, and addressed the man who had just condemned him to ruin.

"My lord," said he, "you are pleased to treat me in a manner which my gratitude, and your state, equally forbid me to call in question. It will be only necessary for me to call your attention to the length of time in which I have been taught to regard myself as your heir. In that position, I judged it only loyal to permit myself a certain scale of expenditure. If I am now to be cut off with a shilling as the reward of twenty years of service, I shall be left not only a beggar, but a bankrupt."

Whether from the fatigue of his recent exertion, or by a well-inspired ingenuity of hate, my uncle had once more closed his eyes, nor did he open them now. "Not with a shilling," he contented himself with replying; and there stole, as he said it, a sort of smile over his face, that flickered there conspicuously for the least moment of time, and then faded and left behind the old impenetrable mask of years, cunning, and fatigue. There could be no mistake: my uncle enjoyed the situation as he had enjoyed few things in the last quarter of a century. The fires of life scarce survived in that frail body; but hatred, like some immortal quality, was still erect and unabated.

Nevertheless my cousin persevered.

"I speak at a disadvantage," he resumed. "My supplanter, with perhaps more wisdom than delicacy, remains in the room," and he cast a glance at me that might have withered an oak-tree.

I was only too willing to withdraw, and Romaine showed as much alacrity to make way for my departure. But my uncle was not to be moved. In the same breath of a voice, and still without opening his eyes, he bade me remain.

"It is well," said Alain. "I cannot then go on to remind you of the twenty years that have passed over our heads in England, and the services I may have rendered you in that time. It would be a position too odious. Your lordship knows me too well to suppose that I could stoop to such ignominy. I must leave out all my defence—your lordship wills it so! I do not know what are my faults; I know only my punishment, and it is greater than I have the courage to face. My uncle, I implore your pity: pardon me so far; do not send me for life into a debtors' jail—a pauper debtor."

"*Chat et vieux, pardonner?*" said my uncle, quoting from La Fontaine; and then opening a pale-blue eye full on Alain, he delivered with some emphasis:

> "La jeunesse se flatte et croit tout obtenir ;
> La vieillesse est impitoyable."

The blood leaped darkly into Alain's face. He turned to Romaine and me, and his eyes flashed.

"It is your turn now," he said. "At least it shall be prison for prison with the two viscounts."

"Not so, Mr. Alain, by your leave," said Romaine. "There are a few formalities to be considered first."

But Alain was already striding towards the door.

"Stop a moment, stop a moment!" cried Romaine. "Remember your own counsel not to despise an adversary."

Alain turned.

"If I do not despise, I hate you!" he cried, giving a loose rein to his passion. "Be warned of that, both of you."

"I understand you to threaten Monsieur le Vicomte Anne," said the lawyer. "Do you know, I would not do that. I am afraid, I am very much afraid, if you were to do as you propose, you might drive me into extremes."

"You have made me a beggar and a bankrupt," said Alain. "What extreme is left?"

"I scarce like to put a name upon it in this company," replied Romaine. "But there are worse things than even bankruptcy, and worse places than a debtors' jail."

The words were so significantly said that there went a visible thrill through Alain; sudden as a sword-stroke, he fell pale again.

"I do not understand you," said he.

"Oh, yes, you do," returned Romaine. "I believe you understand me very well. You must not suppose that all this time, while you were so very busy, others were entirely idle. You must not fancy, because I am an Englishman, that I have not the intelligence to pursue an inquiry. Great as is my regard for the honor of your house, M. Alain de St.-Yves, if I hear of you moving directly or indirectly in this matter, I shall do my duty, let it cost what it will: that is, I shall communicate the real name of the Buonapartist spy who signs his letters *Rue Grégoire de Tours.*"

I confess my heart was already almost altogether on the side of my insulted and unhappy cousin; and if it had not been before, it must have been so now, so horrid was the shock with which he heard his infamy exposed. Speech was denied him; he carried his hand to his neckcloth; he staggered; I thought he must have fallen. I ran to help him, and at that he revived, recoiled before me, and stood there with arms stretched forth as if to preserve himself from the outrage of my touch.

"Hands off!" he somehow managed to articulate.

"You will now, I hope," pursued the lawyer, without any change of voice, "understand the position in which you are placed, and how delicately it behooves

you to conduct yourself. Your arrest hangs, if I may so express myself, by a hair, and as you will be under the perpetual vigilance of myself and my agents, you must look to it narrowly that you walk straight. Upon the least dubiety, I will take action." He snuffed, looking critically at the tortured man. "And now let me remind you that your chaise is at the door. This interview is agitating to his lordship—it cannot be agreeable for you—and I suggest that it need not be further drawn out. It does not enter into the views of your uncle, the count, that you should again sleep under this roof."

As Alain turned and passed without a word or a sign from the apartment, I instantly followed. I suppose I must be at bottom possessed of some humanity; at least, this accumulated torture, this slow butchery of a man as by quarters of rock, had wholly changed my sympathies. At that moment I loathed both my uncle and the lawyer for their cold-blooded cruelty.

Leaning over the banisters, I was but in time to hear his hasty footsteps in that hall that had been crowded with servants to honor his coming and was now left empty against his friendless departure. A moment later, and the echoes rang and the air whistled in my ears, as he slammed the door on his departing footsteps. The fury of the concussion gave me (had one been still wanted) a measure of the turmoil of his passions. In a sense, I felt with him; I felt how he would have gloried to slam that door on my uncle, the lawyer, myself, and the whole crowd of those who had been witnesses to his humiliation.

CHAPTER XX.

AFTER THE STORM.

No sooner was the house clear of my cousin, than I began to reckon up, ruefully enough, the probable results of what had passed. Here were a number of pots broken, and it looked to me as if I should have to pay for all! Here had been this proud, mad beast goaded and baited both publicly and privately, till he could neither hear nor see nor reason; whereupon the gate had been set open, and he had been left free to go and contrive whatever vengeance he might find possible. I could not help thinking it was a pity that, whenever I myself was inclined to be upon my good behavior, some friends of mine should always determine to play a piece of heroics and cast me for the hero—or the victim—which is very much the same. The first duty of heroics is to be of your own choosing. When they are not that, they are nothing. And I assure you, as I walked back to my own room, I was in no very complaisant humor; thought my uncle and Mr. Romaine to have played knuckle-bones with my life and prospects; cursed them for it roundly; had no wish more urgent than to avoid the pair of them; and was quite knocked out of time, as they say in the ring, to find myself confronted with the lawyer.

He stood on my hearthrug, leaning on the chimney-piece, with a gloomy, thoughtful brow, as I was pleased to see, and not in the least as though he were vain of the late proceedings.

"Well?" said I. "You have done it, now!"

"Is he gone?" he asked.

"He is gone," said I. "We shall have the devil to pay with him when he comes back."

"You are right," said the lawyer, "and very little to pay him with but flams and fabrications, like to-night's."

"To-night's?" I repeated.

"Ay, to-night's!" said he.

"To-night's *what?*" I cried.

"To-night's flams and fabrications."

"God be good to me, sir," said I, "have I something more to admire in your conduct than ever *I* had suspected? You cannot think how you interest me! That it was severe, I knew; I had already chuckled over that. But that it should be false also! In what sense, dear sir?"

I believe I was extremely offensive as I put the question, but the lawyer paid no heed.

"False in all senses of the word," he replied seriously. "False in the sense that they were not true, and false in the sense that they were not real; false in the sense that I boasted, and in the sense that I lied. How can I arrest him? Your uncle burned the papers! It was an act of generosity; I have seen many of these acts, and always regretted—always regretted! 'That shall be his inheritance,' he said, as the papers burned; he did not mean that it should have proved so rich a one. How rich, time will tell."

"I beg your pardon a hundred thousand times, my dear sir, but it strikes me you have the impudence—in the circumstances, I may call it the indecency—to appear cast down?"

"It is true," said he; "I am. I am

cast down. I am literally cast down. I feel myself quite helpless against your cousin."

"Now, really!" I asked. "Is this serious? And is it perhaps the reason why you have gorged the poor devil with every species of insult? and why you took such surprising pains to supply me with what I had so little need of—another enemy? That you were helpless against him? 'Here is my last missile,' say you; 'my ammunition is quite exhausted: just wait till I get the last in—it will irritate, it cannot hurt him. There—you see!—he is furious now, and I am quite helpless. One more prod, another kick: now he is a mere lunatic! Stand behind me; I am quite helpless!' Mr. Romaine, I am asking myself as to the background or motive of this singular jest, and whether the name of it should not be called treachery?"

"I can scarce wonder," said he. "In truth it has been a singular business, and we are very fortunate to be out of it so well. Yet it was not treachery: no, no, Mr. Anne, it was not treachery; and if you will do me the favor to listen to me for the inside of a minute, I shall demonstrate the same to you beyond cavil." He seemed to wake up to his ordinary briskness. "You see the point?" he began. "He had not yet read the newspaper, but who could tell when he might? He might have had that tell-tale journal in his pocket, and how should we know? We were—I may say, we are—at the mercy of the merest twopenny accident."

"Why, true," said I; "I had not thought of that."

"I warrant you," cried Romaine, "you had supposed it was nothing to be the hero of an interesting notice in the journals! You had supposed, as like as not, it was a form of secrecy! But not so in the least. A part of England is already buzzing with the name of Champdivers; a day or two more and the mail will have carried it everywhere: so wonderful a machine is this of ours for disseminating intelligence! Think of it! When my father was born—but that is another story. To return: we had here the elements of such a combustion as I dread to think of—your cousin and the journal. Let him but glance an eye upon that column of print, and where were we? It is easy to ask; not so easy to answer, my young friend. And let me tell you, this sheet is the Viscount's usual reading. It is my conviction he had it in his pocket."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said I. "I have been unjust. I did not appreciate my danger."

"I think you never do," said he.

"But yet surely that public scene—" I began.

"It was madness. I quite agree with you," Mr. Romaine interrupted. "But it was your uncle's orders, Mr. Anne, and what could I do? Tell him you were the murderer of Goguelat? I think not."

"No, sure!" said I. "That would but have been to make the trouble thicker. We were certainly in a very ill posture."

"You do not yet appreciate how grave it was," he replied. "It was necessary for you that your cousin should go, and go at once. You yourself had to leave tonight under cover of darkness, and how could you have done that with the viscount in the next room? He must go, then; he must leave without delay. And that was the difficulty."

"Pardon me, Mr. Romaine, but could not my uncle have bidden him go?" I asked.

"Why, I see I must tell you that this is not so simple as it sounds," he replied. "You say this is your uncle's house, and so it is. But to all effects and purposes it is your cousin's also. He has rooms here; has had them coming on for thirty years now, and they are filled with a prodigious accumulation of trash—stays, I daresay, and powder-puffs, and such effeminate idiocy—to which none could dispute his title, even suppose any one wanted to. We had a perfect right to bid him go, and he had a perfect right to reply, 'Yes, I will go, but not without my stays and cravats. I must first get together the nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine chestsful of insufferable rubbish that I have spent the last thirty years collecting—and may very well spend the next thirty hours a-packing of.' And what should we have said to that?"

"By way of repartee?" I asked. "Two tall footmen and a pair of crabtree cudgels, I suggest."

"Heaven deliver us from the wisdom of laymen!" cried Romaine. "Put myself in the wrong at the beginning of a lawsuit? No, indeed! There was but one thing to do, and I did it, and burned my last cartridge in the doing of it. I stunned him. And it gave us three hours, by which we should make haste to profit; for if there is one thing sure, it is that he will be up to time again, to-morrow in the morning."

"Well," said I, "I own myself an idiot.

Well do they say, *an old soldier, an old innocent!* For I guessed nothing of all this."

"And, guessing it, have you the same objections to leave England?" he inquired.

"The same," said I.

"It is indispensable," he objected.

"And it cannot be," I replied. "Reason has nothing to say in the matter; and I must not let you squander any of yours. It will be enough to tell you this is an affair of the heart."

"Is it even so?" quoth Romaine, nodding his head. "And I might have been sure of it. Place them in a hospital, put them in a jail in yellow overalls, do what you will, young Jessamy finds young Jenny. Oh, have it your own way; I am too old a hand to argue with young gentlemen who choose to fancy themselves in love; I have too much experience, thank you. Only, be sure that you appreciate what you risk: the prison, the dock, the gallows, and the halter—terribly vulgar circumstances, my young friend; grim, sordid, earnest; no poetry in that!"

"And there I am warned," I returned gaily. "No man could be warned more finely or with a greater eloquence. And I am of the same opinion still. Until I have again seen that lady, nothing shall induce me to quit Great Britain. I have besides—"

And here I came to a full stop. It was upon my tongue to have told him the story of the drovers, but at the first word of it my voice died in my throat. There might be a limit to the lawyer's toleration, I reflected. I had not been so long in Britain altogether; for the most part of that time I had been by the heels in limbo in Edinburgh Castle; and already I had confessed to killing one man with a pair of scissors; and now I was to go on and plead guilty to having settled another with a holly stick! A wave of discretion went over me as cold and as deep as the sea.

"In short, sir, this is a matter of feeling," I concluded, "and nothing will prevent my going to Edinburgh."

If I had fired a pistol in his ear he could not have been more startled.

"To Edinburgh?" he repeated. "Edinburgh? where the very paving-stones know you?"

"Then is the murder out!" said I. "But, Mr. Romaine, is there not sometimes safety in boldness? Is it not a commonplace of strategy to get where the enemy least expects you? And where would he expect me less?"

"Faith, there is something in that, too!" cried the lawyer. "Ay, certainly, a great deal in that. All the witnesses drowned but one, and he safe in prison; you yourself changed beyond recognition—let us hope—and walking the streets of the very town you have illustrated by your—well, your eccentricity! It is not badly combined, indeed!"

"You approve it, then?" said I.

"Oh, approve!" said he; "there is no question of approval. There is only one course which I could approve, and that were to escape to France instanter."

"You do not wholly disapprove, at least?" I substituted.

"Not wholly; and it would not matter if I did," he replied. "Go your own way; you are beyond argument. And I am not sure that you will run more danger by that course than by any other. Give the servants time to get to bed and fall asleep, then take a country cross-road, and walk, as the rhyme has it, like blazes all night. In the morning take a chaise or take the mail at pleasure, and continue your journey with all the decorum and reserve of which you shall be found capable."

"I am taking the picture in," I said. "Give me time. 'Tis the *tout ensemble* I must see: the whole as opposed to the details."

"Mountebank!" he murmured.

"Yes, I have it now; and I see myself with a servant, and that servant is Rowley," said I.

"So as to have one more link with your uncle?" suggested the lawyer. "Very judicious!"

"And, pardon me, but that is what it is," I exclaimed. "Judicious is the word. I am not making a deception fit to last for thirty years; I do not found a palace in the living granite for the night. This is a shelter-tent—a flying picture—seen, admired, and gone again in the wink of an eye. What is wanted, in short, is a *trompe-l'œil* that shall be good enough for twelve hours at an inn: is it not so?"

"It is, and the objection holds. Rowley is but another danger," said Romaine.

"Rowley," said I, "will pass as a servant from a distance—as a creature seen poised on the dicky of a bowling chaise. He will pass at hand as the smart, civil fellow one meets in the inn corridor, and looks back at, and asks, and is told, 'Gentleman's servant in Number 4.' He will pass, in fact, all round, except with his personal friends! My dear sir, pray what

do you expect? Of course, if we meet my cousin, or if we meet anybody who took part in the judicious exhibition of this evening, we are lost; and who's denying it? To every disguise, however good and safe, there is always the weak point; you must always take (let us say—and to take a simile from your own waistcoat pocket) a snuff-boxful of risk. You'll get it just as small with Rowley as with anybody else. And the long and short of it is, the lad's honest, he likes me, I trust him; he is my servant, or nobody."

"He might not accept," said Romaine.

"I'll bet you a thousand pounds he does!" cried I. "But no matter; all you have to do is to send him out to-night on this cross-country business, and leave the thing to me. I tell you, he will be my servant, and I tell you, he will do well."

I had crossed the room, and was already overhauling my wardrobe as I spoke.

"Well," concluded the lawyer, with a shrug, "one risk with another: *à la guerre comme à la guerre*, as you would say. Let the brat come and be useful, at least."

And he was about to ring the bell, when his eye was caught by my researches in the wardrobe. "Do not fall in love with these coats, waistcoats, cravats, and other panoply and accoutrements by which you are now surrounded. You must not run the post as a dandy. It is not the fashion, even."

"You are pleased to be facetious, sir," said I; "and not according to knowledge. These clothes are my life, they are my disguise; and since I can take but few of them, I were a fool indeed if I selected hastily! Will you understand, once and for all, what I am seeking? To be invisible, is the first point; the second, to be invisible in a post-chaise and with a servant. Can you not perceive the delicacy of the quest? Nothing must be too coarse, nothing too fine; *rien de voyant, rien qui détonne;* so that I may leave everywhere the inconspicuous image of a handsome young man of a good fortune traveling in proper style, whom the landlord will forget in twelve hours—and the chambermaid perhaps remember, God bless her! with a sigh. This is the very fine art of dress."

"I have practiced it with success for fifty years," said Romaine, with a chuckle. "A black suit and a clean shirt is my infallible recipe."

"You surprise me; I did not think you would be shallow!" said I, lingering between two coats. "Pray, Mr. Romaine, have I your head? or did you travel post and with a smartish servant?"

"Neither, I admit," said he.

"Which changes the whole problem," I continued. "I have to dress for a smartish servant and a Russia-leather despatch-box." That brought me to a stand. I came over and looked at the box with a moment's hesitation. "Yes," I resumed. "Yes, and for the despatch-box! It looks moneyed and landed; it means I have a lawyer. It is an invaluable property. But I could have wished it to hold less money. The responsibility is crushing. Should I not do more wisely to take five hundred pounds, and entrust the remainder with you, Mr. Romaine?"

"If you are sure you will not want it," answered Romaine.

"I am far from sure of that," cried I. "In the first place, as a philosopher. This is the first time I have been at the head of a large sum, and it is conceivable—who knows himself?—that I may make it fly. In the second place, as a fugitive. Who knows what I may need? The whole of it may be inadequate. But I can always write for more."

"You do not understand," he replied. "I break off all communication with you here and now. You must give me a power of attorney ere you start to-night, and then be done with me trenchantly until better days."

I believe I offered some objection.

"Think a little for once of me!" said Romaine. "I must not have seen you before to-night. To-night we are to have had our only interview, and you are to have given me the power; and to-night I am to have lost sight of you again—I know not whither, you were upon business, it was none of my affairs to question you! And this, you are to remark, in the interests of your own safety much more than mine."

"I am not even to write to you?" I said, a little bewildered.

"I believe I am cutting the last strand that connects you with common sense," he replied. "But that is the plain English of it. You are not even to write; and if you did, I would not answer."

"A letter, however—" I began.

"Listen to me," interrupted Romaine. "So soon as your cousin reads the paragraph, what will he do? Put the police upon looking into my correspondence! So soon as you write to me, in short, you write to Bow Street; and if you will take

my advice, you will date that letter from France."

"Too bad!" said I, for I began suddenly to see that this might put me out of the way of my business.

"What is it now?" says he.

"There will be more to be done, then, before we can part," I answered.

"I give you the whole night," said he. "So long as you are off ere daybreak, I am content."

"In short, Mr. Romaine," said I, "I have had so much benefit of your advice and services that I am loath to sever the connection and would even ask a substitute. I would be obliged for a letter of introduction to one of your own cloth in Edinburgh—an old man for choice, very experienced, very respectable, and very secret. Could you favor me with such a letter?"

"Why, no," said he. "Certainly not. I will do no such thing, indeed."

"It would be a great favor, sir," I pleaded.

"It would be an unpardonable blunder," he replied. "What? Give you a letter of introduction? and when the police come, I suppose, I must forget the circumstance? No, indeed. Talk of it no more."

"You seem to be always in the right," said I. "The letter would be out of the question; I quite see that. But the lawyer's name might very well have dropped from you in the way of conversation; having heard him mentioned, I might profit by the circumstance to introduce myself; and in this way my business would be the better done, and you not in the least compromised."

"What is this business?" said Romaine.

"I have not said that I had any," I replied. "It might arise. This is only a possibility that I must keep in view."

"Well," said he, with a gesture of the hands, "I mention Mr. Robie; and let that be the end of it!—Or wait!" he added. "I have it. Here is something that will serve you for an introduction, and cannot compromise me." And he wrote his name and the Edinburgh lawyer's address on a piece of card, and tossed it to me.

CHAPTER XXI.

I BECOME THE OWNER OF A CLARET-COLORED CHAISE.

WHAT with packing, signing papers, and partaking of an excellent cold supper in the lawyer's room, it was past two in the morning before we were ready for the road. Romaine himself let us out of a window in a part of the house known to Rowley; it appears it served as a kind of postern to the servants' hall, by which (when they were in the mind for a clandestine evening) they would come regularly in and out; and I remember very well the vinegar aspect of the lawyer on the receipt of this piece of information—how he pursed his lips, jutted his eyebrows, and kept repeating, "This must be seen to; indeed! this shall be barred tomorrow in the morning!" In this preoccupation, I believe he took leave of me without observing it; our things were handed out; we heard the window shut behind us; and became instantly lost in a horrid intricacy of blackness and the shadow of woods.

A little wet snow kept sleepily falling, pausing, and falling again; it seemed perpetually beginning to snow and perpetually leaving off; and the darkness was intense. Time and again we walked into trees; time and again found ourselves adrift among garden borders or stuck like a ram in the thicket. Rowley had possessed himself of the matches, and he was neither to be terrified nor softened. "No, I will not, Mr. Anne, sir," he would reply. "You know he tell me to wait till we were over the 'ill. It's only a little way now. Why, and I thought you was a soldier, too!" I was at least a very glad soldier when my valet consented at last to kindle a thieves' match. From this we easily lit the lantern; and thence forward, through a labyrinth of woodland paths, were conducted by its uneasy glimmer. Both booted and great-coated, with tall hats much of a shape, and laden with booty in the form of the despatch-box, a case of pistols, and two plump valises, I thought we had very much the look of a pair of brothers returning from the sack of Amersham Place.

We issued at last upon a country by-road where we might walk abreast and without precaution. It was nine miles to Aylesbury, our immediate destination; by a watch which formed part of my new outfit it should be about half-past three in the morning; and as we did not choose to arrive before daylight, time could not be said to press. I gave the order to march at ease.

"Now, Rowley," said I, "so far so good. You have come, in the most obliging manner in the world, to carry these

valises. The question is, what next? What are we to do at Aylesbury? or, more particularly, what are you? Thence, I go on a journey. Are you to accompany me?"

He gave a little chuckle. "That's all settled already, Mr. Anne, sir," he replied. "Why, I've got my things here in the valise—a half a dozen shirts and what not; I'm all ready, sir: just you lead on; *you'll* see."

"You have!" said I. "You made pretty sure of your welcome."

"If you please, sir," said Rowley.

He looked up at me, in the light of the lantern, with a boyish shyness and triumph that awoke my conscience. I could never let this innocent involve himself in the perils and difficulties that beset my course without some hint of warning, which it was a matter of extreme delicacy to make plain enough and not too plain.

"No, no," said I; "you may think you have made a choice, but it was blindfold, and you must make it over again. The count's service is a good one; what are you leaving it for? Are you not throwing away the substance for the shadow? No, do not answer me yet. You imagine that I am a prosperous nobleman, just declared my uncle's heir, on the threshold of the best of good fortune, and from the point of view of a judicious servant, a jewel of a master to serve and stick to? Well, my boy, I am nothing of the kind, nothing of the kind."

As I said the words, I came to a full stop and held up the lantern to his face. He stood before me, brilliantly illuminated on the background of impenetrable night and falling snow, stricken to stone between his double burden like an ass between two panniers, and gaping at me like a blunderbuss. I had never seen a face so predestined to be astonished or so susceptible of rendering the emotion of surprise; and it tempted me as an open piano tempts the musician.

"Nothing of the sort, Rowley," I continued, in a churchyard voice. "These are appearances, pretty appearances. I am in peril, homeless, hunted. I count scarce any one in England who is not my enemy. From this hour I drop my name, my title; I become nameless; my name is proscribed. My liberty, my life, hang by a hair. The destiny which you will accept, if you go forth with me, is to be tracked by spies, to hide yourself under a false name, to follow the desperate pretences and perhaps share the fate of a murderer with a price upon his head."

His face had been hitherto beyond expectation, passing from one depth to another of tragic astonishment, and really worth paying to see; but at this, it suddenly cleared. "Oh, I ain't afraid!" he said; and then, choking into laughter, "Why, I see it from the first!"

I could have beaten him. But I had so grossly overshot the mark that I suppose it took me two good miles of road and half an hour of elocution to persuade him I had been in earnest. In the course of which, I became so interested in demonstrating my present danger that I forgot all about my future safety, and not only told him the story of Goguelat, but threw in the business of the drovers as well, and ended by blurting out that I was a soldier of Napoleon's and a prisoner of war.

This was far from my views when I began; and it is a common complaint of me that I have a long tongue. I believe it is a fault beloved by fortune. Which of you considerate fellows would have done a thing at once so foolhardy and so wise as to make a confidant of a boy in his 'teens and positively smelling of the nursery? And when had I cause to repent it? There is none so apt as a boy to be the adviser of any man in difficulties such as mine. To the beginnings of virile common sense he adds the last lights of the child's imagination; and he can fling himself into business with that superior earnestness that properly belongs to play. And Rowley was a boy made to my hand. He had a high sense of romance and a secret cultus for all soldiers and criminals. His traveling library consisted of a chap-book life of Wallace and some sixpenny parts of the "Old Bailey Sessions Papers" by Gurney, the shorthand writer; and the choice depicts his character to a hair. You can imagine how his new prospects brightened on a boy of this disposition. To be the servant and companion of a fugitive, a soldier, and a murderer, rolled in one—to live by stratagems, disguises, and false names, in an atmosphere of midnight and mystery so thick that you could cut it with a knife—was really, I believe, more dear to him than his meals, though he was a great trencherman and something of a glutton besides. For myself, as the peg by which all this romantic business hung, I was simply idolized from that moment; and he would rather have sacrificed his hand than surrendered the privilege of serving me.

We arranged the terms of our campaign, trudging amicably in the snow, which now, with the approach of morning, began to fall to purpose. I chose the name of Ramornie, I imagine from its likeness to Romaine; Rowley, from an irresistible conversion of ideas, I dubbed Gammon. His distress was laughable to witness: his own choice of an unassuming nickname had been Claude Duval! We settled our procedure at the various inns where we should alight, rehearsed our little manners like a piece of drill until it seemed impossible we should ever be taken unprepared; and in all these dispositions you may be sure the despatch-box was not forgotten. Who was to pick it up, who was to set it down, who was to remain beside it, who was to sleep with it—there was no contingency omitted, all was gone into with the thoroughness of a drill-sergeant on the one hand and a child with a new plaything on the other.

"I say, wouldn't it look queer if you and me was to come to the post-house with all this luggage?" said Rowley.

"I daresay," I replied. "But what else is to be done?"

"Well, now, sir—you hear me," says Rowley. "I think it would look more natural-like if you was to come to the post-house alone and with nothing in your 'ands—more like a gentleman, you know. And you might say that your servant and baggage were a-waiting for you up the road. I think I could manage, somehow, to make a shift with all them dratted things—leastways if you was to give me a 'and up with them at the start."

"And I would see you far enough before I allowed you to try, Mr. Rowley!" I cried. "Why, you would be quite defenceless! A footpad that was an infant child could rob you. And I should probably come driving by to find you in a ditch with your throat cut. But there is something in your idea, for all that; and I propose we put it in execution no farther forward than the next corner of a lane."

Accordingly, instead of continuing to aim for Aylesbury, we headed by cross-roads for some point to the northward of it, whither I might assist Rowley with the baggage, and where I might leave him to await my return in the post-chaise.

It was snowing to purpose, the country all white, and ourselves walking snow-drifts, when the first glimmer of the morning showed us an inn upon the highway side. Some distance off, under the shelter of a corner of the road and a clump of trees, I loaded Rowley with the whole of our possessions, and watched him till he staggered in safety into the doors of the "Green Dragon," which was the sign of the house. Thence I walked briskly into Aylesbury, rejoicing in my freedom and the causeless good spirits that belong to a snowy morning; though, to be sure, long before I had arrived the snow had again ceased to fall and the eaves of Aylesbury were smoking in the level sun. There was an accumulation of gigs and chaises in the yard, and a great bustle going forward in the coffee-room and about the doors of the inn. At these evidences of so much travel on the road I was seized with misgiving lest it should be impossible to get horses and I should be detained in the precarious neighborhood of my cousin. Hungry as I was, I made my way first of all to the postmaster, where he stood—a big, athletic, horsey-looking man, blowing into a key in the corner of the yard.

On my making my modest request, he awoke from his indifference into what seemed passion.

"A po'-shay and 'osses!" he cried. "Do I look as if I 'ad a po'-shay and 'osses? Curse me, if I 'ave such a thing on the premises. I don't *make* 'osses and chaises—I '*ire* 'em. You might be"—and instantly, as if he had observed me for the first time, he broke off, and lowered his voice into the confidential. "Why, now that I see you are a gentleman," said he, "I'll tell you what! If you like to *buy*, I have the article to fit you. Second-'and shay by Lycett, of London. Latest style; good as new. Superior fittin's, net on the roof, baggage platform, pistol 'olsters—the most com-plete and the most gen-teel turnout I ever see! The 'ole for seventy-five pound! It's as good as givin' her away!"

"Do you propose that I should trundle it myself, like a hawker's barrow?" said I. "Why, my good man, if I have to stop here anyway, I should prefer to buy a house and garden!"

"Come and look at her!" he cried; and, with the word, links his arm in mine and carries me to the out-house where the chaise was on view.

It was just the sort of chaise that I had dreamed of for my purpose: eminently rich, inconspicuous, and genteel; for, though I thought the postmaster no great authority, I was bound to agree with him so far. The body was painted a dark claret, and the wheels an invisible green. The lamp and glasses were bright as sil-

ver; and the whole equipage had an air of privacy and reserve that seemed to repel inquiry and disarm suspicion. With a servant like Rowley and a chaise like this, I felt that I could go from the Land's End to John o' Groat's House amid a population of bowing ostlers. And I suppose I betrayed in my manner the degree in which the bargain tempted me.

"Come," cried the postmaster, "I'll make it seventy, to oblige a friend!"

"The point is: the horses," said I.

"Well," said he, consulting his watch, "it's now gone the 'alf after eight. What time do you want her at the door?"

"Horses and all?" said I.

"'Osses and all!" said he. "One good turn deserves another. You give me seventy pound for the shay, and I'll 'oss it for you. I told you I didn't *make* 'osses; but I *can* make 'em to oblige a friend."

What would you have? It was not the wisest thing in the world to buy a chaise within ten miles of my uncle's house; but in this way I got my horses for the next stage. And by any other, it appeared that I should have to wait. Accordingly, I paid the money down—perhaps twenty pounds too much, though it was certainly a well-made and well-appointed vehicle—ordered it round in half an hour, and proceeded to refresh myself with breakfast.

The table to which I sat down occupied the recess of a bay-window, and commanded a view of the front of the inn, where I continued to be amused by the successive departures of travelers—the fussy and the offhand, the niggardly and the lavish—all exhibiting their different characters in that diagnostic moment of the farewell: some escorted to the stirrup or the chaise door by the chamberlain, the chambermaids, and the waiters almost in a body; others moving off under a cloud, without human countenance. In the course of this I became interested in one for whom this ovation began to assume the proportions of a triumph; not only the under-servants, but the barmaid, the landlady, and my friend the postmaster himself, crowding about the steps to speed his departure. I was aware, at the same time, of a good deal of merriment, as though the traveler were a man of ready wit and not too dignified to air it in that society. I leaned forward with a lively curiosity; and the next moment I had blotted myself behind the teapot. The popular traveler had turned to wave a farewell; and behold! he was no other than my cousin Alain. It was a change of the sharpest from the angry, pallid man I had seen at Amersham. Ruddy to a fault, illuminated with vintages, crowned with his curls like Bacchus, he now stood before me for an instant, the perfect master of himself, smiling with airs of conscious popularity and insufferable condescension. He reminded me at once of a royal duke, of an actor turned a little elderly, and of a blatant bagman who should have been the illegitimate son of a gentleman. A moment after he was gliding noiselessly on the road to London.

I breathed again. I recognized, with heartfelt gratitude, how lucky I had been to go in by the stable-yard instead of the hostelry door, and what a fine occasion of meeting my cousin I had lost by the purchase of the claret-colored chaise! The next moment I remembered that there was a waiter present. No doubt but he must have observed me when I crouched behind the breakfast equipage; no doubt but what he must have commented on this unusual and undignified behavior; and it was essential that I should do something to remove the impression.

"Waiter!" said I, "that was the nephew of Count Carwell that just drove off, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir; Viscount Carwell we calls him," he replied.

"Ah, I thought as much," said I. "Well, well, curse all these Frenchmen, say I!"

"You may say so, indeed, sir," said the waiter. "They ain't not to say in the same field with our 'ome-raised gentry."

"Nasty tempers?" I suggested.

"Beas'ly temper, sir, the viscount 'ave," said the waiter with feeling. "Why, no longer agone than this morning, he was sitting breakfasting and reading in his paper. I suppose, sir, he come on some pilitical information, or it might be about 'orses, but he raps his 'and upon the table sudden and calls for curaçao. It gave me quite a turn, it did; he did it that sudden and 'ard. Now, sir, that may be manners in France, but hall I can say is, that I'm not used to it."

"Reading the paper, was he?" said I. "What paper, eh?"

"Here it is, sir," exclaimed the waiter. "Seems like as if he'd dropped it."

And picking it off the floor, he presented it to me.

I may say that I was quite prepared, that I already knew what to expect; but at sight of the cold print my heart stopped

beating. There it was: the fulfilment of Romaine's apprehension was before me; the paper was laid open at the capture of Clausel. I felt as if I could take a little curaçao myself, but on second thoughts called for brandy. It was badly wanted, and suddenly I observed the waiter's eyes to sparkle, as it were, with some recognition; made certain he had remarked the resemblance between me and Alain; and became aware—as by a revelation—of the fool's part I had been playing. For I had now managed to put my identification beyond a doubt, if Alain should choose to make his inquiries at Aylesbury; and, as if that were not enough, I had added, at an expense of seventy pounds, a clue by which he might follow me through the length and breadth of England in the shape of the claret-colored chaise! That elegant equipage (which I began to regard as little better than a claret-colored anteroom to the hangman's cart) coming presently to the door, I left my breakfast in the middle and departed; posting to the north as diligently as my cousin Alain was posting to the south, and putting my trust (such as it was) in an opposite direction and equal speed.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHARACTER AND ACQUIREMENTS OF MR. ROWLEY.

I AM not certain that I had ever really appreciated before that hour the extreme peril of the adventure on which I was embarked. The sight of my cousin, the look of his face—so handsome, so jovial at the first sight, and branded with so much malignity as you saw it on the second—with his hyperbolical curls in order, with his neckcloth tied as if for the conquests of love, setting forth (as I had no doubt in the world he was doing) to clap the Bow Street runners on my trail and cover England with handbills, each dangerous as a loaded musket, convinced me for the first time that the affair was no less serious than death. I believe it came to a near touch whether I should not turn the horses' heads at the next stage and make directly for the coast. But I was now in the position of a man who should have thrown his gage into the den of lions; or, better still, like one who should have quarreled overnight under the influence of wine, and now, at daylight, in a cold winter's morning, and humbly sober, must make good his words. It is not that I thought any the less, or any the less warmly, of Flora. But, as I smoked a grim cigar that morning in the corner of the chaise, no doubt I considered, in the first place, that the letter-post had been invented, and admitted privately to myself, in the second, that it would have been highly possible to write her on a piece of paper, seal it, and send it skimming by the mail, instead of going personally into these egregious dangers and through a country that I beheld crowded with gibbets and Bow Street officers. As for Sim and Candlish, I doubt if they crossed my mind.

At the Green Dragon Rowley was waiting on the doorsteps with the luggage, and really was bursting with unpalatable conversation.

"Who do you think we've 'ad 'ere, sir?" he began breathlessly, as the chaise drove off. "Red Breasts," and he nodded his head portentously.

"Red Breasts?" I repeated, for I stupidly did not understand at the moment an expression I had often heard.

"Ah!" said he. "Red weskits. Runners. Bow Street runners. Two on 'em, and one was Lavender himself! I hear the other say quite plain, 'Now, Mr. Lavender, *if* you're ready.' They was breakfasting as nigh me as I am to that postboy. They're all right; they ain't after us. It's a forger; and I didn't send them off on a false scent—oh, no! I thought there was no use in having them over our way; so I give them 'very valuable information,' Mr. Lavender said, and tipped me a tizzy for myself; and they're off to Luton. They showed me the 'andcuffs, too—the other one did—and he clicked the dratted thing on my wrist; and I tell you, I believe I nearly went off in a swound! There's something so beastly in the feel of them! Begging your pardon, Mr. Anne," he added, with one of his delicious changes from the character of the confidential schoolboy into that of the trained, respectful servant.

Well, I must not be proud. I cannot say I found the subject of handcuffs to my fancy; and it was with more asperity than was needful that I reproved him for the slip about the name.

"Yes, Mr. Ramornie," says he, touching his hat. "Begging your pardon, Mr. Ramornie. But I've been very piticular, sir, up to now; and you may trust me to be very piticular in the future. It were only a slip, sir."

"My good boy," said I, with the most imposing severity, "there must be no slips. Be so good as to remember that my life is at stake."

I did not embrace the occasion of telling him how many I had made myself. It is my principle that an officer must never be wrong. I have seen two divisions beating their brains out for a fortnight against a worthless and quite impregnable castle in a pass: I knew we were only doing it for discipline, because the general had said so at first and had not yet found any way out of his own words; and I highly admired his force of character, and throughout these operations thought my life exposed in a very good cause. With fools and children, which included Rowley, the necessity was even greater. I proposed to myself to be infallible; and even when he expressed some wonder at the purchase of the claret-colored chaise, I put him promptly in his place. In our situation, I told him, everything had to be sacrificed to appearances; doubtless, in a hired chaise, we should have had more freedom, but look at the dignity! I was so positive that I had sometimes almost convinced myself. Not for long, you may be certain! This detestable conveyance always appeared to me to be laden with Bow Street officers and to have a placard upon the back of it publishing my name and crimes. If I had paid seventy pounds to get the thing, I should not have stuck at seven hundred to be safely rid of it.

And if the chaise was a danger, what an anxiety was the despatch-box and its golden cargo! I had never had a care but to draw my pay and spend it; I had lived happily in the regiment, as in my father's house, fed by the great emperor's commissariat as by ubiquitous doves of Elijah—or, my faith! if anything went wrong with the commissariat, helping myself with the best grace in the world from the next peasant! And now I began to feel at the same time the burthen of riches and the fear of destitution. There were ten thousand pounds in the despatch-box, but I reckoned in French money, and had two hundred and fifty thousand agonies; I kept it under my hand all day, I dreamed of it at night. In the inns I was afraid to go to dinner and afraid to go to sleep. When I walked up a hill I durst not leave the doors of the claret-colored chaise. Sometimes I would change the disposition of the funds: there were days when I carried as much as five or six thousand pounds on my own person, and only the residue continued to voyage in the treasure-chest; days, when I bulked all over like my cousin, crackled to a touch with bank paper, and had my pockets weighed to bursting point with sovereigns. And there were other days, when I wearied of the thing—or grew ashamed of it—and put all the money back where it had come from: there let it take its chance, like better people! In short, I set Rowley a poor example of consistency, and, in philosophy, none at all.

Little he cared! All was one to him so long as he was amused, and I never knew any one amused more easily. He was thrillingly interested in life, travel, and his own melodramatic position. All day he would be looking from the chaise-windows with ebullitions of gratified curiosity that were sometimes justified and sometimes not, and that (taken altogether) it occasionally wearied me to be obliged to share. I can look at horses, and I can look at trees, too, although not fond of it. But why should I look at a lame horse or a tree that was like a letter Y? What exhilaration could I feel in viewing a cottage that was the same color as "the second from the miller's" in some place where I had never been and of which I had not previously heard? I am ashamed to complain, but there were moments when my juvenile and confidential friend weighed heavy on my hands. His cackle was indeed almost continuous, but it was never unamiable. He showed an amiable curiosity when he was asking questions, an amiable guilelessness when he was conferring information. And both he did largely. I am in a position to write the biographies of Mr. Rowley, Mr. Rowley's father and mother, his Aunt Eliza, and the miller's dog; and nothing but pity for the reader, and some misgivings as to the law of copyright, prevail on me to withhold them.

A general design to mold himself upon my example became early apparent, and I had not the heart to check it. He began to mimic my carriage, he acquired with servile accuracy a little manner I had of shrugging the shoulders, and I may say it was by observing it in him that I first discovered it in myself. One day it came out by chance that I was of the Catholic religion. He became plunged in thought, at which I was gently glad. Then suddenly:

"Odd-rabbit it! I'll be Catholic too!" he broke out. "You must teach me it, Mr. Anne—I mean, Ramornie."

I dissuaded him, alleging that he would find me very imperfectly informed as to

the grounds and doctrines of the church and that, after all, in the matter of religions, it was a very poor idea to change. "Of course, my church is the best," said I; "but that is not the reason why I belong to it: I belong to it because it was the faith of my house. I wish to take my chances with my own people, and so should you. If it is a question of going to hell, go to hell like a gentleman with your ancestors."

"Well, it wasn't that," he admitted. "I don't know that I was exactly thinking of hell. Then there's the inquisition, too. That's rather a cawker, you know."

"And I don't believe you were thinking of anything in the world," said I—which put a period to his respectable conversion.

He consoled himself by playing for a while on a cheap flageolet, which was one of his diversions, and to which I owed many intervals of peace. When he first produced it, in the joints, from his pocket, he had the duplicity to ask me if I played upon it. I answered no; and he put the instrument away with a sigh and the remark that he had thought I might. For some while he resisted the unspeakable temptation, his fingers visibly itching and twittering about his pocket, even his interest in the landscape and in sporadic anecdote entirely lost. Presently the pipe was in his hands again; he fitted, unfitted, refitted, and played upon it in dumb show for some time.

"I play it myself a little," says he.

"Do you?" said I, and yawned.

And then he broke down.

"Mr. Ramornie, if you please, would it disturb you, sir, if I was to play a chune?" he pleaded. And from that hour the tootling of the flageolet cheered our way.

He was particularly keen on the details of battles, single combats, incidents of scouting parties, and the like. These he would make haste to cap with some of the exploits of Wallace, the only hero with whom he had the least acquaintance. His enthusiasm was genuine and pretty. When he learned we were going to Scotland, "Well, then," he broke out, "I'll see where Wallace lived!" And presently after he fell to moralizing. "It's a strange thing, sir," he began, "that I seem somehow to have always the wrong sow by the ear. I'm English, after all, and I glory in it. My eye! don't I, though! Let some of your Frenchies come over here to invade, and you'll see whether or not! Oh, yes, I'm English to the backbone, I am. And yet look at me! I got hold of this 'ere William Wallace and took to him right off; I never heard of such a man before! And then you came along, and I took to you. And both the two of you were my born enemies! I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Ramornie, but would you mind it very much if you didn't go for to do anything against England"—he brought the word out suddenly, like something hot—"when I was along of you?"

I was more affected than I can tell.

"Rowley," I said, "you need have no fear. By how much I love my own honor, by so much I will take care to protect yours. We are but fraternizing at the outposts, as soldiers do. When the bugle calls, my boy, we must face each other, one for England, one for France, and may God defend the right!"

So I spoke at the moment; but, for all my brave airs, the boy had wounded me in a vital quarter. His words continued to ring in my hearing. There was no remission all day of my remorseful thoughts; and that night (which we lay at Lichfield, I believe) there was no sleep for me in my bed. I put out the candle and lay down with a good resolution, and in a moment all was light about me, like a theater, and I saw myself upon the stage of it, playing ignoble parts. I remembered France and my emperor, now depending on the arbitrament of war, bent down, fighting on their knees and with their teeth against so many and such various assailants. And I burned with shame to be here in England, cherishing an English fortune, pursuing an English mistress, and not there, to handle a musket in my native fields, and to manure them with my body if I fell. I remembered that I belonged to France. All my fathers had fought for her, and some had died. The voice in my throat, the sight of my eyes, the tears that now sprang there, the whole man of me, was fashioned of French earth and born of a French mother. I had been tended and caressed by a succession of the daughters of France, the fairest, the most ill-starred, and I had fought and conquered shoulder to shoulder with her sons. A soldier, a noble, of the proudest and the bravest race in Europe, it had been left to the prattle of a hobbledehoy lackey in an English chaise to recall me to the consciousness of duty.

When I saw how it was, I did not lose time in indecision. The old classical conflict of love and honor being once fairly before me, it did not cost me a thought.

I was a St.-Yves de Këroual; and I decided to strike off on the morrow for Wakefield and Burchell Fenn, and embark, as soon as it should be morally possible, for the succor of my downtrodden fatherland and my beleaguered emperor. Pursuant on this resolve, I leaped from bed, made a light, and as the watchman was crying half-past two in the dark streets of Lichfield, sat down to pen a letter of farewell to Flora. And then—whether it was the sudden chill of the night, whether it came by association of ideas from the remembrance of Swanston Cottage, I know not—but there appeared before me—to the barking of sheep-dogs—a couple of snuffy and shambling figures, each wrapped in a plaid, each armed with a rude staff; and I was immediately bowed down to have forgotten them so long and of late to have thought of them so cavalierly.

Sure enough there was my errand! As a private person I was neither French nor English; I was something else first: a loyal gentleman, an honest man. Sim and Candlish must not be left to pay the penalty of my unfortunate blow. They held my honor tacitly pledged to succor them; and it is a sort of stoical refinement entirely foreign to my nature to set the political obligation above the personal and private. If France fell in the interval for the lack of Anne de St.-Yves, fall she must! But I was both surprised and humiliated to have had so plain a duty bound upon me for so long—and for so long to have neglected and forgotten it. I think any brave man will understand me when I say that I went to bed and to sleep with a conscience very much relieved, and woke again in the morning with a light heart. The very danger of the enterprise reassured me: to save Sim and Candlish (suppose the worst to come to the worst) it would be necessary for me to declare myself in a court of justice, with consequences which I did not dare to dwell upon. It could never be said that I had chosen the cheap and the easy; only that in a very perplexing competition of duties I had risked my life for the most immediate.

We resumed the journey with more diligence: thenceforward posted day and night; did not halt beyond what was necessary for meals; and the postilions were excited by gratuities, after the habit of my cousin Alain. For twopence I could have gone further and taken four horses; so extreme was my haste, running as I was before the terrors of an awakened conscience. But I feared to be conspicuous. Even as it was, we attracted only too much attention, with our pair and that white elephant, the seventy pounds' worth of claret-colored chaise.

Meanwhile I was ashamed to look Rowley in the face. The young shaver had contrived to put me wholly in the wrong; he had cost me a night's rest and a severe and healthful humiliation, and I was grateful and embarrassed in his society. This would never do; it was contrary to all my ideas of discipline. If the officer has to blush before the private, or the master before the servant, nothing is left to hope for but discharge or death. I hit upon the idea of teaching him French, and, accordingly, from Lichfield, I became the distracted master and he the scholar—how shall I say? indefatigable, but uninspired. His interest never flagged. He would hear the same word twenty times with profound refreshment, mispronounce it in several different ways, and forget it again with magical celerity. Say it happened to be *stirrup*. "No, I don't seem to remember that word, Mr. Anne," he would say. "It don't seem to stick to me—that word don't." And then, when I had told it him again, "*Etrier!*" he would cry, "To be sure! I had it on the tip of my tongue. *Eterier!*" (going wrong already, as if by a fatal instinct). "What will I remember it by, now? Why, *interior*, to be sure! I'll remember it by its being something that ain't in the interior of a horse." And when next I had occasion to ask him the French for stirrup, it was a toss-up whether he had forgotten all about it or gave me *exterior* for an answer. He was never a hair discouraged. He seemed to consider that he was covering the ground at a normal rate. He came up smiling day after day. "Now, sir, shall we do our French?" he would say; and I would put questions, and elicit copious commentary and explanation, but never the shadow of an answer. My hands fell to my sides; I could have wept to hear him. When I reflected that he had as yet learned nothing and what a vast deal more there was for him to learn, the period of these lessons seemed to unroll before me vast as eternity, and I saw myself a teacher of a hundred, and Rowley a pupil of ninety, still hammering on the rudiments! The wretched boy, I should say, was quite unspoiled by the inevitable familiarities of the journey. He turned out at each stage the pink of serving-lads, deft, civil, prompt, attentive, touching his hat like an automaton, raising the status of Mr. Ramornie

in the eyes of all the inn by his smiling service, and seeming capable of anything in the world but the one thing I had chosen—learning French!

(To be continued.)

CAMPS OF GREEN.

By Walt Whitman.

Not alone those camps of white, old comrades of the wars,
When as order'd forward, after a long march,
Footsore and weary, soon as the light lessens we halt for the night,
Some of us so fatigued carrying the gun and knapsack, dropping asleep in our tracks,
Others pitching the little tents, and the fires lit up begin to sparkle,
Outposts of pickets posted surrounding alert through the dark,
And a word provided for countersign, careful for safety,
Till to the call of the drummers at daybreak loudly beating the drums,
We rise up refresh'd, the night and sleep pass'd over, and resume our journey,
Or proceed to battle.

Lo, the camps of the tents of green,
Which the days of peace keep filling, and the days of war keep filling,
With a mystic army, (is it too order'd forward? is it too only halting awhile,
Till night and sleep pass over?)

Now in those camps of green, in their tents dotting the world,
In the parents, children, husbands, wives, in them, in the old and young,
Sleeping under the sunlight, sleeping under the moonlight, content and silent there at last,
Behold the mighty bivouac-field and waiting-camp of all,
Of the corps and generals all, and the President over the corps and generals all,
And of each of us O soldiers, and of each and all in the ranks we fought,
(There without hatred we all, all meet).

For presently O soldiers, we too camp in our place in the bivouac-camps of green,
But we need not provide for outposts, nor word for the countersign,
Nor drummer to beat the morning drum.

From "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman.
By special permission. David McKay, Publisher, Philadelphia.

WHEN WERE THE GOSPELS WRITTEN?

THE EVIDENCE OF RECENT DISCOVERIES AND WHAT IT HAS DONE TOWARD ANSWERING THE QUESTION.

By F. G. Kenyon, M.A.,

Assistant in the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum.

AT the beginning of this century the question of the authenticity of the Gospels was one which, if mooted at all, was reserved for scholars and theologians. People in general might believe or disbelieve, on philosophical grounds, the story contained in them, but they rarely troubled themselves to examine the historical evidence on either side; and if scholars discussed it, their labors attracted as little public attention as if they were dealing with Homer or Tacitus. The present generation has seen a great change in this attitude. Articles in magazines; lectures in our public parks and halls; successful novels, such as "Robert Elsmere;" popular handbooks for and against Christianity, have familiarized most educated persons with the fact that there is and, for some time has been, an active controversy as to the historical character of the Gospels. Whether the knowledge of the general reader goes much deeper than this may be doubted, but it is a common practice with those who impugn the truth of the Christian story to speak as though the weight of independent and scholarly opinion were incontestably on their side; and since a novel or a magazine article seldom admits of more than a superficial handling of so large a subject, an impression that this assumption is true remains in the minds of many who have neither the leisure nor the training to test it for themselves. The citation of a string of German names of which the reader naturally knows nothing has an imposing effect, and may cover a plentiful want of argument. On the other hand, any argument on the opposite side, from a person holding office in the church, is discounted on the ground that the writer's opinion is unconsciously biased by his interests; as though German scholars did not depend for their professional advancement on making a name for themselves and could not do so most easily by the maintenance of novel and unorthodox opinions.

Under these circumstances it seems not unreasonable to try to state for the readers of a popular magazine, who are not specialists, the general course and drift of criticism upon this subject during the present generation, which will show how far such assumptions as those which have just been mentioned are justified. The best test of a theory is to see how it has borne the ordeal of time—how researches and discoveries since the time of its promulgation have affected it; whether it still holds its own, or has suffered much change and modification. It is so that we judge of the Copernican theory of the universe, the Newtonian theory of gravitation, the Darwinian theory of evolution; and it is a fair test to apply also to the theories that have been propounded with respect to the origin and authenticity of the Gospels. No one will question the vital importance of the problem. Our life and society, our highest hopes and aspirations in this nineteenth century, are bound up with the truth of those events which the Gospels relate as having happened in the generation from which our era is dated.

THE HISTORICAL CHARACTER OF THE FOUR GOSPELS.

The life of Christ is the center alike of our history in the past and our hopes for the future; and our knowledge of it rests mainly upon the evidence of the four Gospels. If they can be shown to be unhistorical, there is little left out of which the story of that life can be put together. It is upon this issue that the controversy of the present generation turns and with which we are now concerned. Let us see, then, upon what grounds we believe them to be historical and on what lines the attack upon their authenticity has been based.

The proof is twofold. On the one hand, the language, the composition, the statements of the books themselves can be examined and tested. We can see

whether their point of view is such as would be natural at the time when they profess to have been written, or whether there are allusions to events or opinions of a later period. The positions of the Jewish people and of the Christian community changed so rapidly, new opinions sprang up and colored the thoughts and language of men so strongly, that it would be almost impossible for a writer to avoid betraying himself if he tried to throw himself back to a date two or three generations before his own. Evidence of this character is known as internal evidence, and it plays an important part in the controversy concerning the authenticity of the Gospels. But it does not stand alone. There is also what is called external evidence, or proofs which can be drawn from the writings of other authors who lived at or soon after the date at which the Gospels are supposed to have been composed. Either from direct statements in such works, or from the presence or absence in them of quotations from the Gospels, we can derive proofs of the existence or non-existence of the Gospels at the time when these works were written. It is to evidence of this class that the test of which I have spoken can be applied. The critics who first questioned the authenticity of the Gospels upon historical grounds had the books before them, and knew what they had to meet in the way of internal evidence; but fresh external evidence has been brought to light from time to time of which they had no knowledge. Here, then, we have a new and independent test by which their theories can be judged. It is because a considerable amount of such fresh evidence has been recently brought to light that it seems opportune to try to gather up its results and to show what has been its bearing upon the general controversy. If the original attack upon the Gospels has broken down or has been seriously discredited by this test, we shall have the right to look with great suspicion on the conclusions of critics who continue to use the same methods.

BAUR AND HIS SCHOOL OF CRITICISM.

In these pages, therefore, I propose to give some account of the most striking discoveries which have been made during the last twenty years. In order, however, to appreciate their importance, it is necessary to state briefly the form taken by the attack upon the Gospels. The controversy in its modern shape is now just fifty years old. Its founder was the great German scholar, Ferdinand Baur, a professor of Tübingen University, from whom the famous Tübingen school of criticism took its rise. It was in 1847 that he published a treatise on the origin of the Gospels; but this was only one among several works embodying a novel view of early Christian history. With German learning and German ingenuity he put together, out of the books of the New Testament, a quite different narrative of the origin and growth of Christianity from that which the books themselves tell. Regarding the life of Christ as a merely human life, he sees in the apostolic age a deadly struggle between the adherents of St. Peter and those of St. Paul, lasting far into the second century, and discerns in most of the New Testament books attempts to write the history of Christianity from the point of view of one or another of these parties. It was claimed that they were not histories in the true sense of the word, but partisan tracts, the value of which depends less on what they assert than on what we can read between the lines.

In this attack upon the historical character of the Gospels, a cardinal point is the late date assigned to their composition. It is clearly easier to regard them as historically false if they were written considerably later than the events which they profess to record. Especially is this the case with the supernatural element contained in them. It is a fixed principle with modern critics of the Gospels that "miracles do not happen." Older critics tried to explain away the miracles recorded in the Gospels as due to optical illusions, or unintentional misunderstandings on the part of the disciples; but their successors have recognized the futility of this attempt, and prefer to regard the Gospel narratives as not contemporary with the events which they record and the miraculous element as an addition due to the credulity of a later age. On all grounds, therefore, it was essential to Baur to put the composition of these books as late as possible; and, accordingly, he assigns them all to dates well within the second century. Later than the end of that century it was impossible to place them, since the evidence of Tertullian and Irenæus, writing about A.D. 200, fully and explicitly demonstrated that their preëminence among all Christian writings was by that time firmly established; but no earlier date was granted them than such unimpeachable evidence rendered absolutely

necessary. St. Matthew's Gospel was placed by Baur about A.D. 130, St. Luke's about 150, St. Mark's about 160, and St. John's between 160 and 170. The other books of the New Testament, with five exceptions, shared the same fate. None of them was allowed to be what it professed to be, or to have been written when it professed to have been written, except the Epistles of St. Paul to the Romans, Corinthians, and Galatians, and the Apocalypse of St. John.

Such, then, is the theory of Baur, which forms the starting point and foundation of the modern criticism of the Gospels. It is not necessary now to consider the arguments by which he supported it. Good or bad, they were of necessity merely arguments from probability, which could not stand against any clear and decisive evidence of the existence of the Gospels before these dates. What, then, is the result of the new evidence which the last twenty years have brought to light?

Baur died in 1860; and now, a generation after his death, it is not too much to say that his theory is completely shattered. No competent critic can now maintain that any one of the dates assigned by him to the Gospels is tenable. Even the latest of them must have been written before the date which he allowed to the earliest. Nor is it difficult now to see where the fault of his method lies. No one can blame him for his fresh and fearless examination of the historical evidence bearing upon the origin of Christianity; but his results, like those of many of his followers, are vitiated by the habit, wherever absolutely convincing evidence is wanting, of adopting the position most unfavorable to the traditional view.

For this fault a swift Nemesis was preparing. Even while Baur was writing, as we shall see presently, evidence was being brought to light which was fatal to his conclusions, though no one noticed it at the time; and since his death, and especially within the last twenty years, fact after fact has been discovered, all tending in the same direction, namely, to throw further and further back the dates at which we are bound to believe the Gospels to have been composed.

THE "DIATESSARON" OF TATIAN.

Of all the discoveries of the last twenty years, the first, and, in some respects, the most important, is the "Diatessaron" of Tatian. As its Greek name indicates (*διὰ τεσσάρων* = "by" or "by means of four"), it is a harmonized Gospel, composed out of the four Gospels by dovetailing verses out of the different Evangelists into a single narrative. This is a device which has often been practiced in the church, down to the present day; but the importance to us of Tatian's harmony lies in the evidence which it affords, not only of the existence, but of the preëminent position, of our four canonical Gospels at a very early date. Tatian was born about A.D. 110, a native of Assyria. He was converted to Christianity by Justin Martyr, whose chief work, the "Apology for Christianity," was written about A.D. 150–155. After Justin's death, about A.D. 165, he fell into the error of the Encratites, an extremely ascetic sect, who regarded marriage, eating flesh, and drinking wine as unlawful, and he died about A.D. 180. Different views have been held as to whether his harmony was written in the days of his orthodoxy or afterwards. On the one hand, it evidently passed current in the Syrian church for many generations as an orthodox representation of the Gospel narrative; on the other, Mr. Rendel Harris has shown reason to believe that it exhibited traces of the special opinions of the Encratites. In the one case we should suppose it to have been written about 160; in the other, about 170. If, then, the "Diatessaron" was put together out of the four canonical Gospels, it is clear that they held, at this date, a position of marked and recognized superiority over all other narratives of our Lord's life; and since such a position could not be acquired except after the lapse of some considerable time, this would show that all four were composed at a date *at least* as early as that which Baur assigns to the earliest of them and much earlier than those which he allows to three out of the four.

Until twenty years ago, however, the "Diatessaron" was supposed to be lost, and all our knowledge of it was of an indirect kind, leaving much opening for controversy and for the display of critical ingenuity. The earliest mention of it was by Eusebius, the great church historian, about A.D. 325; and he does not seem to have seen the work himself, though he says that it was still circulating in some quarters down to his time. Epiphanius, in A.D. 374, briefly referred to it, but confused it with the Gospel according to the Hebrews. Theodoret, a Syrian bishop between 420

and 457, found more than two hundred copies of it in use in his diocese, and replaced them by copies of the four Gospels. In 545 Bishop Victor of Capua found a Latin harmony of the Gospels which he guessed might be a translation of the "Diatessaron," of the existence of which he knew only from Eusebius, and published it, substituting, however, the words of the Vulgate for those of the original before him, and this work is still extant in a manuscript known as the Codex Fuldensis. One other notice of the "Diatessaron," much later, but of great importance, must be mentioned. It is that of Dionysius Bar-Salibi, an Armenian bishop, at the end of the twelfth century, who (following an earlier Syrian author, Ishodad, about A.D. 850) states that Tatian put together "one Gospel out of the four;" that St. Ephrem of Syria wrote a commentary upon it; and that its first words were, "In the beginning was the Word."

To the ordinary mind these notices might have seemed sufficient to establish the all-important fact that Tatian did actually compose a harmony of the four canonical Gospels, and, consequently, that these had established their paramount position in the church by the middle of the second century. But the ingenuity of the Tübingen critics was able to explain them all away, and even to deny that Tatian ever wrote a harmony at all, or that, if he did, it was based upon our Gospels. An anonymous work published in England in 1875, entitled "Supernatural Religion," which, as embodying the as yet unfamiliar views of Baur, achieved a notoriety quite out of proportion to its merits, affirmed boldly that there was no such thing as Tatian's harmony at all; that the work which Theodoret had found and ejected was the now lost Gospel according to the Hebrews; and that this was identical with the Gospel according to Peter. At the moment of their publication these assertions could only be met, as Bishop Lightfoot very ably met them, by a restatement of circumstantial evidence; but within a few years they have been signally refuted by proofs of a decisive character. Tatian's harmony and the Gospel according to Peter have both been discovered, and it is obvious, first, that they are absolutely distinct works; next, that neither of them is identical with the Gospel according to the Hebrews; and, finally, that the "Diatessaron" is, as common sense had always maintained, a harmony of the four canonical Gospels.

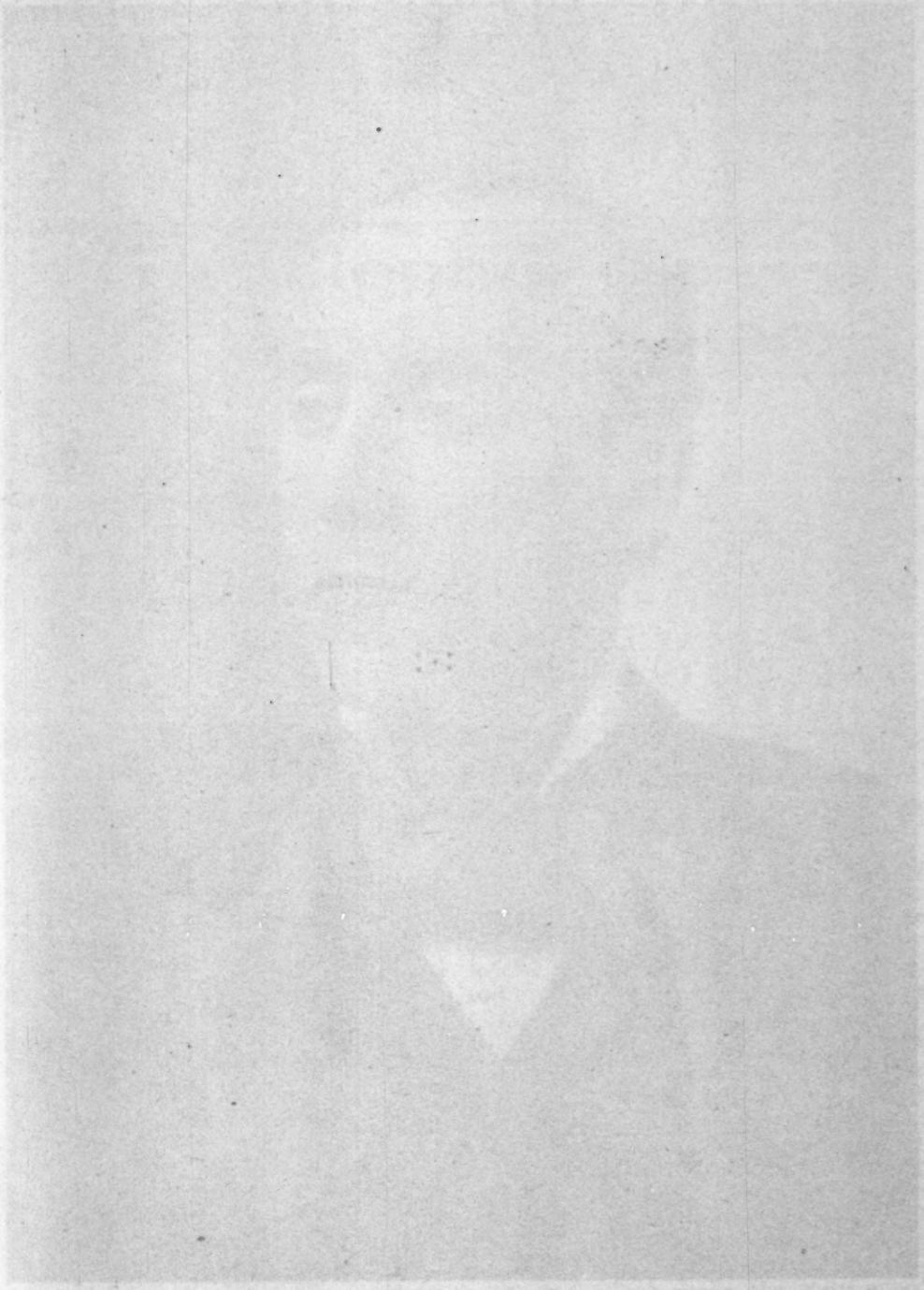
RECOVERY OF THE "DIATESSARON."

The story of the recovery of the "Diatessaron" is curious, mainly for the reason that it was delayed so much longer than it need have been. Indeed, all the while that Baur was expounding his theories and his disciples were developing them, evidence was staring them in the face which made their views untenable, at least so far as related to the dates of the Gospels. In 1836 the Armenian Mechitarist Fathers at Venice published an edition, in Armenian, of the works of St. Ephrem of Syria; and among them was the very commentary on the "Diatessaron" to which, as mentioned above, Dionysius Bar-Salibi had made reference, but which had hitherto been supposed to be lost. Published in Armenian, however, and with no distinctive title to call attention to its character, it remained absolutely unknown for forty years, till, in 1876, the Mechitarists employed Dr. George Moesinger to revise and publish a Latin version of it which had been made by the original editor of the Armenian, Dr. Aucher. Yet, even then, when edited in Latin by a German scholar, it attracted no notice for four years; and Lightfoot, when writing an answer to "Supernatural Religion," a year after the appearance of Moesinger's volume, was unaware of the discovery, which would at once have determined an important branch of the controversy in his favor. It is to America that the honor belongs of first bringing the discovery forward in its true light, since it was Dr. Ezra Abbot, in his "Authorship of the Fourth Gospel" (1880), who first directed general attention to it. Dr. Wace took it up in England, Dr. Harnack in Germany, and Dr. Zahn was led to devote a large monograph to the subject, in which he endeavored to reconstruct the "Diatessaron" from the quotations given by St. Ephrem.

The commentary of St. Ephrem established beyond all doubt the all-important fact that Tatian's "Diatessaron" was actually constructed out of the four canonical Gospels; and his very copious quotations enabled Zahn to make out the general structure and much of the actual text of the work. Meanwhile, what purported to be an Arabic translation of the work itself was lying in the Vatican library, and had been briefly mentioned by J. Assemani, who brought it to the Vatican, so long ago as 1791, and by a few subsequent writers. No one, however, had made any detailed

study of it, until Zahn, though unable to examine it himself, called attention to its existence, and so aroused the interest of Father Ciasca, one of the librarians of the Vatican. Ciasca, consequently, had the privilege of being the first modern scholar to make acquaintance with the complete "Diatessaron"—a fit reward for much good service to Biblical criticism. One more happy incident, however, had yet to intervene before the world at large was placed in possession of the recovered treasure. Circumstances delayed its publication until, in 1886, Ciasca chanced to show the manuscript to the Vicar-Apostolic of the Catholic Copts, then on a visit to Rome; and this gentleman at once remarked that he had seen another copy of the same work in private hands in Egypt and could undertake to procure it. He was as good as his word; and from this newly acquired manuscript, which is superior to the copy in the Vatican, Ciasca edited the work in 1888, as a gift from the College of Writers of the Vatican Library to Pope Leo XIII., on the occasion of his Jubilee. So, after many vicissitudes, was the world at last placed in possession of the long-lost "Diatessaron" of Tatian.

The importance of this discovery for Biblical criticism has been indicated above. It shows that, at a date at which Baur believed two at least of the Gospels to have been yet unwritten, all four not only were written, but occupied a position of preëminence and authority which could not be the growth of a few years. When closely examined, it proves even more than this; for the Gospel text used by Tatian, so far as it can be ascertained with certainty, differs already in many respects from that which criticism shows to be the original one. Such divergencies, which are due to the mistakes, the insertions, or the omissions of copyists, imply the multiplication of copies and some considerable lapse of time in which the variations may spread. It is true that the evidence on this point is still incomplete, because we have not recovered the "Diatessaron" in its original language. What we have is a copy (or rather two copies) of an Arabic translation, made early in the eleventh century, of a Syrian copy written about the year 900, together with two copies of an Armenian version of a Syriac commentary composed by a writer who died in 373. Until recently it was always supposed that the "Diatessaron" was written in Greek, as its Greek title would seem to indicate; and in that case we are doubly removed from the original language. There is, however, good reason for doubting this opinion and for holding the original language to have been Syriac. It was certainly in Syria that its use flourished; its text has strong affinities with that which is found in the oldest Syriac version of the Gospels; St. Ephrem, who commented upon it, was a Syrian father and wrote in Syriac; and there is evidence that the Old Testament quotations in it were in accordance with the Syriac version of the Scriptures. If this opinion be true, then we have the "Diatessaron" at second hand only; and competent scholars declare that our Arabic text has the appearance of being a faithful rendering of the Syriac from which it is translated. If, then, the variations which we find in it from the Gospel text, as this appears in other early authorities, date from Tatian himself, it follows that the original composition of even the latest of the Gospels must be put at a point very considerably anterior to the middle of the second century in order to allow time for these divergencies to be propagated.

Thus, along two lines of argument we find that the reappearance of the "Diatessaron," though it does not enable us to fix absolutely the date of the composition of the Gospels, yet demolishes the extreme views of Baur and his followers, and pushes back the origin of the Gospels to a period when the friends and companions of the apostles were still alive and could have testified whether the narratives which passed under their names were indeed their work or not. If the Gospels were not written later than A.D. 120, and this the evidence of the "Diatessaron" seems to establish, then it is very difficult to argue with any plausibility that they fall outside the apostolic age at all. More than this we must not expect to be able to prove by evidence of this class. We can hardly hope to discover any ancient work which will authoritatively fix for us the exact years in which each of the four Gospels was written. It is enough for us to know that they belong, even the latest of them, to the age of the apostles, and that there is no reason, so far as external evidence is concerned, to doubt the traditional belief that they were written either by the apostles themselves or by their companions.

One discovery has thus served to ruin the structure which Baur and his followers reared upon their own imaginings and to render any similar theory much more difficult and less plausible.